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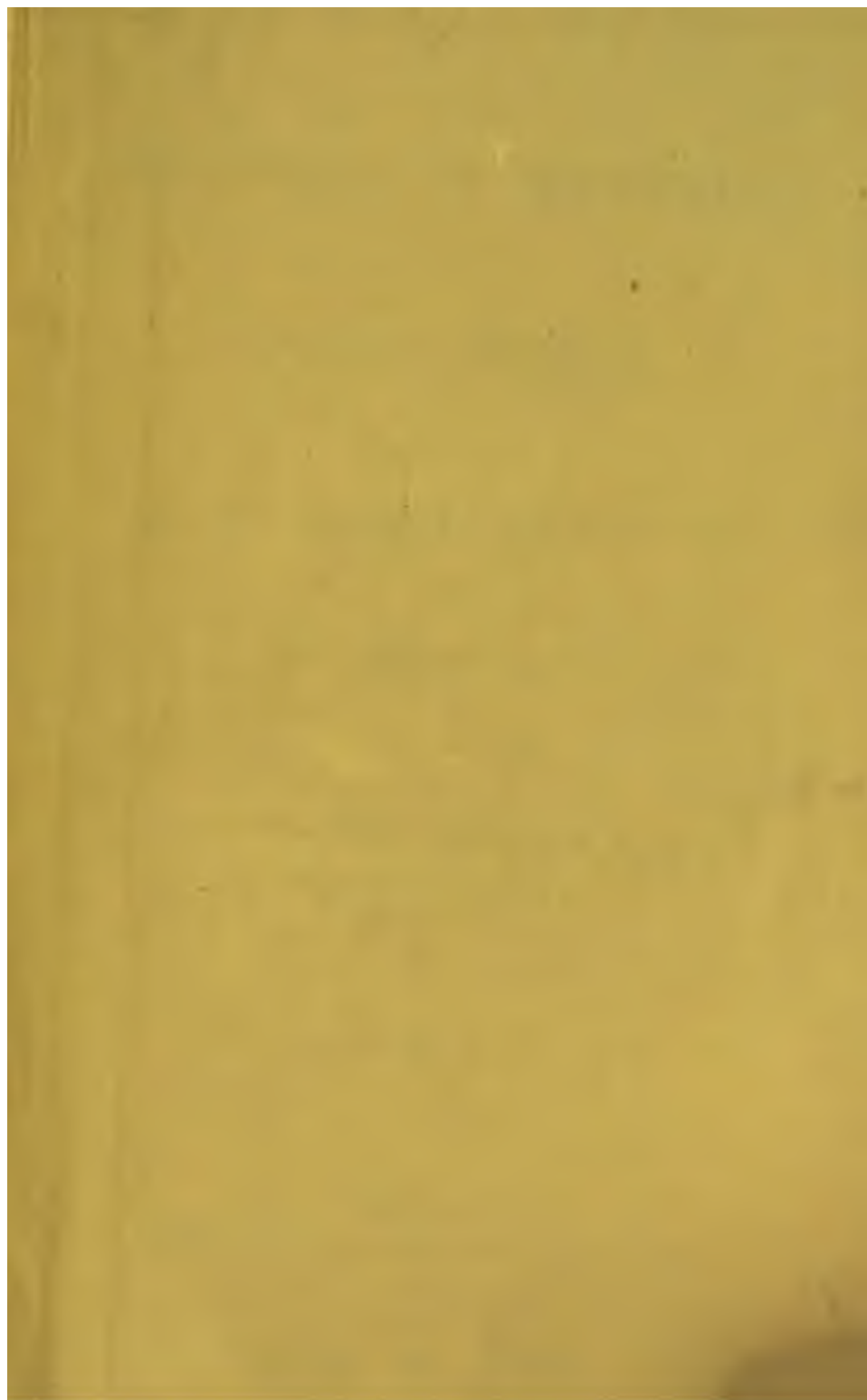
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RECORDS OF TRAVELS

IN

TURKEY, GREECE,

ETC.

AND OF A CRUISE IN THE BLACK SEA

WITH

THE CAPITAN PACHA.

BY

CAPT. ADOLPHUS SLADE, R.N., F.R.A.S.

Admiral in the Turkish Fleet,

(MUCHAVER PACHA.)



NEW EDITION.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1854.

203. a. 220.

PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE intense interest excited by the events now occurring in the East, and with which the honour of England is inseparably bound up, coupled with the absence of any book which affords detailed information upon the relative strength of the principals in the struggle, or upon the seat of war on the Danube and in the Black Sea, suggests the re-issue of a work, which, upon its first appearance, attracted considerable attention in respect of its observations on these very topics, and of which it is now difficult, if not impossible, to obtain a copy. The high and responsible position which the author now holds in the Ottoman Navy gives an interest and a value to opinions formed at a period when the attainment of such a position could hardly have been contemplated. The opportunities which he possessed of making himself fully acquainted with the subject upon which he was writing, were unusually favourable, and long habits of observation produced by an active professional life, joined to a perfect knowledge of the Turkish language, acquired during a protracted residence in the East, enabled him to turn those opportunities to the best advantage. The

work was written at a time when Turkey lay prostrate at the feet of Russia. The Crescent had indeed paled before the Cross. The Danube had been bridged, Varna had been betrayed, the Balkans were passed, and a humiliating peace had been dictated and accepted under the walls of Adrianople.

These events, however, had occurred shortly after the deplorable mischance at Navarino, and at a time when the then Sultan, Mahmoud, after destroying the Janizzaries, had neither fully organized nor disciplined the Nizam Djeddit. The defeat of the Turkish armies, and the discouragement of their fleet, were events at such a time equally to be expected. Hence the opinions which the author then formed of the morale and courage of the Ottoman forces. It will be seen, however, from a perusal of the work, that Turkey even then, in that hour of deep humiliation and despondency, had in her fleet and in her army officers of high talent and devoted courage; and the sad but glorious fate of those who perished in the slaughter at Sinope, has shown to the world that she still possesses men with hearts as brave, and swords as devoted, as those who followed Cara Mustapha to the walls of Vienna.

It has long been the fashion to despair of Turkey and her destiny. The author himself at one time somewhat shared in that opinion. But Turkey has been in worse straits than she even is at present, and yet has roused herself and re-established her position. At the close of the 17th century all seemed lost: to use the author's own words in a work published in 1837,* "Cornaro had taken Dalmatia, Morosini had possessed himself of the Morea, the Duke of Lorraine had defeated two armies in Hungary, and the Poles had ravished Moldavia, while a revolt

* "Turkey, Greece, and Malta." By Adolphus Slade, Esq., R.N.

of the Janizzaries, ending in the dethronement of Mahmoud the Fourth, crowned the whole—deeming then that the hour had arrived for ejecting the Ottomans from Europe, the Emperor Leopold refused to listen to any terms of accommodation unless preceded by the entire cession, on the part of Turkey, of Slavonia, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia and Bulgaria to Austria; of Moldavia, Wallachia and part of the Crimean Tartary to Poland; of the Morea, the Negropont, and part of Dalmatia to Venice. Thus was Turkey in 1687. In the following year the Imperialists captured Nissa, Widdin and Orsova, and obliged the Sultan to flee in haste from Sophia. Eighteen months after, Kiuprili, Turkish Grand Vizier, son and grand-son of two celebrated Grand Viziers, retook these places, replanted the Crescent in Belgrade, and after defeating Veterain in a pitched battle, returned in triumph to Adrianople." Such was the elasticity of the Ottoman Empire when driven to rely upon its resources against numerous foes; what may we not expect from it when menaced by a single enemy, and assisted by the co-operative navies of two great Powers; above all, when it is supported by the unanimous sympathy and public opinion of Europe?

F. W. S.

London, January 18th, 1854.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Turkish Empire is as interesting, now that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the 16th century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco—when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of civilized Europe; it now excites its cupidity.

Having passed through France and part of Italy, touched at some of the Grecian isles, the author reached Constantinople in May, 1829, at the time when the second campaign, between the emperor and the sultan, was commencing. Accident procured him the acquaintance of the Capitan Pasha, with whom he cruized in the Black Sea. This at once gave him opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the manners and opinions of the Osmanleys, which a much longer residence in the country otherwise might not have afforded him.

Sultan Mahmoud II. was then in the zenith of his fame: because he had not been conquered in 1828, it was concluded that he would be equally successful in 1829; and such an

exhibition of strength, such a fecundity of resources (gratuitously allowed), as enabled him to resist the Russian forces—coming, too, so immediately after the disasters respecting Greece, which had befallen the empire—appeared extraordinary, only to be accounted for by an unusual cause; which cause was supposed to be the reform which the sultan had introduced. And so difficult is it to persuade oneself that reform can be otherwise than beneficial, that even on the most humiliating reverses befalling the sultan's arms—when the Russian army was at Adrianople, its Cossacks within twenty hours' march of the capital, parts of Asia Minor in revolt, Albania and Bosnia assuming hostile attitudes, the streets of Constantinople streaming with blood—even then, though it was generally allowed by Franks that some part of the machine was unusually out of order, still few could bring themselves to blame reform.

The Osmanleys, however, never having seen reform under the seducing garb of theory, never having heard of her before, unhesitatingly attributed all their disasters to her presence; perhaps with no better reason than has the patient, who, on finding himself getting worse, attributes the change to the last medicine he took. "Poor barbarians," we Franks at first thought, "you do not know what is fit for you; you cannot distinguish between good and evil; you are too ignorant to like being flayed alive for the sake of a new skin."

Gradually, however, the illusion with which we had invested ourselves respecting the sultan, viewing him as a second Peter, dispelled: coupling the bitter enmity of his subjects towards him with the accelerated decline of his empire, made us think that there was something in the reform that might as well

have been left out—that, perhaps the sultan had mistaken the word change for it; that in its best light the reform which was opposed to the wishes of the majority of the nation, and forced on it, was, far from being liberal, an act of pure despotism, only to be excused by the amount of absolute good to be obtained from it, overbalancing the evils to be apprehended; both calculated beforehand.

Considering the importance of the subject, its wide-spreading influence on the Turkish empire, especially that portion of it inhabited by Greeks, the author has devoted a few pages to the sultan's reforming policy; while admitting the absolute necessity of reform in Turkey, he has endeavoured to show wherein Mahmoud failed; in attempting too much at once, in commencing at the wrong end; so that reform, instead of being a blessing to his people, has been a curse to it; instead of healing party dissensions, it has widened the breach; instead of appeasing the rayas, it has given them courage to ask for more; instead of consolidating his throne, it has shaken it.

After witnessing the events which so curiously chequered the political aspect of Constantinople before and immediately after the peace of Adrianople, the author embarked in his majesty's ship *Blonde*, and visited Sevastopol, Odessa, Varna, and Bourgas.

He then proceeded over the seat of war in Roumelia. He visited Adrianople, Philippopolis, &c.; he traversed the winter quarters of the Russian army, sojourning in them some days, receiving marked hospitality from the generals commanding the districts: and, crossing the Balkans by the Kasan pass, went to Schumla. He has given some account of that interesting people, the Bulgarians; of its connexion with the Russians,

and its consequent disasters. His intercourse, too, with them, as well as with the Russians, and the Osmanleys of the neighbourhood, enabled him to obtain some correct details of the campaign of 1829, which so singularly affected the Ottoman empire, and the consequences of which need to be watched by England.

Quitting Schumla, after a short stay, the author again traversed the Russian cantonments, and so returned to Constantinople, where he then remained three months, during which time he saw all that was remarkable in it. He has given a slight description of the city, together with some notices of its inhabitants.

Finally, leaving Constantinople in the summer of 1830, the author again went to Adrianople, and thence, descending the Marizza, visited Demotica, Enos, &c. From Enos he embarked for Samothraki, and from there sailed to Mount Athos. After residing some days in this romantic spot, visiting one or other of its numerous and interesting monasteries, he went to Salonica, where he had the fortune to meet with the celebrated missionary, Mr. Joseph Wolff. From Salonica the author proceeded to Smyrna, whence, after remaining there some months, he returned to Italy the beginning of 1831.

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RECORDS OF TRAVELS,

ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Auberge—Nice—Col de Tende—Coni—Turin—Gen. Menou—Genoa.

NOT to find a comfortable inn on the road is considered a hardship in civilized Europe; in the East a shed is often esteemed a luxury. If in the latter country a traveller be detained days for want of a bridge to cross a stream, which rain or thaw may have rendered impassable, he is neither surprised nor greatly annoyed, being prepared for such a thing; nor, again, does he vent reproaches on the government, because it never entered into his head that the government should provide for such casualties. But that in la belle France—in the country which boasts its bridges of Austerlitz and Jena, couriers and travellers should be delayed for want of any means to cross a paltry brook may well astonish him.

Early in the morning of March 16, 1829, the Antibes diligence drew up at a small auberge, on the road side near Estrelles, the bourgeois of which invited the passengers to alight, with the information that it was necessary to wait until a stream, half a mile in advance, swoln by the falling rain, should subside. The intelligence was unpleasant to all the party, the more so, perceiving from our windows that the said auberge, exposed to a fresh mountain breeze, had no windows. However, there was no remedy; so we got out and took possession of the saloon, where, after causing a large fire to be

lit, and stopping, as well as could be, sundry chasms in the walls intended to admit daylight, we listened for the trampling of horses to vary the pattering cadence, promising ourselves indemnification for our own disaster in the blank countenance of each coming traveller. We were not long kept in expectation, for a German baron arrived soon afterwards in his own carriage. He first took a dissatisfied survey of the naked apartments of the house, apparently hesitating whether he should associate with the occupants of a diligence, and then, yielding to the gregariousness of his species, crept into our circle, where, however, he endeavoured to seclude himself by paying attention to a fair Roman, who was going to Florence with her brother, an artist, though without success; a lively Frenchman occupied her other ear so effectually as to render its fellow deaf. We had scarcely resumed our crouching posture round the fire, which this addition had disturbed, when a Portuguese courier, on his way from Lisbon to Rome, stopped, and loudly swore at the cause of the delay. He also joined our circle. A few minutes after arrived, in two coaches, the Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre, Archbishop of Toulouse, with a priestly suite, going to Rome to assist at the conclave. To lodge this traveller extraordinary, *convenablement*, who otherwise would not have alighted, the host consented to give up his own apartment, which was glazed, and then his eminence was carried through the mud in the arms of his two chaplains. Monseigneur was a mild, gentlemanly-looking little man, with peculiarly expressive eyes for eighty-two years of age, and his having been lately exposed to the vexations of the ministry, for having, as the self-constituted champion of the mitred clergy attacked in its privileges, published an article based on his motto, *etiam si omnes, ego non*; and through which he was ordered, notwithstanding his advanced age, to go to the conclave, excited in us an additional interest in his favour, and caused us to unbonnet willingly. But though the whole party, the fair Roman and the Portuguese above all, truly rejoiced to see so worthy a pillar of the church, it is right to confess that the presence of his cook was infinitely more appreciated; for previously to his arrival we had been in a dilemma about din-

ner, our host having declared his inability to provide for so many after the breakfast we had devoured. All difficulties now speedily vanished, and we had a proof of the resources of talent even with slender means. The cardinal's professor of gastronomy, worthy of his exalted station, meriting a cordon bleu, installed himself head of the humble cuisine, produced sundry articles, which I am sure the surrounding country did not produce, and having first supplied his master's wants, did us, *les voyageurs*, the honour to concoct a savoury meal, as also to assist us to eat it. The excellent humour this put us in need not be dwelt on; everybody has felt the bland effects of a good dinner, especially when unexpected. To the frugal dessert the Portuguese added, from the pockets of his carriage, some bottles of Spanish wine, and I a packet of Havannah cigars, the only lady of our party having previously declared that she liked the odour of tobacco, an assertion which her brother supported her in. With these accessories, round a blazing fire, two fine wolf-dogs basking at our feet, we passed a sociable evening, enlivened by song and tale, little regretting the delay which brought so many absolute strangers of different nations and different pursuits into good fellowship.

At sun-set the rain ceased, and an hour after midnight we were informed that the stream was fordable. The courier gallantly took the lead, taking with him a lad to bring back word if he got safely over or not. Then followed the baron, whose stiffness was so far rubbed off by the collision of the day, that he shook hands with every one, not excepting a poor Prussian student who was journeying to Pavia. The diligence came last; the cardinal remained till morning. Excepting the water which came into the carriage, washing it thoroughly, for the first time probably since it left the maker's hands, no other inconveniences occurred to us but such as are inseparable from travelling in the South of France. The country we passed through was rich in scenery and recollections, and in due time we reached Nice.

Nice, which had the singular misfortune in the sixteenth century of being stormed by the Turkish forces under Barbarossa, in alliance with the troops of Francis I., and

in later times, of receiving a still more disagreeable visit from a revolutionary band of Marseillais, was then governed by the Marquis de Faverges, a Savoyard nobleman, whose hospitality and talents gained him the esteem of the numerous foreigners, of various countries, who visited Nice during his governorship. M. de Faverges was yet further remarkable by having been a noted victim of that spoliatory spirit called liberty, which distinguished the close of the last century. Because he would not desert his sovereign, exchange honour for wealth, embrace a foreign yoke at the fierce cry of republican France, he was cast out an alien from his country. The princely domains of his family in Savoy were confiscated; the chateau, near Faverges, for centuries its residence, became a manufactory. His brother fell in battle against the French. Then a mere boy, he swore enmity to the *soi-disant* liberators of mankind from the burthen of ancient prejudices. How well he kept his engagement may be inferred from the circumstance of Napoleon having caused him to be executed in effigy, because he refused to return to his country, though invited thereto with the offer of the restoration of his estates; and of his having stipulated in a secret article of a peace with Austria that Colonel de Faverges should be given up to him as a traitor—a traitor! in having fought against him; with such distinction, also, as to have gained the order of Maria Theresa. The Austrian government, in seeming compliance with the despot's will, caused him to be arrested and confined in a castle, with instructions, however, to the governor to allow him to escape. Thence, persevering in his determination not to be inactive while France had an enemy, he joined the Piedmontese corps in English pay: he served under Lord William Bentinck, in Spain and Sicily: and had the pleasure of entering Genoa with him as a victor, in 1814. The Emperor of Austria, remembering his services and devotion in the cause of legitimacy, offered him, at the peace, his rank in his service, as it would have been, had he not been obliged to quit it, in which case he would now have been a marshal of the empire; but with a just sense of what every man of honour, particularly a soldier, owes to his

country, he declined the brilliant offer, giving up also the pensions attached to his Austrian orders. In 1821, his firmness, aided by the individual love entertained for him by his own regiment, saved Turin from the wild attempts of the patriots. The following year, it being considered necessary that the illustrious Liberal should purify himself by joining the French crusade against Spanish liberty, he accompanied him, and was with the prince at the head of the grenadiers who stormed the Trocadero. From that time the Marquis de Faverges has remained in his country, of which he became one of the seven wise men, as the governors of the seven provinces of the kingdom are ironically, or complimentarily termed.

Nice, or *l'hôpital à la mode d'Europe*, was filled as usual with *malades imaginaires*, the yearly flight of whom attracts all the beggars of the country, and recompenses the Nissards for the loss they sustained in being separated from the French empire, when their wines and their oils produced quadruple the revenue they do at present. There were peers of England and of France, counts of the empire of Poland and of Russia, with numbers of untitled English, and a due proportion of the young and fashionable of the fairer sex, apparently more consuming than consumptive. There was, too, with his little yacht, Captain Roberts, R.N., the friend of Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. The yacht had belonged to his lordship, who sold it to Lord Blessington, who sold it to the captain, who converted it from an ugly dull sailing craft into a pretty neat clipper. Pic-nics were the order of the day, dances the order of the night, and both amusements we enjoyed in perfection, for the days were already balmy warm, the nights fragrantly cool. The only addition wanted at Nice, to make it perfection in the spring, is an island or two to break the monotony of the sea view, which is scarcely ever diversified even by a passing sail. I, however, had not time to get weary of the blank, for after ten days I left it, and pursued my journey through the magnificent romantic scenery which intervenes between Nice and the Lower Alps. One valley in which we stopped to breakfast reminded me somewhat of the

in later times, of receiving a still more disagreeable visit from a revolutionary band of Marseillais, was then governed by the Marquis de Faverges, a Savoyard nobleman, whose hospitality and talents gained him the esteem of the numerous foreigners, of various countries, who visited Nice during his governorship. M. de Faverges was yet further remarkable by having been a noted victim of that spoliatory spirit called liberty, which distinguished the close of the last century. Because he would not desert his sovereign, exchange honour for wealth, embrace a foreign yoke at the fierce cry of republican France, he was cast out an alien from his country. The princely domains of his family in Savoy were confiscated: the chateau, near Faverges, for centuries its residence, became a manufactory. His brother fell in battle against the French. Then a mere boy, he swore enmity to the *soi-disant* liberators of mankind from the burthen of ancient prejudices. How well he kept his engagement may be inferred from the circumstance of Napoleon having caused him to be executed in effigy, because he refused to return to his country, though invited thereto with the offer of the restoration of his estates: and of his having stipulated in a secret article of a peace with Austria that Colonel de Faverges should be given up to him as a traitor—a traitor! in having fought against him: with such distinction, also, as to have gained the order of Maria Theresa. The Austrian government, in seeming compliance with the despot's will, caused him to be arrested and confined in a castle, with instructions, however, to the governor to allow him to escape. Thence, persevering in his determination not to be inactive while France had an enemy, he joined the Piedmontese corps in English pay: he served under Lord William Bentinck, in Spain and Sicily: and had the pleasure of entering Genoa with him as a victor. In 1814. The Emperor of Austria, remembering his services and devotion in the cause of legitimacy, offered him, at the peace, his rank in his service, as it would have been, had he not been obliged to quit it, in which case he would now have been a marshal of the empire: but with a just sense of what every man of honour, particularly a soldier, owes to his

country, he declined the brilliant offer giving up also the pensions attached to his Austrian orders. In 1821 his firmness, aided by the individual love entertained for him in his own regiment, saved Turin from the wild attempts of the patriots. The following year, it being considered necessary that the illustrious Liberal should purify himself by joining the French crusade against Spanish liberty he accompanied him, and was with the prince at the head of the revolutionaries who stormed the Trocadero. From that time the Austrian at Faverges has remained in his country of which he became one of the seven wise men, as the provinces of the kingdom are proverbially or figuratively termed.

Nice, or *l'hôpital à la mode d'Europe* was filled to brim with *malades imaginaires*, the yearly figure of which amounts all the beggars of the country, and recompenses the Emperor for the loss they sustained in being separated from the French empire, when their wines and their vine products quadruple the revenue they do at present. There were plenty of English, and of France, counts of the empire of Vienna and of Russia, with numbers of untitled English and a fine proportion of the young and fashionable of the latter sex apparently more consuming than consumptive. There was too, with his little yacht, Captain Robert. R.N., the friend of Lord Byron, and Mr. Trelawney. The yacht and belonging to his lordship, who sold it to Lord Bismarck, was sold to the captain, who converted it from an ugly dull sailing craft into a pretty neat clipper. Pic-nics were the order of the day, dances the order of the night, and both amusements were enjoyed in perfection, for the days were already being warm, the nights fragrantly cool. The only addition wanted at Nice, to make it perfection in the spring, is an island or two to break the monotony of the sea view, which is scarcely ever diversified even by a passing sail. I, however, had not time to get weary of the blank for after ten days I left it, and pursued my journey through the magnificent romantic scenery which intervenes between Nice and the Lower Alps. One valley in which we stopped to breakfast reminded me somewhat of the

happy valley of Rasselas. From the Col de Brousse we had a singular prospect of a snow-clad mountain, symmetrically shaped, resembling, in the setting sun, a bright silver altar rising from the vast hill-dimpled valley as from the nave of a cathedral, while motionless clouds floating over it pictured the steam of incense. We rested for the night at a small hamlet at the foot of the Col de Tende, where, however, as everywhere in Italy and France, we got good clean beds, and at six in the morning commenced the ascent, which, in consequence of a fall of snow in the night, was rather fearful. A corps of guides was obliged to clear away the snow before us, and the mules, alarmed, stopped repeatedly. Experienced some nervous shocks, one by a gust of wind, which took my hat down the steep, and nearly made me roll with it; again, when on the edge of a sublime looking precipice, my mule fell, and had not two guides been near, and lifted it on its legs again, it would have been its last tumble, and mine too. Other parties of mules descending the mountain with merchandize occasioned us considerable delay; each time we came in contact, we were obliged to halt until the guides had cut a lateral path in the bank of snow to allow us to pass by.

At length, after seven hours of severe toil, we reached the summit; and there the glorious prospect—ranges beyond ranges of mountains quietly reposing on clouds—amply repaid us. Traineaux were waiting, so quitting my mule, to the great satisfaction of both parties, I engaged one, tied my portmanteau on it, and slid down into Piedmont with great speed and fun, not unmixed, however, with fears of a somerset, which were reasonable, seeing that I was the only one of the party that chose this mode of conveyance. I cannot describe the sensation experienced in making this tremendous slide, Brobdignagian Montagne Russe; it is worth a person's while going to Italy in the winter to pass the Col de Tende on purpose to make it, and so enjoy the sublime. Our straight line down was intersected in several places by the regular zig-zag paths, deep chasms in the snow, so deep that the mules in them were invisible to us, unless at the moment when our light vehicle bounded over them like a gazelle, its velocity from off the

upper bank giving an impetus that would have carried us thrice the width. We reached the bottom in a quarter of an hour; my companions on mule-back were three hours and a half getting down. The fatigue of dragging the *traineaux* up again is very severe; the *traineurs* are seen every hundred yards or so to throw themselves down, and lie in the snow quite exhausted. They are fine stout fellows, but are said to lose their eye-sight early, on account of their constant exposure to the glare.

Having gone through some formalities at the custom-house, on account of coming from Nice, a free port, we entered a diligence, and reached Coni in the evening. The inn being crowded, there was a difficulty about beds, on which my immediate *compagnon de voyage*, a native of Mentoni, politely proposed sharing one; and, on my gently dissenting, so as not to hurt his feelings, expressed surprise, observing with a shrug, that it was a prejudice with the English. We arranged matters by having a bed made up in the same room. He amused me by an anecdote relating to the Coniotes, who are reputed to have the thickest pates and the largest goîtres of any in the king of Sardinia's dominions. When the Marquis d'Yenne came to Coni some years since, it struck the natives that his name was also the appellation of a wild beast. Accordingly, to do honour, and pay a delicate compliment, to their new governor, they made up a figure of a hyæna, with little Cupids hanging round its neck, and then paraded it before his windows with music; and, when his excellency appeared in the balcony, bowing thanks, &c., cried out, "Voi siete la bestia, noi siamo gli amorini." My friend was also a perfect liberal, and, I thought, a retired harlequin, for he constantly swore by his *sabre de bois*. Finding himself in the company of an Englishman, considered *carte blanche* on the continent, an available opportunity for a radical to clear off his bile, he loosed his tongue, and railed in form against governments, taxes, clergy, &c., reaping fresh food for his arguments in every village we passed through on our journey to Turin, next day, in the *coupé* of a bad diligence, taking nine hours to do thirty-two Piedmontese miles (forty-two English.)

How singularly does the richly-cultivated, modern ap-

pearance of the valley of Piedmont contrast with the antiquated costume of its inhabitants, which transports the stranger a century back, and shows how difficult it is to change the manners of the lower classes, which have, in this instance, survived the sweeping action of the revolution. We passed women working in the fields, with head-dresses five stories high, helmet-shaped; peasants with knee-buckles, red mantles, cocked hats, and pig-tails, driving mules and carts, their wives and daughters riding on them, with stomachers and massy buckles, each article worn long past the usual wear of male or female gear. Methought one need not be in a very deep dream to fancy that the court of Louis XVI. had resuscitated here, and preserved its denounced costume as a melancholy memorial.

In material respects, though, Piedmont is widely changed from what it was thirty years since. Its eighteen fortresses,* erected in the long reign of Victor Emanuel, chiefly with English gold, have disappeared; and its narrow lanes, impracticable in winter, are replaced by broad, magnificent roads; and all because Napoleon thought it for ever annexed to his empire. Thus the continental dominions of the king of Sardinia, which before could make an obstinate resistance, may now be occupied in a few marches, when deemed requisite by Austria or France; though so much the better for the inhabitants, as thereby they are not exposed to the continued and destructive presence of leaguering armies. The most admirable thing in Piedmont, tending to its astonishing fertility, is the manner in which it is irrigated by numberless minute canals, which traverse the plain in every direction. The country does not owe the inestimable boon either to kings or nobles, but to a much calumniated body, the monks, who thus righteously employed their means. Manifold were the abuses of the Italian clergy, but the tree might have been pruned without striking at its root. Cardinals and bishops may

* The government of Queen Anne deeming it important to render Piedmont a barrier against France, agreed to pay the king of Sardinia £100,000 a year, provided he would lay out at the same time £250,000 annually in fortifying his towns.

easily be spared, but the monks in all ages have been the friends of the poor.

I found Turin considerably embellished since my previous visit to it in 1825. A new quarter had arisen at the extremity of the rue de Po, a new bridge, one of the finest in Europe, spanned the Dora, and a new church was on the point of being finished. The proportions of this church are good, the form elegant, and the structure solid; but it has the irremediable defect of appearing smaller than it really is, on account of being built in the vista of a long street, under the compressing influence of a hill. The plan was excellent according to rule, on paper appeared well; but the architect showed a want of correct judgment in not foreseeing the effect when built,—that dimension, the principal element of grandeur in architecture, would be dwindled. It was built in fulfilment of a vow of Victor Emanuel, on his restoration in 1814: seven years afterwards he abdicated. His eldest brother, Charles Emanuel, was dethroned by the Directory: he retired to Rome, and died in a monastery. His fourth brother died of a *coup de soleil* at Cagliari. His remaining brother, Charles Felix,* reigned at the time I write of, a monarch who united every mild virtue, but who allowed himself to be too much governed by priests. By their persuasion he prohibited the regimental schools, perhaps thinking that a soldier could use his firelock just as well without knowing how to spell it.

Whether the army suffered by the privation of education I cannot say. It is formed on the landwehr system, and consists, when all the contingents are under arms, of about sixty-five thousand men, of whom the Savoyards are esteemed the best soldiers, the Sardinians the worst. It is not uncommon, when a regiment composed of Sardinians marches into a town, to

* He died May, 1831, his last moments embittered by the knowledge of a plan to assassinate him. He was the last of the eldest branch of the illustrious house of Beroldo, of whom it may be truly said, that no member was ever guilty of a cruel act. The history of the reigning house of Savoy is the best apology that can be made for absolutism. Charles Felix was succeeded by Charles Albert, Prince de Carignan, who began his reign with universal satisfaction, giving every promise, by talents and application, of reforming the abuses of the state. His first acts were to abolish several useless offices about court, and to lay open some of the royal chases.

see all the shops shut, as in a Turkish town on the approach of an Albanian corps. They are cleanly looking troops, and tolerably well-dressed, which is extraordinary, considering they are clothed only once in three years; but they have the great defect of wanting young superior officers: seniority is the rule of promotion in the service, grey hairs the test of merit; and a man is fortunate to command a regiment at fifty. Deaths are the only vacancies; and in the Italian climate, unless war or plague graciously intervene, man usually lives the time allotted by scripture.

The streets of Turin are eminently distinguished by loathsome beggars, by tawdry uniforms, chequered by tiny crosses, and by staunch devotees. The churches, spacious as they are, are often so full, that the streets outside are covered with kneeling crowds. Excepting Spain and Ireland, Catholicism is nowhere more fervid than in Piedmont, notwithstanding its vicinity to Rome, which might be supposed to have let the inhabitants a little behind the scenes. A strange contrast, therefore, must General Menou have been as governor of Piedmont; Menou being a Mahometan, having embraced that faith while in Egypt, assumed the name of Abdallah, and married a Turkish lady. Nevertheless, he was popular with his Christian subjects, though he never recanted, not probably thinking it worth while to repeat the farce. Like a good soldier, Menou revered the mandates of his chief more than fetwas or bulls, and thought the hubbub of drums sweeter music than Imam's voices or church bells. And such must generally be the case with a military man, so little can religion affect his acts. His best occupation is wholesale slaughter of his fellow-creatures. Rapine comes in the way of his trade. Nor is the tenth commandment much respected by him. The ninth he observes, because it is gentlemanly to do so. The fourth he often considers a bore. The second he is led to infringe for the sake of a pretty face. The third is a dead letter with him. Even the respect which he naturally has for the fifth commandment would be modified, to the detriment of cellar and larder, were the respectable persons there included to be on the opposite side; but, at all events, it is quite free from

the selfish consideration of having his days prolonged in, or out, of his land.

Although Piedmont boasts of some of the finest roads in Europe (because its royalty is fond of travelling), its diligences are execrable (pervious to wind and rain), because one person has the monopoly of providing the public with conveyances. One of them conveyed me in thirty hours from Turin to Genoa, where I proposed to embark for Greece.

Genoa well merits her surname. Whether winding ^fdown the hills in her rear, through hanging gardens and colonnaded villas, or gazing upwards from the sea on the vast marble amphitheatre, the traveller involuntarily exclaims, "Superb!" Of all her palaces, three-fourths of them hid from general view, in narrow lanes, miscalled streets, which give the city a Turkish air, none more pleased me than the palazzo Doria, proud monument of national gratitude! In the hanging garden of it is a gigantic statue, visible from the sea, of the renowned Andrea. Numerous are the mementos of her former glory. The libro d'oro attests the antiquity of her merchant nobles; the hospitals, their public spirit; the chains suspended in the streets their victories over the Venetians and the Pisans; the magnificent hall of St. George, in the Porto Franco, their vast commerce; the frescos in the houses, representing Moors in slavery, their triumphs over the infidels. As late as when republican France subverted republican Genoa, captives were found chained to posts in the arsenal, eating and sleeping in their own ordure. The recollection of the atrocities committed by the republics of Venice and Genoa, allays in some measure our regret at their extinction: but should they have been thus disposed of—given, without an article in their favour, to absolute governments? Had they, with all northern Italy, been formed into one constitutional state, their warmest admirers would have rejoiced at the change, and the kingdom of Sardinia would then have ceased to be, what it is now emphatically termed, a bone between two great dogs. Such change might have been effected with ease, to our great advantage, in 1814, had England willed it; the Italians would, with enthusiasm, have united themselves constitutionally under a monarch of

the oldest reigning Italian family, the house of Savoy; and their petty jealousies—cancers which prevent the development of their independent forces—would, under wise management, aided by apprehension of Austrian domination, have worn out with the generation.

Dislike of German rule, inherent among all Italians, dates at Genoa far back. During a siege of the city by the Germans, about a century since, it happened one day that a shell fell in one of the streets, and burst among a crowd of people, though without injuring any one. This escape was considered miraculous; it was attributed to a statue of the Virgin in one corner, and this assurance of divine aid so revived the flagging spirits of the townspeople, worn out by famine, that they made a desperate sally and drove the besiegers off. In commemoration whereof, a square stone was laid down on the spot where the shell burst, with a mortar carved on it. The stone remained in 1829 (but the emblem was nearly obliterated), and in 1821, when the occupation of the city by the hated Austrians appeared imminent, it served as a rallying point to the citizens, who swore by it to resist their invaders.

They were not put to the trial, or perhaps, we should have had another example of the inadequacy of a heart-stirring recollection to create a corresponding effect, except on the stage. The altar of a noble sacrifice may remain, a parallel occasion for devotion occur, but the dead will not rise. On the same stone where, in 1307, three Swiss peasants swore to free their country, thousands of Swiss, in 1798, swore to save it:—the former kept the oath, the latter did not.

Napoleon, to console the Genoese patricians for the loss of their independence, threw a bauble among them. He gave them the title of marquis, and as long as they enjoyed a ray of the grand empire's glory it sufficed them; but on their destiny being changed, they felt the triviality of the boon, felt the wide difference between the condition of a noble under a little monarchy, and that of a patrician in a renowned republic, with no other superior than a temporary doge, to whose office, moreover, it being triennial, any patrician might aspire. This feeling, added to purse-pride, has generated among them a

petty enmity towards the *employés* and military of the king of Sardinia, and a whining discontent of the existing order of things, by which, at the same time, no class has more gained, their commerce having doubled since the national flag was struck, and their ready money having enabled them to take advantage of the distress of the Piedmontese nobles, and buy up their estates cheap, so that the Genoese are become the largest proprietors in the kingdom.

The government, aware of the slender hold it has on their affections, has taken the wisest means of preserving their allegiance, by erecting a fort so advantageously placed, that its fire would in a few hours raze the city. This fort, called the Castelletto, existed in another shape, in the time of the republic, and was regarded by the people, who captured it once in a riot, as a Bastille. Whether the people are content with the change I can hardly say; recollection and habitude are powerful agents with man, and often make him prefer the worse to the better; but it is beyond dispute that the lower classes of Genoa are infinitely more free than under their nobles, whose slaves—downright slaves—they were. It is amusing the tenacity with which they cling to republican recollections. I remember one day asking a labourer the way to the *palazzo del governatore*? *Del governatore!* repeated the man, drawing himself up, *il palazzo ducale, volete dire*. Other notable and more useful works, besides palaces and fortresses, dignify Genoa.

The subterranean and intramurean aqueducts, which bring excellent water from a distance, and supply the whole city, would have been worthy of Romans:—the moles which form the harbour are as good as any in the world, excepting Plymouth Breakwater, man's signal triumph over the most unruly element; they have been greatly improved by the present government, and now afford shelter to any number of vessels against the heavy south-west gales, one of which, in 1822, previous to the extension of the old mole, destroyed two hundred sail. The bridge (now called *de Carignan*,) is a monument of labour and of woman's caprice: to the latter Genoa owes a most useful undertaking. About a century

since lived the widow Sauli, in whom centered the wealth of a noble family. She was devout as well as rich, and therefore attended mass daily in the neighbouring chapel of a patrician, who had the complaisance to retard or hasten the celebration, according to her arrival, in expectation that she would enrich it at her death. One day, however, the gentleman, after waiting an unusual long time, and supposing she would not come, ordered the priest to commence the service; it was half over when the widow arrived; but no apologies could allay her anger at being thus disrespectfully treated. In revenge she resolved to build a church, which should totally eclipse the said chapel, and draw away its congregation, it being as fashionable in those days to have one's mass numerously attended, as in the present day to have a crowded drawing-room; and that indolence might not plead distance as an excuse for neglecting her church, when finished, she connected the densely peopled opposite hill with it by a bridge, which bridge spans over houses seven stories high, and is in consequence a favourite "lover's leap," as well as an agreeable promenade, and a convenient short cut, saving one an hour's up-and-down walk through the dirtiest purlieus of the city. The widow's wish was fulfilled; the chapel sunk under the influence of its rival; but *she* did not live to enjoy the fruits of her piety. Piety! what profanation of the word; at the bar of eternal justice, that church—offspring of a black passion—will be a heavy charge. She left the completion of it to her son, whose name, with the family arms, is over the great doors, endowed it munificently, and that her name might never be forgotten, ordained that some part of it should be annually pulled down, and as often rebuilt, with the interest of a sum of money set apart for that purpose. Strange to say, absurd as it may appear, this beneficial practice for masons was continued till the French took Genoa.

Genoa has a neat arsenal. The navy is small but compact, and the whole department is conducted with an economy which is extraordinary. The Marquis de Genez, minister of Marine, is only allowed 2,500,000 francs, 100,000*l.* a year. With this sum he keeps seven frigates in good order, pays the officers and seamen, and maintains the coast police of Liguria and

Sardinia, besides other items; but the petty saving he is obliged to adopt, even on doctor's lint, is ludicrous. The frigates are excellent, from forty-six to sixty guns (all new), after the best French and English models; it is a pity that one of them was not called *Il Doria*, as a compliment to the Genoese, and a tribute to the memory of a great man. Their tanks, chain cables, and guns, came from England; the wood is of Sardinian oak, of a good quality, equal to the Roman oak; the artificers are convicts, instructed in the arsenal in all the trades appertaining to ship-building. This practice has its good and its bad side; it deprives honest men of work, but it saves expense, and enables the convicts, when released, to gain a livelihood by the art they have acquired during their captivity. The Parmezan convicts are sent to the Genoese arsenal; one franc a day is paid for each, on which the Sardinian government gains at least half.

The aspirants for naval commissions are educated at a college during four or five years, during which, at intervals, they are embarked. Annually a frigate or corvette makes a tour in the Levant, and occasionally a squadron displays the flag to the bey of Tunis, or the pasha of Tripoli. In 1825, a squadron imposed terms on the latter, having first burnt a schooner in his port. This brilliant affair, in which one man was wounded, was an era for an Italian navy, and placed it, in its opinion, on a par with the British navy. The battle of Algiers was scarcely considered a greater exploit. The admiral, who was in his frigate, anchored five miles off, was created a baron, and on all the actors crosses were bestowed, to the discontent of several, as no distinction was made between the meritorious, who pulled in under the ill-directed fire of the pasha's batteries, and *one* who *winded* his boat and rowed in the opposite direction.

Midshipmen who cannot pass their examinations are sent into the army, thus reversing the English aphorism, "send a fool to sea." With due deference to the supporters of that wise saying, I imagine that, when first used in that sense, fool corresponded with the French word *fou*; not with *bête*, as we now use it.

Easter Monday I witnessed the ceremony of administering

the oath of fidelity to the troops. A theatre was erected on one side of the Aqua Verde (a square), amid piles of shot, and an altar raised in it. High mass was performed; and then the governor, the Marquis D'Yenne, a gallant old Savoyard, much loved by the Genoese, read the formula. The soldiers answered *giuro*, at least those who chose; those who did not, held their tongues, and considered themselves exempt, as a young radical officer told me an hour afterwards, when I rallied him on his inconsistency, in swearing fidelity to the government in public—against it in private. As the ceremony is repeated every year, it follows that the value of the oath does not exceed that period.

CHAPTER II.

Attivo—Passengers—Rats—Syra—Consul—Pirates—Thamantis—
Captain Pechel—Greeks.

In the good ship Attivo, bound, God and the sultan willing, to Odessa, I engaged a berth to Syra for thirty Spanish dollars (paying half a dollar a-day for my table.) We did not, however, immediately sail, for nothing short of the fear of excommunication would make a Genoese leave his Easter festivities: and then, when we at length quitted the port, two more days elapsed, owing to baffling winds, before we lost sight of the lofty Faro. The interval gave me reason to apprehend a tedious voyage. The Attivo was named in mockery; she ought rather to have been called *il canchero*, on account of the side-long propensities of her course. Being *lotica*, i.e., flattish-bottomed, with a contrary wind her traverse lines retrograded, to the amusement of other vessels which passed us, and left us. There were two other cabin passengers—a Slavonian, a pleasant man, going to Constantinople; and a Neapolitan, bound to Tino, a servile, ignorant fellow, and, to add to his amiability, often sea-sick: however, he yielded us amusement, for he was droll and antic. In the steerage, was

a Genoese jeweller with his family, emigrating to Odessa, where persons of his craft were in request. The Genoese surpass all people in their emigrating propensities. From Gibraltar to Taganrok there is not a place where they are not established and thriving; they can live where others starve: in the former place they are in considerable numbers, and rank as its richest merchants. Our captain was a fat, fresh, good-natured, little man, wearing a pendant red cap, canvas trousers, check shirt, and a blue sash;—thus rigged on board—on shore he was a dandy. He smoked bad tobacco and ate garlick; he washed when it rained, and prayed when it blew—to a picture of the Virgin, which hung in the cabin, with a lamp constantly burning before it; and if by chance, or through malice pre-pense—sometimes the case—the light went out, it was ludicrous to see the trepidation with which he would cross himself, recite an Ave Maria, and put it in again, asking pardon of our Ladye. In short, our skipper was a regular Mediterranean sailor, all talk and little work; and as he, with all his crew, had a wonderful respect for the English navy, I soon found myself *de facto* captain of the vessel; had I been her owner, I would have sold her for firewood. We anchored for a couple of days under the Malora Bank, off Leghorn, for stress of weather, and then continued our voyage, which was rendered unpleasant by rats of an enormous size on board; they stormed the cabin, and made prey of small articles, such as gloves, handkerchiefs, &c. It was almost requisite to sleep in boots. In my cabin I was in a besieged place, employed every morning in repairing the breaches made by the foe in the night; but their pertinacity in attack far exceeded my diligence in defence, and their extreme voracity made us seriously think on our probable fate should provisions fail. I was somewhat consoled by perceiving that my fellow-passengers were fatter than me. This inconvenience arose from having neglected to smoke the vessel before leaving Genoa, where she had been lying two years, and where rats are very numerous. A sou a day is allowed by the Genoese admiralty for the support of a cat in each ship of war. I had often seen water rats, but I had no idea that they ever arrived to such size and ferocity. Our two cats dared not

attack them; they would have discouraged Whittington's cat. In the East they tell marvellous stories of rats, such as that they kill children by sucking their blood when asleep. I cannot vouch for the truth of this bat-like propensity, though it was so firmly believed by our Neapolitan messmate, a regular Levantine, that he never pulled his clothes off, lest he should awake minus a toe, or anything else.

After an undue share of foul weather, considering the season, we made the bold and picturesque coast of Maina, and the same evening entered the Archipelago, embellished by a richly variegated sunset, which spread a roseate tinge over Candia's snow-clad tips. Not a sail intercepted our view of one of the Cyclades, an unusual blank, since merchant vessels, unprotected by a ship of war, generally reckoned on a visit from the Grecian *mysticos* in this spot. In apprehension of them, notwithstanding, we prepared our only cannon and a few rusty muskets for service. A light air from the north-east, aided by the stream, would have soon swept us far to the southward, had it not fortunately shifted to the south-west before morning: we gained a distant view of Sunium's "marbled steep," and in the course of the day anchored in the beautiful harbour of St. George, Syra, land-locked by Tino and Myconi.

The first object that attracted my attention on landing, was a man on the beach, the half of his legs and his feet red with blood; in Rome I might have taken him for a cardinal: he was undergoing the vernal depletion universally practised by the Greeks. The second was an auction in the open street by inch of candle: the auctioneer held a candle in his hand, and as long as it burned the bidding continued. The third was our consul, a Greek, not the steadier for his bottle. He insisted on sharing my company at the *table d'hôte*, the daily resort of a good quantity of villany; then on signing my passport, to show me, I suppose, that he could write, his signature being no more necessary than that of the Great Mogul. He was a reasonable specimen of a class of persons scattered over the Archipelago, styled British officers, who disgrace the flag that waves over their dwellings. I mean the consuls of the different islands, some honorary, some with

inadequate salaries. Chiefly Greeks—such Greeks as the most staunch Philhellenists, whose hearts bound at the name, who believe that Themistocleses and Miltiadeses are still to be seen in every province, would object to—they are found at Pera ready for any service, according to their several necessities, under the title of protected Rayas, which they enjoy through the means of one ambassador or other, and thereby are not regarded by the Porte as direct subjects. And thus it frequently happens that a person scarcely owned by any country, whose only recommendation consists, perhaps, in having been domestic to an ambassador, in or out of doors, is appointed all at once agent for a great nation; as, for example, M. Vitalis held a menial office in a consul's house at Syra previous to his own consular appointment at Syra. The piratic trade, (græco, free trade,) by which Syra, as its emporium, taking no part in the war of independence, rose from insignificance to prosperity, received no check at his hands. He became rich. Deeply will the cut-throat population of Syra lament (should the time arrive) when a good blade and a swift bark cease to be riches to him who can wield the one and steer the other. During the height of its illegal career the bazaars offered a singular contrast. English cottons, French jewellery, Turkish silks, might all be seen *pêle mêle* selling for mere trifles. I once bought there, in the same shop, Pope's works (for eighteen-pence) and a Koran; the former, of course, was part of the plunder of an English merchant-vessel; the latter, of a Turkish vessel, conveying pilgrims on their way to Mecca.

This organized and tolerated system of piracy, generally accompanied by revolting barbarity, was the most prominent feature of the Greek revolution, as well as a solecism (from its impunity) in history. The extent to which it was carried appears incredible to those who did not witness it. Boats launched for the traffic from every part of the Archipelago. The deep inlets formed by the long promontories of Macedonia conveniently enabled the Armatolis to change the scene of their operations from land to sea. None so distinguished himself as a certain Thamantis, chief of a band which had

been for years the terror of the Turkish and Christian villages indiscriminately. At the commencement of the revolution he excited the peaceable inhabitants of Neyousta to revolt; but, on being attacked by Aboulloubout Pasha, from Salonica, basely fled, and left them to be decimated; then with the versatility of genius he turned pirate, and made himself equally renowned on the water as he had been on land. No flag was respected by him—scarcely the Grecian—and he wound up a series of exploits, in 1827, by murdering the crew of an Austrian vessel, who had dared to resist him. Finding, after this action, which marked him to the cruizers of all nations, that his aquatic career was too hazardous to continue, he prudently obtained an amnesty from the Porte for his former deeds as a klepht, and retired to his native village at the foot of Mount Olympus. Thus far his history possessed nothing uncommon—counterpart of a hundred similar and cotemporary, chequered by blood and rapine—but the following year it was ennobled by Mr. S. Canning deputing the English consul of Salonica to negotiate with him in person, in order to make him promise that he would renounce piratical habits. The unexpected proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; eagerly closing with it, the corsair drew out a declaration to the desired effect, that is, signed a treaty of peace, and sent it by the consul to the ambassador, then at Poros; since when, free from all apprehension of justice from any quarter, he enjoys his ill-gotten wealth in quiet. Now this was an unnecessary concession to expediency. Thamantis, having been guilty of the most atrocious acts, should have been made an example of; the Turkish government would have had him taken, on being applied to officially by the English ambassador. The number of brigands who obtain free pardon in Turkey is no proof of a want of power to take them up. The Porte calculates loss and profit. The expense of apprehending a powerful brigand is certain; the sum that he offers for his pardon is also certain; and he will do no more harm, at least, for some time. When, however, the Porte wishes to catch a brigand—a determination which is always taken when a brigand, once pardoned, resumes his old trade—it never fails. Precise orders

are sent to the pashas, who always obey when their own interest is not involved; he is hunted from province to province; the villages, scenes of his extortions, refuse him asylum when it is known that the authorities are up against him, and he generally ends by being betrayed by his own followers. Such has been the fate of many daring klepthes, after having followed their will for years, and such would have been the fate of Thamantis had the necessary means been resorted to. He would then have justly suffered as a criminal, instead of capitulating as an honourable foe, with the representative of majesty.

Another daring band carried on business from Gozzo di Candia, thence commanding the trade to Alexandria. The Maltese particularly suffered by its activity. At length, in 1826, his majesty's ship *Sybilie* proceeded against it, and received a severer check than had been experienced in any cutting-out affair (excepting one) during the French war. Captain Pechell—with an absence of caution which might have caused a young officer, without a reputation to rest on, to be superseded—sent his boats up a narrow creek to cut out some mysticos anchored at the farther end; he neglected to send a party on shore to secure them from an ambush. Mark the consequence. When the boats were fairly in the creek, a volley of musketry opened on them from the rocks on either side from unseen hands: twenty-two were killed, twenty-three were wounded; the remainder lay on their oars scarcely knowing what to do. Two of the marines, in the hurry of the moment, leaped overboard from the launch and swam ashore; out of the frying-pan into the fire one might have supposed, but the pirates spared them for hostages. Showing them to the frigate (anchored close to) from an eminence, they stipulated, as the price of their lives, that they (the pirates) should be left in tranquillity. The gallant captain had no choice. He embarked his killed and wounded, victims in an inglorious cause, and made sail for Malta. This was the only occasion, it is to be observed, that pirates courageously resisted a man-of-war's boats, and therefore the captain had some reason for despising them. Pirate hunting had previously been carried on among

the Moreotes and Cycladeotes, not very remarkable for courage; whereas the Candiotes, of either religion, have always been notorious as the most daring and ferocious of the sultan's subjects. A party of them, in the same manner as the Marseillais at Paris, committed those deplorable excesses of which Smyrna was the theatre in 1821.

Generally speaking, the Greeks entertain the belief—a belief which proofs as strong as holy writ will not change—that we encouraged their piracy; and certainly, to judge by appearances, the philosophic way in which we suffered the vessels of our Ionian subjects to be plundered by them, they have some reason on their side. The arguments they use are worthy of them, and render it fortunate for the honour of the navy that our squadron in the Levant was commanded, during the six momentous years, by Captain Hamilton, a man of such nice honour as to make it certain that his lenity towards the pirates was the effect of his orders, or of the purest Philhellenism. The low-minded Levantines and Greeks, on the contrary, being incapable of appreciating a generous sentiment, attribute it to interested motives; judging by themselves, they believe the rule of every man's conduct to be gold. They saw our ships among them; they were told that they were there to suppress piracy; they knew their fame and their power; yet piracy prospered: ergo, they inferred the chief received bribes to relax in his duty. The gallant individual in question could not have been more thunderstruck than I was when I heard this opinion publicly expressed at Syra. I obliged the speaker to retract his words, and I hoped it was confined to that spot. I was mistaken; I heard it in other isles, on the main, in places far removed from the coast: and, with indignation I say it, I have heard more than one English merchant declare his belief of the false tale. That the natives, who are brought up to consider vice as virtue, intrigue as talent, should give ear to it, is not surprising, but that Englishmen should thus concur in fixing a stain on a noble profession, is too bad. The good or bad opinion, however, of the majority of the Levant merchants, is not entitled to much consideration. It being my duty, as well as inclination, I

contradicted it wherever I went: to the unreasonable, I declared its falsity; to the reasonable, I pointed out the impossibility of a British officer thus acting, were he even so inclined, without incurring publicity and disgrace.

But, independent of supposed injunctions to trifle with piracy, it was impossible for our cruizers to arrest its progress, because the existing laws about piracy did not second them. Direct evidence of the fact, in all its details, was required to condemn; and that evidence could never be procured, because our consuls in the islands were natives, who were afraid or unwilling to act. Without half the occasion that we have, the French government always employs Frenchmen as agents. The maritime law regarding piracy is quite adequate for incidental cases; but when a whole nation takes to it as a lawful trade, it should be exchanged (as in a province overrun by brigands) for martial law. Our captains should have had the power of inflicting summary justice by courts martial, on well-known pirates, instead of sending them to Malta, where a quibble always saved them; and where, had they been hanged, they would not have operated as an example, the chief end of hanging, from the distance of time and place. As, however, it was considered necessary by the powers that were, to allow the Greeks to pirate, and so provide themselves with the sinews of war, it would have been more consonant with reason and humanity, to have let them exact a toll from every merchant ship entering the Archipelago.

Throughout that eventful war, of which the first marked consequence was the collapse of Turkey in the grasp of Russia, our policy was wofully oblique, scarcely becoming a petty state. It served all parties, and it displeased all parties. It affected our integrity, and it prolonged the struggle. While, apparently to hasten the liberation of the Greeks, we recognised their most trivial, vexatious blockade, to the injury of our commerce, British consuls in the Levant, in conformity with their instructions, assisted the Osmanleys. By their agency some of the Turkish fortresses (notoriously Patrass) were re-victualled in the last stage of starvation, without which aid it is probable that the Osmanleys, surprised as they were, would

have been starved out of the Morea the second year of the revolt. Patrass thereby remained in their hands till 1828, when it surrendered to the French troops. To show the weight of a fortress having been thus victualled, in the balance of the contending parties, it is enough to say, that had Napoli di Romania been succoured in 1822, the patriot cause would have been crushed the same year, since the capture of that important place, through famine, by the Greeks, led to the destruction of Drama Ali's army, which would otherwise have overrun the Morea. About the same time, too, the Greeks took two ships laden with corn, the property of the Turkish government, under the name of a British consul. These, the only lawful prizes they ever made, were re-captured by our cruisers, and restored to the Pasha of Salonica, who made the two captains presents, to mark his sense of their services.

It may therefore readily be imagined the surprise of the sultan, when England demanded the liberation of Greece, in such evident contradiction to the acts of her officers—in such contradiction to the surrender of Parga. He doubted the earnestness of the request on her part, though he fully believed it on the part of Russia, and even of France, who had been unequivocal respecting Greece. Noble, indeed, was the part taken by the French in that struggle. It was the part of humanity, divested of political colouring. Wherever a treaty was to be made, a French ship of war assisted to see fair play; wherever a massacre had taken place, a French ship of war was ready to embark the fugitives; wherever a fortress was about to surrender, a French ship of war was present to protect the vanquished. Equally zealous were the French consuls, particularly M. David of Smyrna, in the generous cause. Nor were their praiseworthy exertions confined to one side: on several occasions, they preserved defenceless Turks from the fury of the patriots; and if it be urged against them, that they were to blame in not endeavouring to check piracy, it may be answered, that having little or no commerce in the Levant, it was not their immediate duty—less likely to be undertaken, from being opposed to their Philhellenic propensities. It reflects bright honour on rear-

There did not appear the capacious mind, the embodying intellect, supposed to exist in embryo among every people, waiting only a favourable conjuncture to spring into life, and assert its divine pre-eminence. The modern Greeks are an exception; as they were in 1821, they are now, divided by petty interests. The klephte chiefs, taking advantage of the drowsy, stupid confidence of the Osmanleys, struck the first direct blow, not actuated by true patriotism, but by a desire to extend their licentious power; they looked not beyond this, the pleasure of the moment, and had not the priesthood fanned the flame, and prevented the popular spring from relaxing, these Hellenists, whose portraits have figured in every print-shop in France, their names in a hundred *tomes*—the Gouras, the Odysseus, the Mavromichalis, the Grievos, the Colocotronis, &c.—would have been separately bought over; and, indeed, there is little doubt that had Turkish pride, in accordance with its usual Machiavelian policy, stooped to this obvious means earlier than it did, the rebellion would have been paralyzed in its commencement. But the experiment was delayed until the cause had fully excited the Philhellenism of Europe, when the consciousness of being in the gaze of the civilized world, of being watched with suspicion, prevented some of their chiefs, as there are proofs, from profiting by Turkish gold. They have passed the ordeal; but has it purified them? If not still banditti chiefs, (which is doubtful,) they are partisans mutually opposed, except in the one pursuit of throwing obstacles in the way of establishing order in their immortal country. The approach of a large Turkish force twice united them, perhaps hand and heart; and it is only the arrival among them of a firm monarch, with a page of the sultan's code in his pocket, and a few thousand foreign soldiers, that will again produce union. Severity must be his motto, or the Lord have mercy on him; and to make it palatable, he should give the Greeks the shadow of freedom; by no means the substance. He may give them a parliament—a parliament such as that of Corfu, sitting on concealed bayonets; let its members have consideration, and wear fine robes; let them harangue on arts and sciences, on temples and statues,

on roads and bridges ; not a word about government. Such a parliament, an elegant toy, would flatter their pride, and exercise their talents, without rendering them troublesome. I by no means advocate the cause of absolutism. The sovereign of Greece can never become a despot, or other than a monarch, in its most liberal sense. The circumstances that give him a kingdom, and his responsibility in consequence to two enlightened nations, will prevent his exceeding the bounds of moderation ; and though he should not permit an uncensored press in his dominions, which would do more harm than good, the constant influx of talented strangers on his classic shores will fully supply its useful qualities. To give the Greeks a constitution, whereby its representatives would have great political power, would be like giving a child a watch—it would be pulled to pieces before its value were known.

None have been more deceived in the Greeks than the English ; yet their experience of the same race in the Ionian Isles should have taught them the amount of baseness and ingratitude to be expected. Nothing short of the firmness and salutary rigour of Sir T. Maitland could have brought those islands into order. Fortunately he was not a theoretical Philhellenist, and his timely measure of disarming the inhabitants, and hanging the disaffected, in 1822, saved the English in them from being massacred. Hence it has become a proverb in the East, that the English and the Osmanleys are the only people that know how to govern the Greeks. Europe, if she have not already opened them, will open her eyes, and be ready to regret that she has done so much, broken old ties, and committed a great act of injustice for so undeserving a race. Liberty and brigandage are synonymous terms with the Greeks ; without the latter, they see no meaning in the former ; any attempt to bring them within the bounds of rational order they call tyranny, and any ruler who aims at protecting the well-disposed, and their property, is likened to a pasha.

CHAPTER III.

Syria—Scio—Tenedos—Hellespont—Marmara—Stamboul.

SYRA was in the second year of her liberty, and already began to regret it, for the tribute imposed by the Greek government was quadruple the amount of the kharatch, from which, too, she had been exempt by the Porte during the war, in reward for not having joined the insurrection. As one of the Cyclades, she was necessarily concluded in independent Greece. Capo d'Istria was then expected for the first time, and as his object was supposed to relate to the arrears of tribute, the notables were not enthusiastic. Capo d'Istria was certainly unpopular everywhere, though I really believe that that was not so much his fault as the fault of his position, and would have been the same with any one. He wanted force. The allies blamed him for not quelling piracy, the Greeks blamed him for attempting to quell it. One party said that he must be a Russian at heart, because he wore Russian orders; another party insisted that he was in English interest because he employed a great many Ionians, (he being a Corfuyote.) And so they went on: with all he did or said, right or wrong, fault was found; if he wished to impose taxes, his subjects said they would rather live under a Begler-Beg; if he attempted to free the passes of brigands, they called him Dervendjii Bashi; the Mainiotes replied to his deputation, desiring them to become reasonable members of society, that they had always preserved their freedom under the Turkish government, and they would continue to preserve it under his. With a couple of thousand foreign soldiers at his beck, the Greeks would have called Capo d'Istria the best of rulers—as it was, they called him a tyrant.

With her freedom, Syra had acquired one of the plagues of civilization—a plague invented by mankind, dependent on its fears rather than its reason—quarantine. A Russian vessel was performing it in the port, and thus exemplifying its absurdity in a general sense, because, disposed as Russians are by habitual uncleanness to disease, the keep-

ing a number of them shut up in a narrow space, screened from air and exercise, was an excellent way of generating infection : it would have been safer to have incurred the remote chance of their having brought plague from the coast of Turkey. Syra had also acquired one of the comforts of civilization, though in a very uncomfortable form—an inn. The master of it was very woe-begone; his grey locks were uncombed, and his white beard long unshorn. "Ah, signore," he said to my probing, "Aime! a month since I took a young wife; the day following she was attacked by a violent small-pox, from the effects of which she remains in a deplorable state. Povero me! she was fresh and beautiful, without a stain on any part of her body—smooth as alabaster; now, *rabbia di Dio!* she is an object to turn one's face from." As he was past sixty, and she was scarce twenty, I thought neither of them entitled to much pity. To my inquiry as to what, at that time of life, emboldened him to enter among the shoals of matrimony, he said, "*Non sa signore, davvero? sa che una bella donnina fa la fortuna d'un oste?*" What an Italianism!

There was another Italian on the island, a person of note in the capacity of a doctor possessed of information, and the art of talking well; and therefore his shop, amply stocked with empty phials, was the fashionable lounge. He informed me that he was writing a history of the Greek war, for which purpose he had visited the principal scenes to collect notes, and flattered himself with being able to give correct particulars. "Will it occupy much space?" I asked. "Not much," he replied; "my style is concise; I put in three pages what would take another man ten!" An impartial work of the kind is wanted, since Pouqueville's, excepting one or two incidents of which he happened to be a witness, is a tissue of misrepresentations, founded on hearsay. M. Pouqueville's rancour alone, against the British nation, would render his authority doubtful, even were direct evidence wanting. What, for instance, must be thought of the man who designates the immortal Nelson, in his history of Modern Greece, "*un Cyclops sanguinaire?*" Thus to make a wound, gained in honourable warfare, the sub-

ject of obloquy and ridicule, shows him to be totally devoid of honourable feelings. Frenchmen should blush for him.

Three of my countrymen were occupying the little inn on my arrival, Messrs. Phipps, Spencer, and Benyon; they were officers of the Ionian garrison employing a month's leave in visiting the Morea and the isles. Our common language was a sufficient introduction. Late in the evening another Briton came in, name unknown; he had just landed from an Ipsariote boat. He told us he had left Constantinople a fortnight before, that he had been there a week, had seen everything, was now taking a bird's-eye view of the islands. A bird's-eye view, indeed! "We shall then have the pleasure of your company for a day," we said. "O no; off to-morrow morning for Paros and Antiparos—have not time to pass more than an hour or two at each place—have to make a tour of Sicily yet—must get it over before the hot weather sets in." It was now the middle of May! In fact, on rising in the morning, we found that the travelling gentleman was already off. We saw the lions of Syra shortly, the island being, as all its neighbours, little better than a pile of rocks, with a few patches of cultivation. The beauty of the Archipelagian islands, so much, and justly vaunted, is outwardly: not that, viewed singly, they have the slightest pretensions to the picturesque; but the assemblage of so many isles of different shapes and heights, studding the sea, as a constellation of stars in the sky, produces an enchanting effect. The charm of sailing among them with a fresh gale at night, when sky and water mingle in a dubious purple haze, giving undulating softness to the mountain outlines, adding to the grace of inland sea variety the effect of ocean expanse, now staggering to the blast which sweeps through the passages, now slipping quietly along beneath some glittering white kastro, each headland, each inlet, creative of glowing association, is indescribable—necessary to be felt to be understood. We saw them, nearly all, stretched at our feet as in a map, from the summit of Syra, to which we climbed with excessive fatigue, and some risk.

After three days we separated: my military acquaintance embarked in a Hydriote schooner for Napoli di Romania, and

I made sail for Scio—Scio, garden of the isles, once, and that not long since, so famed for women, wine, silk, mastic, scholars, luxury, and good manners, now girt with the melancholy celebrity of the massacre committed by the Osmanleys, in 1822. In an evil hour the Sciotes forgot the cause of their singular prosperity, and took the brand of revolution from the Samiotes. Their effeminate hands could not hold it longer than sufficed to slay the feeble and confiding Turkish garrison; then, when the avengers of the latter came burning with fanaticism and hopes of plunder, grasped the cross. In this age of dethronements, partitions of kingdoms, sweepings away of the human race by hundreds of thousands at a time, succeeding each other in rapid succession, it is somewhat surprising that the catastrophe of Scio should have caused such a clamour. The reason lay in the sufferers being Christians, the aggressors Mussulmans: had they been *vice versa* we should not have heard a word about the affair. The Greeks told their own story uncontradicted, and as the Turks, either not knowing, or not caring, what was imputed to them, said nothing, gratuitous barbarities were ascribed to them. It was well for the honour of Christianity that they have no press, or they would be able to cite the conduct of the French in Egypt and Syria, as justification for a century of atrocity. The annals of military outrage would be greatly enriched by correct details of Napoleon's pashaship. His feat at Jaffa has few parallels—I mean that of causing four thousand Albanians, prisoners of war, to be shot in cold blood, because (this was the sublime reason) if set at liberty, they *might* act against him. Let the French historian who vents virtuous indignation about the conduct of Henry to his prisoners at Agincourt, append this veritable *morceaux* as a note.

Had not our bark been polacca-rigged I should not have reached Scio in 1829, for a gust of wind took us at the entrance of the Tino passage and nearly overset us. Our Greco-Italian crew became, in consequence, so nervous, that it was some hours before I could persuade them to make sail again. It was the afternoon of the day after leaving Syra before we reached the canal of Scio. We sailed slowly up to it, passed

the town, and anchored near the spot where Canaris blew up the capitan pasha's ship in 1822, a neat exploit, which he repeated a few months after in the roads of Tenedos, on the capitan bey. Abreast of our anchorage was a large garden, once, to judge by the relics of taste and luxury scattered about, the abode of opulence. Its inviting shade made us speedily quit the unawned deck, on which we had been frying all day in preference to stewing in the close cabin for the benefit of the insect tribe. After walking about it some time undisturbed, we sat down on the steps of a half-ruined kiosk to enjoy the cool evening breeze, which wafted to us the fragrance of the coast of Asia opposite. Perceiving us intent on filling our chibouques, an elderly woman brought us charcoal, then fetched us some indifferent sherbet, while a young girl presented us roses, according to the Grecian custom. The appearance of our hostesses, joined to their *naïve* politeness, was very interesting; through the garb of poverty, we perceived in the elder tokens of another sphere, and in the sweet countenance of the younger that she was born to higher hopes. She was very beautiful; her eyes black, her hair auburn, descending in braids to her middle, and her elastic graceful form was set-off by a Turco-Grecian costume, which, though coarse, appeared elegant on her. Their tale was soon told, one of many similar. On that never-to-be-forgotten night, they had lost all that makes life dear—kindred and friends—their wealth had enriched their destroyers, and in their once happy home they were now domestics. "In this paradise," exclaimed the elder, "my husband lived, my children flourished, and I was blest:—fools! why had we not followed the warnings we received, and fled in time? O night of woe! what cruel pity spared me, preserved that innocent I should myself have slain! She was so young. I saved her life—alas! for what. You see her beauty,—fatal gift! Our lord has seen her; may, if unrestrained by pity, drag her from me!" Grief stopped her utterance, while her daughter threw herself in her arms, energetically exclaiming, "Never, mother, they shall bear me to death sooner." It was quite a scene, and made our
r draw his sleeve across his eyes. It was near

midnight before we left this interesting couple to return to our wooden couches; they felt a melancholy pleasure in relating and bewailing their misfortunes.

This, I was happy to find next day, on going into the city, was, comparatively speaking, but an isolated case of distress. Several of the streets were rebuilt, and workmen were employed in clearing away the rubbish, and making a square. We visited the houses of some of the primates; they were well furnished, and the ladies ornamented, as in better times, with gold chains and bracelets. We were treated, in each, with conserve of roses (best of conserves), and a pleasant spirit distilled from the mastic, presented to us by the fair hands of the mistress of the house. Making several visits the same day in the East is a serious affair, on account of the sweetmeat ordeal. The refugees who had fled, first burying their precious metals, on the rumour of the invasion, and those who, having been captured, had been redeemed from slavery, were returning allured by the favourable promises of the Porte, and by the mild government of the Pasha Yussuf, to whom I made my salaam in due form, accompanied by a dragoman. He resided in the castle, which was extensive, and in good repair for a Turkish fortress, though a frigate could have levelled it in a few hours. After some conventional discourse, he observed, "God is your friend." I bowed. "You belong to a distant part of the world, yet you are going to Constantinople; you will see that paradise; you may also have the happiness of seeing our lord's countenance; you will be there in time to witness the rejoicings that will follow our lord's victories over the Muscovites—happy man!" Yussuf was never more mistaken: little of pleasure led me to the East; I in no manner shared his idea of the advantage to be derived from seeing the features of his sublimity; and the victories!—even the proud ignorance of the inmates of the seraglio, their fanatic confidence in Mussulman invincibility—was enlightened by the reverse.

That evening I again made sail, but before reaching the Spalmadores, vivid lightnings broke the pile of clouds in the north, and heavy squalls obliged us to bear up. We ran for

the Bay of Tchesmeh, so called from the mineral springs on its shore, and famed for two great victories gained in it—that by the Romans against the fleet of Antiochus (171 years B. C.), and that obtained by the Russian fleet (on board of which rear-admiral Elphinstone was third in command), over the Turks, July 8th, 1770, a most disastrous epoch in Ottoman history.

“In an instant,”—thus says the Ottoman historian,—“the two fleets being in the straits of Conioun-ada (Spalmadores), the raging fire of battle was lighted; in the ardour and confusion of the fight, and in the midst of flames, which rose as the demon of the mountain of Kaf, Djezairlu Hassan, the capitan bey, drew near to the enemy’s flag-ship. The combat was terrible on both sides: but at length the enemy, unable any longer to sustain the attack, and in despair at seeing his vessel on the point of falling into the hands of the Mussulman, set her on fire. It being impossible to disengage the capitan-ship from her opponent, it pleased the Almighty that both vessels should become the prey of the devouring element. With infinite trouble Djezairlu Hassan Bey contrived to save himself.

“After this event, the sultan’s fleet entered the port of Tchesmeh, where, the enemy having followed it, the battle re-commenced. Soon, by the continual fire of the big guns, the sea became a surface of flame. As the enemy kept under sail during this naval fight, it was as imprudent as dangerous on the part of the Mussulmans to remain at anchor; and therefore, considering the facts, we must attribute to the force of destiny the determination of Hassan-Eddin, capitan pasha, to do so. In the midst of the efforts which this officer made, nevertheless, to repulse the attack, the enemy sent against him several vessels, filled with inflammable substances, blazing to the clouds; and, in consequence, the Ottoman ships, which for mutual succour were close together, became all the prey of the flames in the night of the 14th of Rebi ul Ewel, 1184.

“The capitan pasha and the capitan bey were wounded; but the patrona bey and the riah bey perished in attempting to swim ashore.

“ The coasts being without troops, it was feared that the enemy would enter the gulf of Smyrna, and capture the vessels that might be there. Five merchant vessels were therefore sunk in the passage of Sandjack Bournou, and the castle put in a state of defence. An order was particularly sent to Ali Pasha, charged with the defence of the Hellespont, that the ships which had been intended to succour the grand fleet should remain where they were. The captains of all merchant vessels on the coasts were likewise ordered to remain quiet until the crisis was over, and the governors of the fortresses were ordered to redouble their vigilance. The enemy, thus seeing that he was prepared for on all points, lost hopes of being able to do more injury, and disappeared, after having repaired his ships in the isles of Conioun-ada.

“ This event deeply afflicted the entire Mussulman nation, and the padischah in particular was imbued with the most lively sorrow. He lifted his suppliant hands towards the throne of God, to pray him to revenge Islamism, and to grant new strength to the laws of him who is the glory of mankind.

“ This deplorable state of things was attributed to the faults of the capitan pasha, who was immediately deposed, and Djiafar, an able sea-officer, appointed in his place. He sailed directly for the White Sea, with six line of battle ships from the imperial arsenal, and joined thirty other sail, which had been prepared at Dulcigno and other places. Money was given to commissaries to repair the damages occasioned by the enemy, and orders sent to the governor of Alexandria to the same effect.

“ It being a truth, that victory, the same as the ordinary course of human affairs, depends on the decrees of destiny, it is against all justice to attribute an unlucky turn of events to those who are charged with important affairs. Most men who enjoy the favours of fortune, and the confidence of governments, apply themselves diligently, induced thereto by the necessity of requiring, or preserving, a good reputation, to direct properly the affairs intrusted to them; but if, instead of attaining this object, those who reach the high offices of state

only meet with shame and opprobrium, they will naturally soon feel disgusted with the cares attached to office. This truth is incontestible to every body who is experienced in the affairs of the world."

With what cunning does the learned Mollah insinuate that the doctrine of fatality (which he dares not impugn) is no excuse for the faults of empty-headed statesmen. The maxim he here lays down, that such deserve punishment, not so much for their errors, as for their presumption in believing themselves capable of filling difficult situations, should be applied by all nations. Error of judgment is a securer retreat for incompetent statesmen and commanders in Christendom, than destiny is for Mussulman grandees.

From Tcheshmeh to the plain of Troy we had a most delightful sail. With light airs we coasted close along Mytilene, and in the afternoon of the second day were off Alexandria Troas. The scene from this direction is truly fine—perhaps the finest in the Archipelago—independent of the Homeric recollections. The shore of the Troade was varied by white tents, capped with green, pitched at intervals for several miles, in order to observe the Russian squadron, to give the alarm in case a landing should be attempted. This squadron, consisting of five line of battle ships and three frigates, under the command of rear-admiral Ricord, a Nissard, showed, by the difference of its appearance then, and when it arrived from the Baltic a year and a half previously, that it had profited by the example of the French and English fleets, and by the resources of Malta dock-yard. Two frigates kept under sail, one to the northward, the other to the southward of Tenedos; the remainder lay at anchor near the Dardanelles, in a situation exposed to the operation of fire-ships, had the Turks been sufficiently enterprising to make use of them. The utility, however, of blockading the Hellespont (which, with all due deference to Lord Collingwood's opinion to the contrary, appears perfectly easy) is doubtful, since two hundred miles of coast, on either side of the Hellespont and Propontis, will always supply Constantinople, (scantily it is true,) even in the degraded state of Turkish agriculture. That their produce did

not suffice in 1828—29, was owing to the policy of the sultan, in prohibiting a free market to the coasting traders, none of whom, having been once taken in, would return until the monopoly was removed; and then provisions flowed in, enough to prevent apprehensions of a rising in consequence of the distress.

The wind failing us at sunset, we anchored off a village six miles from the castle of Asia. Imprudently, some of us got into the boat, and landed for curiosity: we were soon surrounded by a tumultuous body of Turks, who assailed us with vociferations, in which the word *Moscof* was very distinct, and showed indications of treating us worse. It was vain to answer that we were not *Muscovites*; they did not believe us, or would not understand us: and the clamour increasing, I began to apprehend that my travels in Turkey might finish where they began. Fortunately, however, the aga was smoking under a tree in view of what passed: he sent two officers to extricate us, and to desire us to return on board, as he could not answer for our safety on shore. We did not require the hint to be repeated, and we escaped without further violence than a few stones thrown after us as we rowed from the beach. The calm continuing next day, I went to stretch my legs on *Tenedos*, where I did not fear a repetition of the preceding evening's entertainment, since the bey and the admiral were on good terms.

Tenedos possesses no antiquities beyond a few tumuli. The town is tolerable, and its bazaar is always exceedingly well-stocked with provisions. The inhabitants are Greeks, well disposed towards the Turks, of whom there are none in the island, excepting the suite of the aga, and a few cannoniers for the castle. They make some of the best wine in the *Archipelago*; it is strong bodied, of a good flavour, not at all unlike port, and infinitely better than the drug under that denomination sold in most of the hotels in England. The price of it, in 1829, was eighteen paras (three halfpence) the *oq* (quart); we paid at the rate of twenty-five paras for some which had been in cask two years. While waiting for my boat to return on board, one of the cannoniers approached me, and pointing

to some rusty cannon, observed, that they had belonged to Ajax. Standing where I was, it may be readily supposed that I thought of no other Ajax than him whose tumulus graced the plain of Troy before my eyes. The remark, whether in wit or ignorance, was ludicrously à-propos, and singularly contrasted with the usual ignorance of Orientals on all subjects which date a few years back. Turning to my bearded cicerone with an expression of approbation, I was about to conceive a sort of respect for his understanding, but, not having the art of knowing when he had said enough, he convinced me in another breath that the loss of the Ajax, English line-of-battle ship, burnt off Tenedos, in 1807, was the sole cause of a Turk knowing one classic name.

With a fresh south-west gale, the morning of May 30, 1829, we entered the noble channel which unites the Archipelago with the Propontis, esteeming ourselves fortunate in not having been detained at its mouth above twenty-four hours, considering that vessels often lie there wind-bound for months; in that case, a traveller may land at the Dardanelles, row in a caique to Gallipoli, and then take horses to Constantinople. The outer castles of Europe and Asia, with dazzling white walls and minarets, are fine ornaments to the mouth of the Hellespont, and little more, for their separation, three and a quarter miles, renders their cannon more threatening than dangerous. The former, Sertil bahr Kalesi, (padlock of the sea), stands well, on the declivity of a hill; the latter, Koum Kalesi, (sandy castle), is built on a sandy tongue, near the mouth of the Simois. To each a village is attached, for the accommodation of the families of the garrisons, it being against the law that women reside in Turkish forts, or go on board Turkish ships of war. The shores of the Hellespont mutually contrast as those of the Strait of Messina, the Asiatic shore (like the Sicilian) being diversified by wooded hills and cultivated vales, while that of Europe corresponds with Calabria's bold and sterile aspect. After passing several time-honoured tumuli of demi—what? gods or devils? in the space of ten miles, we came to a formidable thirty-six pound battery, *a fleur d'eau*, directly raking us—one of those thrown up by

the French, in 1807. A string of camels, cheered by the sound of their bells, and led by a green turbanned Mussulman, mounted on a donkey, was winding by it.

Three miles higher up we hove-to off the inner castle, to receive the visit of the Turkish officer, who boards all vessels, ascending or descending, a tiresome and useless regulation, which often puts a vessel, in the latter case, to the inconvenience of anchoring, on account of being unable to lie-to against the current, when the wind is strong: in the event of non-compliance, a shot reminds her of it. An English merchantman, some years since, anchored in consequence; but, driving fast towards the shore, was obliged to cut her cable and make sail again down the strait: each castle in succession fired one shot at her as she passed, but she escaped without being struck. These castles were erected in the reign of Mahomet IV., and from their vicinity are formidable; they are separated about three-quarters of a mile, and have each about seventy pieces of cannon from thirty to eight hundred pound calibre. The castle of Europe, Kilidi Bahr, (the key of the sea,) with its village and cypressd grounds, ornaments the face of a hill; that of Asia (Hissar Sultani) stands in a delightful plain, watered by a small river: adjoining it is a considerable town, the seat of a two-tailed pasha, called by the Turks, Channakalis, from its noted manufactory of earthenware; and, by Europeans, Dardanelles, from being built on the site of the ancient Dardanus, known in history as the place where peace was signed between Sylla and Mithridates. In a tchiftlik, (farm,) not many miles from it, the preliminaries of peace were signed, January, 1809, between England and Turkey. Two miles farther up, we passed, on the right hand, an elegant fountain, termed the pasha's fountain; tradition runs that a sailor of an European merchant vessel, having killed his captain, apostatized to save his life; he afterwards rose to the rank of pasha, built this fountain, and was buried near it. We next approached the sites of Sestos and Abydos, which, till quite close to, appear to join and close the channel. Strong batteries on either side cross their fire, at the distance of little more than a mile, and finish the ordeal of the bold fleet that

dares to run the gauntlet,—an ordeal that would prove fatal were the batteries ably served. We cannot judge of the practicability by the success of Sir J. Duckworth, since in his passage up he was nearly unopposed, owing to the indecision of the enemy; and in his retreat, the velocity of his ships, produced by a strong north-easter and a rapid current, offered a severe test for their gunnery. A fleet wishing to force a passage, (most practicable in May, June, October, or November, during which months southerly winds prevail strongest,) would make it easy by landing a body of men after sunset, and taking the principal works on the European side of the Hellespont before morning. The usual self-security and laziness of the Turks would render the enterprise certain. The garrisons are not strong, (composed of regular veterans inured to smoking and eating pilaff,) and the castles, in addition to the defect of being commanded within a stone's throw by the slope on which they are built, are extremely weak in the rear; they have no drawbridge, and the crazy wooden gates would yield to a few strokes of a hatchet, unless it were preferred to cross them by ladders. Their height, the same as that of the wall, is about twenty-two feet; the ditch is dry and shallow. Before a sufficient force could be collected to dislodge them, the assailants would have time to open a fire on the opposite works in Asia, which are commanded by the European works; at all events, if hard pressed, to spike the guns and retreat to their advancing ships by means of the numerous boats belonging to each castle. By the simple expedient of constructing a tower on the hill above each castle in Europe, with two or three guns so mounted as to fire down into it, the possibility of a similar *coup-de-main* would be completely guarded against. But the Turks never adopt precautions until misfortune shows them the necessity, then perhaps too late. Allah has hitherto preserved the works of the Dardanelles, and they trust he will continue to do so without giving them any trouble.

Owing to the increasing height of the banks, which acted as a funnel, the gale sensibly freshened, so that we soon reached Gallipoli, a good town, capital of an extensive sandjacklik, famed for manufacturing the best morocco leather, and pos-

sessing a good port, in the Chersonese of Thrace. Seven mosques, an old Greek castle, and a lighthouse, (seldom lit,) grace it visibly. It has 15,000 inhabitants, and has the reputation of being the first place occupied by the Turks in Europe, then in a manner by divine aid, by an earthquake throwing down its works, and enabling young Othman, the son of Orchan, to take possession of it without trouble. Gallipoli was for the Turks what Calais was, during two centuries, to the English.

A few miles above it we entered the Sea of Marmara, and night spread her mantle round us while passing the lofty island of the same name. Pale lightnings in the N.E. made us apprehend a contrary wind. The southerly breeze, however, prevailed, and we remained on deck, waiting the dawn that should reveal to our eyes the pride of fifteen centuries. It came with oriental splendour, and with it a forest of towers and trees appeared on the waters. It gradually rose as we slowly advanced, and by an hour after sunrise the noble work of Constantine, the first Christian capital, the rival of eternal Rome, planted triumphantly on seven hills, was fairly disclosed to view, each hill studded with cupolas and minarets, chequered with funereal bowers, dotted, here and there, with an ancient column, and girt, the whole, with a venerable crust of time, the battlements of her glory. In the vast bay, which the mingling shores of Europe and Asia seemed to form, she sat, queen of cities, seat of empire, whether Christian, heathen, or Mohammedan, chosen spot whence genius might rule the world.

Two prominent objects of the picture before our eyes were the seven towers on one side, and on the other the superb barracks of Scutari, the glittering whiteness of the latter beautifully relieving the long and broad cypress belt of the great cemetery, stretching from them over the plain towards Mount Oetos, on whose summit the ruins of a Roman fortress brave time and tempest. Farther to the right, we saw a scattered village on the site of Chalcedonia, and, near a meadow planted with gigantic cypresses, a faro skirted by a boldly picturesque rock high out of water. Continuing the

same line, the Princes Isles, where blind old Dandolo refreshed his galleys in 1203, and where, in 1807, a British fleet lost several men, blended in one, and in the distance, over a low chain of hills, forming Mondania gulf, the snowy ridge of the Bythynian Olympus formed a silver arch on the blue sky.

As we began to open the Bosphorus, the scene changed, though still preserving its characteristic beauty; instead of one city we saw three cities, the capital, Tophana crowned by Pera, and Scutari, almost joining, yet distinctly separated. We then, for the sake of the eddy-stream, edged over to Point St. Stephen, near which was a pretty royal kiosk, and then skirted the sea front of Constantinople. Owing to the position of the city on a series of hills of nearly equal height, its principal edifices are seen at one view. We discerned with our telescopes Marcian's column among a crowd of mean habitations; to the left of it, Sultan Selim's mosque; to the right, on the fourth hill, that of the conqueror, (Mahomet II.;) lower down, the mosque of Mahomet IV.'s mother, remarkable by the numerous adjacent mausoleums, and near it two vast cupolas, covering one of the finest public baths. Also on the fifth, sixth, and seventh hills, numerous mosques were discernible, though of no great merit, excepting one built by a princess of the blood, and distinguished by the absence of minarets. Passing the interval of the third and fourth hills, we saw the minarets and flag-staff of Ramis Tchiftlik, the out-post of Constantinople. Sultan Solyman's magnificent mosque towers on the third hill; led by its imposing appearance, we at first supposed it the principal temple, forgetting St. Sophia. A tall ugly white tower, the model of bad taste, called the Seraskier's Tower, served as a foil to it, and the gracefully wreathed minarets of Bajazet's and other mosques. Glancing hastily from it, our eyes lighted on the elegant mosque of Osman III. on the second hill, and dwelt on the porphyry column of Constantine adjoining. From this to the first hill the transition is short but striking. The summits of two obelisks, and a cluster of ten minarets at the apex of the triangle, pointed out to us the hippodrome, and the mosques of Sultan Achmet and of St. Sophia; another cluster beyond

of slender gilt minarets, and a thick grove of trees, marked the seraglio. Two grand cathedrals, and an imperial palace, occupying alone the space of four miles, is a collection which only Constantinople can show.

Having passed these interesting objects slowly in review, we shot into mid-channel, between Scutari and the seraglio point; there, meeting the current, we did not advance, but the scene was of so rivetting a nature that I did not regret the delay. We were in a splendid panorama nearly surrounded by cities; and, as one unacquainted with the localities might have readily imagined, at the confluence of two oval mountain lakes, the gulf of Keras, (the port,) and the last reach of the Bosphorus; the latter not appearing, as it really is, a headlong stream, but calm, radiantly blue, one of Claude Lorraine's originals. The broad quay of Tophana, strewed with ordnance of every calibre, and piles of shot, from the accommodating grape to the cumbrous eight hundred pounder, was the point of union of these beautiful pieces of water. We admired the noble, bizarre-looking arsenal on it, and the symmetrical mosque of Mahmood II., with its peculiarly elegant, slender, gilt-spired minarets, and the large handsome fountain of Tophana, as rich and appropriate ornaments to the entrance of the harbour.

Finding, after some minutes, that we were retrograding rather than progressing, we edged over to the seraglio, in order to warp by the fragments of columns planted for that purpose in the quay, but the breeze freshening, spared us the trouble. We sailed close beneath the mosques of Achmet and Sophia, and the seraglio wall, in the embrasures of which, as high as our mast-heads, several bostandgis were lounging; at its base were other features of tyranny,—as low iron doors conveniently placed for those destined to a watery grave. We just caught a glimpse of the Corinthian capital of an antique column in the fourth court of the seraglio, peeping out from among the trees, so difficult to hit, that many who visit Constantinople never hear of it. We then glided past the gorgeous kiosk of Sultan Mahmoud, erected between the wall and the water, into the harbour, and looking up the northern front of

the city, saw nearly the same line of columns and mosques which we had seen from the Propontis, with other remarkable edifices, particularly Yeni Giami, the Charsheys, Validi Khan, and the vast palace of the Scheick Islam.

An officer boarded us, and introduced himself to us as the captain of the port. He had a smiling, adapting countenance, as became one who studied the perquisites more than the duties of office. He required a backsheish (present) for the honour he conferred on us in coming off, but our skipper was up to the mark, and refused him. "What is your cargo?" he then demanded. "We have a few baskets of maccaroni." "God is bountiful! give me one;"—same denial—"give me then a handful to put in my pocket for my wife, who is sick." By the look of his capacious breeches he could have stowed away a basketful in them; but our skipper had the firmness to resist this official beggar, who then left us in disgust, without saying a word about our anchorage. We knew, however, where to go, and after three tacks reached it, off the Koursoumlou Mahze, (Frank custom-house.) We had it nearly to ourselves, for the din of war had hushed the stir of commerce in the Golden Horn, and its usual crowd of vessels of all nations had departed.

We soon had an opportunity of observing the progress of civilization; we were directed to a bureau in the custom-house to have our passports examined, a formality utterly useless, since, had we landed in any other spot, we should have been as free from interrogatories as in an English port. The half-dozen scribes who performed the inquisitorial office—grave, sad-looking Osmanleys, as if addicted to sedentary habits, with one full-blown Armenian for dragoman—were comfortably arranged on a divan: at the left hand of each a chibouque rested, and, as tobacco is more grateful when accompanied by coffee, attendants stood respectfully in front, to present it when required. At the right hand of each, on the sofa, was a writing-case, containing ink, sand mixed with gold-dust, stamps, reeds, a knife, rolls of paper, a pair of scissors to cut it into the prescribed forms, and pieces of muslin to enclose letters to persons of distinction. The forms appeared to us

very simple: a raya, for example, came in, and demanded a teskereh (pass) for Gallipoli: the scribe, whom he addressed, laid down his pipe, placed a piece of paper on the palm of his left hand, and, in this awkward position, wrote it in beautiful characters. No copy was taken. The applicant paid the fee, three piastres! (eleven-pence.) Two minutes sufficed for the whole affair. The examination of my passport, which I had got from the French embassy at London, occupied their united wisdom a considerable time. An Englishman, with a French passport, appeared to them very suspicious.

"Are you really an Englishman?"—"I am." "Where is your English passport?"—"I have not got one." "Why not?"—"Because it is not customary to have one." "Why then have you got a French passport?"—"Because I travelled through France." "There is no sense in this: you ought to have an English passport: if your intentions were good, your king would have given you a passport. *Bakalum!*"—and they all began to smoke. "*Bakalum*, indeed," I thought, seeing I had to do with fellows who had just learned enough to be ignorant. "Can you give us a reference?"—"Not I! I do not know a person in the padischah's dominions." "Wonderful!"—and they all laid down their pipes. "What then brings you to Turkey?"—"To see the great man, Mahmoud." "A very good reason. But you are English, and have a French passport; we do not understand that." I endeavoured to explain to these infants in the noble art which Fouché perfected, that, although an Englishman is free in his own country to go where and when he pleases, in other countries he must submit to be deprived of a portion of his liberty; the restraint on him, at the same time, being perfectly absurd, since he could obtain a passport with the same ease, whether a rogue or an honest man. This was above their comprehension: they could not understand why there should be a distinction between a Frenchman and an Englishman, believing, as most Turks do, that all Franks belong to the same family, are governed by the same laws, and that the Bible is the rule of Christian jurisprudence as the Koran is of Mussulman jurisprudence. My arguments, however, good or bad, were admitted; for our passports,

after all, were only examined in affectation of Frank customs, then commencing to be in vogue: moreover, the Porte cared not who entered Turkey, not being yet sufficiently enlightened to suspect every stranger of having designs against her.

Freed from this embarrassment, the last which I expected to have met with in Turkey, I ascended the steep streets of Galata, a town less remarkable for the usual oriental features of wolfish curs, sturdy porters, and spectre-looking females, than for its motley Frank population, in appearance a deputation from the canaille of every country in Europe. Ionians, Sclavonians, Russians, the inhabitants of every petty Italian state, here mingle manners and language with Greeks and Turks. In Galata every nation may be said to have its representative, in every calling, from the merchant to the beggar.

But Galata as it is, is lost sight of in the recollections of Galata as it was—*imperium in imperio*, during nearly two centuries, rivalling the city of which it was only a suburb, possessed by a company of foreign merchants, who had power to impose conditions on the emperor, audacity to wage war with the subjects of a rival republic within sight of the palace of the Paleologhi, but who were compelled to remain trembling spectators of the Moslem's triumph.

"Compelled to remain" is an expression irreconcilable with the general received opinion that the perfidy of the Genoese accelerated the sad catastrophe which renders 1453 a prominent year in the history of the world. I am inclined, however, to adopt it, because more consonant with reason, though opposed to the history of the last siege of Constantinople; that history, moreover, being too incorrect to be admitted as evidence, that the Genoese were so far bereft of mercantile perspicacity as to believe that the price of a hollow neutrality would exempt them from the anathema of the common foe of Christendom. Gibbon (to give an instance of the incorrectness alluded to) informs us that, notwithstanding the friendly offices (according to him) of the inhabitants, the walls of Galata were prudently *razed* immediately after the conquest. He assigns no adequate reason for so useless and wanton an act; nor indeed would it be easy to imagine why the conqueror,

in the plenitude of success, should have conferred that honour exclusively on a suburb, from which pride alone forbade that he should apprehend any danger. That Mahomet II. did not, however, display such despicable weakness, so inconsistent with his haughty character, the actual walls and fortifications of Galata bear evidence, standing where they stood six centuries since, of the same form and construction as the walls of the city, with the same colouring of time, the arms of the Genoese remaining on several parts of them, with inscriptions over some of the gates.* The position of Galata, built amphitheatrically on the side of a hill, by which the inhabitants were entirely at the disposition of the Mussulman corps, encamped above them, (where now stands Pera,) is a better reason for their inactivity, than a wilful indifference, which, though prompted by religion, was discountenanced by interest, to the fate of the last and noblest of the Constantines.

"There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," rung in our ears, from the galleries of several minarets, as we reached the tower of Christ, in the upper part of Galata; a tower which, according to the inscription, was built by the prætors of the most noble Genoese colony, and merits, comparing its size and solidity with the surrounding buildings, the name of colyseum; while its obstinate survival of numerous fires, save occasionally its wooden, conic top, renders applicable to it—"Quamdiu stabit colyseus," &c. The muezzin's appeal informed us that it was past noon, the heat of the sun that it was time to be housed somewhere. Both the officer and the sentry of the guard bore evidence to the latter, and to the inefficacy of the former, by the sleep they were in. A few minutes' walk from the tower brought us to Pera, to the house of Dr. Musmezzi, whose brother had been my fellow-passenger from Syra. It was infinitely preferable to going to one of the bug-infested inns, and eastern hospitality made me feel quite comfortable.

* N h 9 M

c c c c x x x x v i May. Erexat Prætor Maruffa Baldasar ista menia, plus aliis nobile fecit opus grandis in aspectu formoso human habidûs. Evoquë in serio tristitiaque pari hæc sibi servabûnt Romanû munera nomen, quodque Diis divum cunque celebrerit.

CHAPTER IV.

Dr. Musmezzi—Bey—Levantine—Sardinian Consul—Baker—Review—
Baron Bolley—Khosrew Pasha—Arsenal—Liman Reis Bey—Baguio—
Kutchuk Husseyin—Renegade—Captain Hanchet—Lord Cochrane—Sir
P. Malcolm.

"YES," said my host, "the Osmanleys drink a great deal since the sultan has begun to reform them; though I should not complain, for the habit is very favourable to the interests of medicine." He said this in reference to a young Bey, who had come in at the dessert, installed himself on the sofa, and drank himself recumbent. When it was dark, his attendants covered him with a cloak and carried him away. Alas! that drunkenness should be the first step of civilization. That it is so cannot be denied; look at Russia for a standing example; Turkey will soon be another. My host was a Slavonian by birth, a physician by profession, a Levantine by adoption. By a Levantine is meant a Frank, who has totally abandoned his native country, and fixed himself in Turkey for good. He cannot be mistaken. He is a compound of the Turk, the Greek, and the Frank: disfigured by the moustache of the first, the long hair of the second, the whiskers and dress of the third; not the dress usually worn in Europe, but a mixture of fashions for the preceding half century; no wonder that the easterns think it unbecoming. He talks many languages—none well: he is servile with Moslems, pert with Christians—your humble servant abroad, a tyrant at home. But not a shade of this sketch of the species applies, except the name, to the worthy Musmezzi, who was the more entitled to an Englishman's good word from having been surgeon's assistant on board an English line-of-battle ship in the Adriatic. He did not remain long in the service, for, as he said with a sigh, cockpit tricks and dry holy stoning disagreed with his temper and his lungs, and obliged him to abandon prospective half-pay; when, his own country offering few resources, he brought his wits to the great eastern market, where having taken an Armenian wife, by way of introduction to society, he soon shared a brisk,

though ill-remunerated trade with surgeons from all parts of Europe, all duly certified and diplomaed to practise on the credulity of the Moslems, and who often justify the saying of a Venetian Bail, that the Italians always carried on the crusade against the Moslems; first with arms, then with recipes.

The fair hands of the doctor's lady did the honours to a guest, by sprinkling his bed with rose-water. The town enjoyed a death-like repose, only broken occasionally by the watchmen hitting their iron-shod staves on the pavement; yet, notwithstanding such auxiliaries, I could not sleep, for since leaving Genoa I had had occasion to rough it without a bed. The night, however, was not long; on looking at my watch, at breakfast, in the morning, I was dismayed to find that it was just five o'clock. What a space to get over till noon, the hour a London day commences! What detriment to candlemakers, the custom of the east, to appropriate the day to business, the night to sleep! No oriental will willingly commence a task or a journey after noon; he looks at the sun, and says in excuse, "It is evening." The Frank, though he grumbles at first at this new division of time, soon gets used to it, and likes it, especially when, as at and about Constantinople, he sees the sun rise every morning over the most charming scenery in the world.

Pera was quite deserted. Three of its kings, the ambassadors of France, Russia, and England, were absent; so were their dragomans, and so were the consuls and most of the merchants of their respective nations. Only two English merchants, Mr. Sarrel and Mr. —, had outstayed the storm, and in so doing showed their sense, for the cloud which had frightened people contained no wind. A Mr. MacCarthy was there in quality of doctor: he had had some practice with the seraglio: and there was another countryman in the person of Mr. Simmons, a jeweller, established in a thriving business at Stamboul. Two other Englishmen had arrived a few days since from Persia, but were then at Broussa. I knew them afterwards—Mr. Alcock, M.P., and Captain Trevyllian. In default, however, of a representative, the Dutch minister was charged with English interests, for which service he was rewarded by

the British government with a costly diamond snuff-box. An introduction gained me at once the acquaintance of the Sardinian consul-general, Truqui, who showed me the most gratifying attentions, and to whom, and his amiable family, I was debtor for many very agreeable days. He occupied the place in society which his ambassador, through meanness, declined. No gentleman visited Pera without enjoying the hospitality of his mansion.

The first day or two at Pera one feels the embarrassment of the wise men who visited the moon. What with chibouques in one house, sherbet in another, a gaze on a beautiful scene here, a stroll in a cool shade there, the day slips away insensibly. Tobacœco is a sad time-killer. I am sure that no intellectual nation can ever become a nation of smokers—mind, I do not mean a cigar or two *per diem* as anything; that much no more makes a man a smoker, than a glass or two of wine makes him a hard drinker. This prostrate indolence is, I suppose, the cause that many persons pass their lives at Pera, without having the curiosity to visit Constantinople. I met more than one such a phenomenon, and many who, in the course of many years, had not been there above twice. We have only to imagine a person living at Albano or Vincennes, and never going to Rome or Paris; even that parallel is too wide, for Pera is not more than a good rifle-shot from the capital.

I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation, they say, does not hurt much; though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. "This is nothing," said my dragoman, observing my attention; "a few days ago a master-baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off. He bore it like a brave one: he said he did not care much about his ears, his turban

would hide the marks—but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again." "Poor fellow!" I thought, "that would have puzzled Carpue!" "It served him right," added my dragoman; "at that time loaves were scarcer than bakers' noses." The Spartan appearance of the bread in the shops was evidence of the scarcity which still reigned: it had been blacker a short time previous, and caused serious disturbances, especially on the part of the women, which the government could only quell by distributing rations.

A regiment of *Tacticos* was on the ground, exercising under the eye of M. Galliard. Galliard, who had been a serjeant in Napoleon's army, was chief instructor of the Turkish infantry; in other words, drill-serjeant: his authority extended no farther; and there lay the difficulty of forming a regular Turkish force, since there was no power to compel the officers to learn. Regular troops, unless they are provided with a good staff and commissariat, skilful leaders, &c., are more unserviceable than irregular troops: the uniformity of the former is no balance for the self-resources of the latter. Regulars look to others for food and clothing; irregulars trust to themselves. There were many other instructors in the army, of all nations, except English. Their situation was very miserable; their salaries were nominal; they were often reduced to rags and dry bread,—reduced to kiss the hem of a pasha's garment to obtain a *backsheish* (present). Mussulman hauteur prevented the Osmanleys from employing Christians as officers, and therefore they ruined their country, for they had not talents to meet the exigencies which arose on the catastrophe of the Janizzaries. Had Peter trusted to Muscovite genius to form and lead the troops which replaced the *Strelitzes*, Charles XII. would have quartered in the Kremlin. One of the earliest instructors was a Bavarian noble, the Baron Bolley, who died shortly after my arrival, leaving a widow, a young Greek, the daughter of his washerwoman, and not enough money to buy a coffin. The baron was known to me by name, by having created a sensation at Malta, where he stopped some days on his way from Marseilles to the East.

Having an introduction, and being a polished, well-spoken man, he was received into the first set—at Malta there are several. Either to make an *éclat*, or for some offence, I know not which, he called out a civil officer of the government, Mr. Nugent; but Mr. Nugent, deeming his request *mal-à-propos*, referred it to General Ponsonby, who put the baron under arrest. After a day of durance vile, the baron consented to leave the island, exclaiming, though, bitterly against such a violation, as he termed it, of the laws of hospitality, as well as of honour. Little did I then think to find him, in two years, in a back lodging at Pera. A gallant and able French officer, General Count Hulôt, came to Constantinople about the same time I did, and offered his services gratis to lead the Turkish regular army against the Russians. Had they been accepted, the scale of the campaign might have been turned, for Diebitch's blunders, lost on the grand vizier, would then have been acted on. The reis effendi offered him—a French general, who had lost an arm at Borodino, an eye elsewhere—the post of instructor. The general smiled, and remained tranquil, the guest of Count Guilleminot, during the disastrous campaign: his talents and agreeable manners made him the charm of every society at Pera.

A little ugly man, with a shining red face and a long white beard, dressed in a hussar uniform, smoking a chibouque at a window of the palace which overlooked the ground, attracted our attention more than the manœuvres. It was Khosrew, the seraskier pasha (minister of war). Perceiving we were Franks, he sent an officer to invite us into the shade of his verandah. I afterwards had the advantage of knowing him well. He was an instance of the rapid change of fortune daily witnessed in the East. By birth a Georgian, Khosrew was purchased when a child in the market of that very city in which I then saw him the most influential person. His supple and jestful manners, in his quality of page, gained him the love of Selim III. He retained it in manhood, and after filling minor situations, attained the height of his ambition, the reward of a life of hypocrisy, by being invested with the pashalik of Egypt at the time of its evacuation by the French and English troops.

Egypt then offered a fair field for a man of genius to rise to eminence on : that man was there ; and though Khosrew was not wanting in talent, especially the talent most necessary to greatness in the East, cunning and cruelty, he succumbed to the fortune of his lieutenant, Mehemet Ali, commanding a corps of Albanians. Selim III. immediately sent the capitan pasha to Alexandria with orders to remove Mehemet Ali, if possible, to another world, if not, to confirm him in the pashalik, it being a maxim of the Porte, that it is wiser to leave a rebel in peace, provided he will pay tribute, than to make war on him. Mehemet Ali avoided the snare, gave up Khosrew, and remained pasha.

But though Khosrew had been egregiously outwitted, his talent at treachery was too notorious to be overlooked by Mahmoud II. when he came to the throne, who wanted such men to forward his reform. He made him his capitan pasha, which post Khosrew blackly stained by allowing himself to be exiled (*pro forma*) to cut off a powerful dere bey in the vicinity of Angora. The marked bey gave him a friendly reception, and seeing an infirm old man, invited him to reside in his house till a comfortable one could be prepared for him. An exiled pasha is always treated with honour by the inhabitants of the place of his exile, not out of respect to fallen greatness, but such is the mutation of fortune in Turkey, that in a month he may regain his lost favour, and be able to punish the neglect of provincials. Khosrew's frank and cheerful manners were sufficient to remove suspicions, had any even been entertained. Confidence was soon fully established, and the bey daily visited his guest unattended by followers. At length, sure of his victim, one day sitting on a sofa together, Khosrew drew from his bosom the fatal firman, and displayed it to the astonished bey, thus requited for his hospitality. Before he could raise his voice, the ready cordon stifled it for ever. His followers were called in to behold their lifeless master ; however they might have felt, the sight of the sultan's firman disarmed their resentment. Khosrew seized his wealth, and with his head returned to Constantinople. Such a man was a treasure to Mahmoud II., and almost a solitary instance of a pasha de-

basing himself to such a deed, unless for the object of attaining the deceased's place.

Khosrew's next exploit of notoriety was taking off Kiatib Oglou, the governor of Smyrna, famed for his amours, and his predilection for Frank customs. As he was the son of a rebel, and had also himself retained the government against the sultan's will, it was not an easy matter to catch him: it required consummate address. After a year's ensnaring, Khosrew succeeded in placing two hundred miles between the head and the body of Kiatib Oglou.

We next find Khosrew distinguishing himself at Ipsara, the massacre of whose inhabitants, July 2, 1824, he directed as capitan pasha. By singular good luck, he was not capitan pasha in 1822, the year of Canaris' success.

In June, 1826, Khosrew assisted his master in cutting down the Janizzaries. The year following he ought to have sailed, being still capitan pasha, in the ill-fated fleet that went to Navarine; but as the fleet had occasion to go first to Alexandria to be victualled, it was seen that his presence would not be agreeable to Mehemet Ali, whom the Porte was then caressing, especially as in his rank he would be the superior officer (nominally). Tahir Pasha, therefore, the capitan bey, assumed the command, and Khosrew remained in the capital to nurse a plot.

At the breaking out of the Russian war, Khosrew was appointed seraskier pasha, in addition to being anadolu valyci. A more inefficient minister of war could not well have been found: his only merit was personal activity, which was remarkable for seventy-one years of age; on the same day, I have seen him inspect the castles on the Bosphorus, and review troops at Ramis Tchiftlik. Avaricious as he is rich, cruel as he is artful, mean as he is powerful, Khosrew's fortune, in having so long escaped poison or the bowstring, is only equalled by his crimes, which are considered superlative even in a country where such attributes are not held in horror.

When I had had enough of the seraskier and his troops, I went down to the shore, got into a caique, and rowed up and

down the beautiful harbour, the very best in the world, always sweet and clean, on account of the current, and sheltered from every wind. I then landed at the arsenal, and had the pleasure of seeing the largest ship in the world lying alongside the quay. A fine sixty-gun frigate was on the stocks, nearly finished. The constructor of both was a Turk; *élève* of Mr. Le Brun, an architect formerly in the service of Selim III. Like our celebrated builder, Bomam Jumpsatjee, of Bombay, he knew nothing of mathematics—he worked by eye.

While I was admiring these fine specimens of naval architecture, with astonishment at seeing them there, the work of a *barbarian*, the personification of Othello accosted me. His hue was between that of the Arab and the Moor, his beard was pointed, his vest and trousers were snow white, connected by an embroidered sash, finished by yellow boots, and a pair of coal-black, bloodshot eyes glowed under a scarlet fez. He was the liman reis bey, (commissioner,) and a very good fellow too. We sat down to smoke, and by means of a few words of various languages established an ambiguous sort of a *lingua franca*, the occupation of our chibouques tending to fill up breaks in the conversation. On a serious question the presence of the narcotic weed is invaluable; it gives time for second thoughts, and a cloud of it veils a perturbation of countenance. To aid our intercourse, the bey displayed a talent that not two of his countrymen possessed—that of sketching; true, the animal he drew on a leaf of my pocket-book, intended for a gazelle, so much resembled a pig that he seemed quite ashamed—the unclean animal!

Nothing could equal my surprise, I may say disappointment, for I had strung my nerves for a trial, on going to the Bagnio from his divan to find it by no means a horrible place, but a very quiet, orderly conducted prison. The galley-slaves of Toulon, I positively assert, are one hundred times worse off than the Bagniotés. Their only point of resemblance is in their food, equally bad in each, consisting of a kind of hog-wash, sufficiently nutritious to keep the bones covered, but ill-calculated to create an appetite in hot weather. In all other respects they differ. The galley-slaves are chained in gangs,

the Bagnioes in pairs. The former must sleep on boards, the latter may sleep on beds. In Toulon dockyard no horses or steam are employed, in order that the convicts may have harder work; in Constantinople arsenal the number of sailors always on pay, whether the fleet be in commission or not, is so great that the convicts have scarcely anything to do. The former have not the advantages of religion; in the precincts of the Bagnio is a mosque, a Greek Church and a synagogue, for the different castes. In Toulon there are from 4000 to 5000 galley-slaves; in the Bagnio the number rarely amount to 100. In Toulon a convict remains fourteen years, or for life, according to the sentence, without a hope of commutation; in the Bagnio prisoners are often released by the capitan pasha.

No capitan pasha did so much for the navy as Kutchuk Husseyin, the favourite, and son-in-law of Selim III., whose disinterestedness and liberality ably seconded his master's projects. Though no sailor, he had common sense to direct him in the pursuit of knowledge: he procured architects from France, with whose aid he resuscitated the arsenals of Constantinople, of Sinope, and of Rhodes, supplying the first with two wet docks, and all other necessities for the equipment of a large fleet; and in a short time he had twenty sail of the line, built on the newest models, anchored before the windows of his palace. He reformed the Galiondgis, built barracks for them, and encouraged the naval school,—the professor of which, when I was there, was a young Englishman, named Redhouse, who had run away from a merchant-ship in the harbour, on board of which he was a cabin-boy, and then apostatized to avoid being retaken. Mustapha, that was his new name, had poor success with his lazy scholars, one of whom, however, whom I knew on board the flag-ship as signal officer, was looked on as a prodigy because he could ascertain noon with the quadrant, never supposing that the instrument was intended to produce a more important result.

After the death of Kutchuk Husseyin, the navy resumed its usual languor. The events of 1821 roused it; but its ill success against the hasty armed merchant-vessels of Greece

are notorious, and is stronger proof than words of its wretched condition. Experience, however, was bought by misfortune; officers and crews were formed, who at length discovered that man should trust more to his own exertions on the sea than to the protection of Allah. After five years' struggle for the mastery of the Archipelago, they gained it, with sufficient knowledge of maritime affairs to cruize about without running foul of each other every night. With experience they had also acquired confidence, the principal step to improvement. In short, the Turkish navy, in 1827, was in a state of practical efficiency, which it was far from having, even under Kutchuk Husseyin, and which rendered it superior to the Russian fleet in the Euxine, as would have been apparent had not the affair of Navarine intervened. That "untoward event" destroyed the fruit of the preceding five years of toil and disasters, and again paralyzed the Turkish navy. Every effort was made to equip another fleet to meet the Russians on the Black Sea, but instead of appointing the gallant Tahir pasha to the supreme command, the post of capitan pasha was conferred, successively, on landsmen, who were ill-qualified to impart energy to those under them, or to feel it themselves.

An important personage, however, had just arrived, one day before I did, who expected by his presence to remove all difficulties, and to hold the scales of fate in the ensuing naval campaign. He was on board a large steamer, then anchored off the arsenal: this steamer, (the *Hilton Jolliffe*,) had come from England to be sold to the sultan, and had eluded the scrutiny of the blockading fleet at the Dardanelles, by hoisting the red ensign at the main, signal of the ambassador (hourly expected) being on board. The Russian admiral, duped by the stratagem, not only allowed her to pass, but shoved off in his barge to compliment his excellency. The steamer did not back water for him, but emitting a denser cloud, left her black pennant miles behind her.

Instead of an ambassador, Captain Hanchet, formerly R.N., came in her to assist the sultan. He modestly offered to command the Turkish fleet for the sum of £20,000, and the rank of vice-admiral. The Osmanleys would have considered his

terms rather high had he even been provided with the burning glasses of Archimedes. They told him that they were very willing to accept his services in their way, particularly as he was a friend of Sydney Smith; but that they would not give him the sum required, nor the post of petrowna bey, (vice-admiral,) he being a Christian. They would, however, give him the pay annexed to the office, £180, and allow him to go to sea with the fleet, to advise on its operations. This was courting honour rather too cheaply, thought the captain. However, he continued negotiating some days with the reis effendi, who merely wished to gain an idea from him, and proposed, in the interim, that a fleet of gun-boats should go to the Danube. His object therein was rather vague; no benefit could have arisen from it, since the principal part of the Russian army was known to have already crossed the river, and Silistria, if it still held out, was not in a condition to be succoured by gun-boats. The Osmanleys looked nearer: they met the question in its outset, and pertinently asked how the boats were to reach the Danube, past the enemy's fleet—an obstacle that they considered insurmountable. No valid proposal being made to remove it, the gun-boats remained where they were, and the ex-captain returned the way he came, astonished that the Sublime Porte was too avaricious to reward unknown merit in prospective. He had apparently taken a leaf out of Lord Cochrane's book, without considering the difference between himself and his lordship, whose services the Greek committee deemed worth purchasing.

He established, or accredited, a report that Lord Cochrane was with the Russian fleet in the Euxine; and, without reflecting on the extreme improbability of the emperor insulting Admiral Greig, covered with his orders, by placing a stranger over him, wrote it as a fact to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, at Smyrna. Sir Pulteney immediately weighed anchor, and came to the Dardanelles with his fleet, in order to pass the strait, should the Russian fleet, as was to be apprehended in that case, make a dash down the Bosphorus, and decide the war by a *coup-de-main*. The conqueror of Valdivia, and of Callao, had he been there, was capable of undertaking so glorious an enterprise,

provided, which is doubtful, the Russian captains would have seconded him. Admiral Greig never dreamed of it. The vicinity of Sir P. Malcolm, at the Dardanelles, allowing he might have taken on himself, or been directed by Sir R. Gordon, to assist the sultan, at such a crisis, would have been no obstacle; for the north-east gale, which would have brought the Russian fleet down the Bosphorus, would have effectually prevented the English fleet from ascending the Hellespont.*

And though it is not necessary that Constantinople, unfortified as it is, should yield to a fleet which has succeeded in reaching it, since batteries are easily thrown up, and a city, fourteen miles in circumference, can afford delay; yet the sultan's position in 1829 was so very precarious, owing to the disaffection of his subjects, rife with the spirit of janizzaryism, added to the unpopularity of the war, that he would have been compelled to have signed a peace, in order to have prevented revolution.

CHAPTER V.

Caiques—Bosphorus—Barbarossa's Tomb—Delhi Sultana—Touz Oglou—Castles—Devil's current—Ypsilanti—Calosso—Sultan's band.

THE great lion of the East, that is, the sultan, being at Therapia, a village twelve miles up the stream, one fine morning, a week after my arrival, having seen *les eaux douces*, the royal stud, the dancing dervishes, the niches for exhibiting noble heads in, in short, glanced at the minor lions, reserving a closer inspection for cool weather,—having surfeited myself on cabobs, and affronted cholera with iced sherbet, sold—irre-

* It is as well to consider, in the event of another war between Russia and the Porte, that a British fleet, destined to be ready to assist the latter, may be utterly useless at the mouth of the Hellespont, unless accompanied by a fleet of steamers. The wind might, it is true, favour it; but the chances would be against it, for the north-east wind, against which it is impossible for a ship to work, blows down the Hellespont nine months out of twelve. It blows, at times, two months, even three months, together; and in that time a Russian army may now march to Constantinople, and build a church in the place of every mosque.

sistible temptation—in every street, at two paras (one-sixth of a penny) a glass,—I walked through the ordeal of the dogs of Tophana, and got into a caique.

Divide an egg-shell longitudinally, take one half, pinch in its two ends, lengthen them by slender beaks of wax, gild and paint the whole tastefully, and you have the precise model of the uniquely elegant skiffs that ply on the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. Europeans, resident at Pera, who have a flattering idea of the value of their persons, seldom venture into one. The sight of a large caique leaving the shore, filled with men and women, involuntarily brings to mind the Noyades of the Loire. You no sooner step into one, than, feeling prescient of a drowning, you endeavour to step out again; the attempt nearly completes the catastrophe. "Sit down!" cry the caiqgis, authoritatively, seeing they have to do with a greenhorn. You obey, and place yourself on what appears to be a seat, but so far from gaining steadiness, the bark reels to an inch of the tide each way. "Sit down! down in the bottom of the boat!" again shout the caiqgis, who, half frightened, endeavour to counteract your awkwardness by balancing their supple bodies; "sit quiet, unless you wish the boat to be over you instead of under!" You cast a wishful glance at the beach, with an exclamation at your rashness, as you shove off, doubtful if you may land again. Reader, hast thou rolled, rivalling a porpoise, on a catamaran through the surf at Madras? hast thou sat on a couple of hides, dancing like Indian-rubber balls on a wooden floor, trembling lest the wind in your body will not suffice to keep them inflated till the last wave pitches you on the beach at Coquimbo?—hast thou, in a wherry, dipped six times into the same hole on the Spit during a south-west gale, visions of capsized wherries swimming before your eyes?—there is yet a sharper nerve-twinger: hoist your sail, and scud down the Bosphorus in a caique; you will have your heart in your mouth one hour, half out each time you gibe, with the satisfaction of hearing "delhi" shouted at you from each caique and point which you pass in your arrow-like progress. Frail, though, as caiques are, even rowing, thousands daily ascend, or descend, or traverse the Bosphorus, without accident,

the absolute necessity of caution being a safeguard ; one trial gives confidence, with the knack of getting in and out. Should one overturn, the passengers must be drowned ; for though one hundred caiques may be passing, none can assist, the attempt would be suicidal. The rowers are chiefly Greeks, who find it a gainful trade, and are one of the handsomest races in Turkey. They wear light garments, of dazzling white, and can row eight, nine, ten miles an hour, according to the number of oars.

A few strokes—we shot into the Bosphorus, and commenced rapidly ascending between shores of unrivalled loveliness, where art and nature, taste and chance, have for once combined to finish pictures worthy of paradise ; the deep blue stream flowing between them, reflecting Grecian castle and Turkish kiosk, cypress grove and flower garden ; gladdened by the constant flight of birds, the splash of oars, the glitter of fish. Naples fades in the comparison of this celebrated strait ; and Rio de Janeiro, the first view of which repays the tedium of an Atlantic voyage, only surpasses it in the splendour of the sea approach. There the rivalry ends : Rio exhibits all at one burst, like a beautiful actress dressed for the stage ; but the Bosphorus, like one's own love, has winning charms, which fasten on the memory and tax the imagination : each time we row up it, new beauties, hitherto undiscovered, elicit fresh admiration ; every reach appears a highland lake, every vale an Armida's garden, and the faint tracery of the varying perspective promise of Elysian scenes, veiled, as it were, from direct observation, in order that each may have its due share of admiration ; in the same manner as works of genius are viewed to more advantage, and create more pleasure, when scattered over Europe, than when collected in one gallery, where none gain, but hundreds lose, by comparison, or are not looked at. Neither is this fairy ground unappreciated by its possessors, as is usually imagined, though certainly neglected. They revel in it : their great pleasure consists in gazing on it from the windows of their kiosks and cafenehs, of which the possession of a fine view is the first qualification. Exile from their ghiuzel Istamboul is dreaded nearly as much as death, and

their poignant grief at quitting it is only equalled by their joy at returning. The fair sex delight in spreading their shawls on the turf, and enjoying their kief for hours under the shade of cypresses on the banks of the Bosphorus, seated in circles, quiet, demure, sentimental looking groups, their veils half drawn aside to inhale the breeze, listening to a story-teller, or sipping sherbert, or playing with their children: often, turning an angle suddenly, does the stranger cause hasty blushes to mantle cheeks rarely seen by man, but which are hastily screened from longer view, while a suppressed titter may inform him that modesty is more awake than anger.

Nature, too, has been equally beneficent to the Bosphorus in a more substantial point of view, stocking it with fish of every description, more than sufficient for the daily consumption of the vast population of Constantinople. Among these the sword-fish ranks first. Notwithstanding its size, it is delicate eating, and is moreover very fashionable, as being the favourite dish of Sultan Mahmoud. It is chiefly caught in the Bosphorus and the Propontis, rarely in the Hellespont, and still more rarely in the Euxine or the Archipelago; in the latter of which seas, however, it abounded in 1812, an extensive emigration having taken place, to the alarm of the Constantinople *bons vivans*, who feared that it would never return; and it was, in consequence, seriously proposed in divan to send a vessel down to catch a male and female alive, and tow them up to the Bosphorus; but the voluntary return of the fugitives prevented this project from being carried into effect. When properly dressed, sword pointed, it is a regal looking dish, fit to crown a civic banquet. The palamithe, a large, and rather coarse fish, is also greatly esteemed. It is an emigrating species, and found in greatest plenty in the sea of Azof: the Cossacks salt great quantities of it. There is also turbot in the Bosphorus, similar to, though not quite so good, as the English turbot. It requires habit to relish it, from its back being covered with scaly carbuncles, considered a dainty by the natives, which offend the sight. There being no want of lobsters, it may be eaten *en règle*. Red mullet, soles, and white-bait, are in profusion; likewise the ink-fish, so called from

containing a bag of black bread, generally mingled or mixed with; remove it, and the taste of the fish resembles that of skait; it is, however, generally broiled with it is eaten, and therefore few strangers have the courage to eat it but dies it after a trial, tempt a repetition. The Greeks make a great consumption of it in their suppers, but it does not rank as fish.

Twenty-six villages along the shores of the Bosphorus, ten in Asia, sixteen in Europe; the former are scattered; the latter, excepting three, form a continuous street for eight miles, only broken occasionally by royal palaces. Near one of these, Beshik-tach, adjoining the village of the same name, we observed, in a small cemetery, an elegant octangular building, covered by a dome, the mausoleum of Haired din Pasha, better known by the name of Barbarossa. I was some time in Turkey before I knew to whom it belonged, and few discoveries in that *terra ignota* have made me so satisfied. I say *terra ignota*, for even in Constantinople a stranger may search in vain for an object which he knows exists, or inquire to no purpose about an edifice before his eyes. Few Turks, except the Ulema, are acquainted with other facts than those which are connected with their own lives, and with the majority oblivion dates scarcely a century back. I was at the tomb in question several times before I could ascertain if it was the one for which I was seeking; none of the inhabitants, whom I addressed, had heard of Haired din Pasha—their Nelson. At length, an elderly man of the law satisfied my desire; he had observed me before, and in my last visit, with another gentleman, broke through habitual indifference, and came to know our object. We told him, on which he sent a boy for the key, which, from the time it required to be found, and the difficulty in turning the rusty wards of the lock, appeared to be seldom used, and introduced us to the last dwelling of Andrew Doria's antagonist. It was simple, in accordance with oriental taste in such matters; the floor was covered with an Indian mat, on which rested two coffins, one of which was nine feet long, and proportionately wide.* At the head of it was Barbarossa's

* The custom of placing celebrated men in gigantic coffins is a trick to

caouk, and above it hung his particular banner. The other coffin contained his chiaja. My bearded ciceroni wished to know what gave me such a desire to see Barbarossa's tomb. "Curiosity," I replied. This answer did not satisfy him, nor indeed does it ever satisfy orientals, who cannot understand people taking trouble for pleasure or for curiosity. In consequence, absurd reasons are often assigned for a traveller's motives; if he ride fast he is suspected of being a government agent; if he look about him, of being a spy, and so forth; but mine was a singular case, and therefore required a singular reason. Singular enough was the one assigned; viz. that Barbarossa in one of his voyages to Franguestan, had had an intrigue with a lady from whom I was descended, and that being in Turkey, I very laudably looked for the tomb of my great progenitor. I heard this afterwards from a Greek of my acquaintance, resident in the village, to whom this sapient idea was communicated.

Two beings of the neuter gender, airing themselves before a palace a mile higher up the stream, denoted the vicinity of royalty. It was the residence of the Delhi sultana, the sultan's uterine sister, a lady possessing charms of mind and person, and celebrated for gallantries in the wood of Belgrade, which obliged more than one European to make a precipitate retreat from the country. She was married, when young, to Kutchuk Husseyin, the talented, generous, capitan pasha, of whom I have already spoken, and was happy in being one of the few princesses of the house of Othman who have not been debarred, owing to a barbarous policy, the society of their husbands; the object of marrying them off being only to free them from the restraints of the seraglio, and to give them a separate establishment, which the husband supports from the proceeds of his government, usually rich and distant, where he resides without daring to profit by the Mohammedan privilege of a plurality of wives, since on the good graces of his royal bride

make future generations believe that they were mighty in stature as well as in mind. It has the desired effect; no orthodox Turk doubts that sultan this, or sultan that, or Kuprogli, or Hadgi Bektash, or any other popular idol, was of the size of his coffin.

depends his existence. So warm in the East is the affection which children by the same mother have for each other, that the lady in question has been enabled to pass her widowhood as she pleased, and her eccentricities, in consequence, made the Osmanleys call her the delhi sultana, by which name she was universally known. Her chief pastime was riding about in an araba, that is, in a waggon without springs, drawn by oxen ornamented with ribbons; though let it not be supposed that this mode of airing was an effect of eccentricity, for such rude equipage supplies the place of barouche or chariot to the fair of Constantinople, whose diamonded locks and cashmeres present a strange contrast. The delhi sultana particularly liked to frequent the places where Franks resorted, because their unambiguous mode of expressing admiration pleased her, never, woman-like, allowing herself to think that their meaning glances were directed to any of the beautiful damsels who composed her train; and if a Frank attracted her notice, she would not hesitate to speak to him, calling him Hekim, which address varnished the impropriety of her condescending to regard an infidel. One day she honoured me with a salutation, and again, to my surprise, stopped her araba where I was standing; but her guards thinking twice in one day too much familiarity, bade me walk on. A gentleman with me amused himself each time by telegraphing with one of her young attendants in the second araba, who got a sharp scolding from the old duenna, for showing too much of her sweet face. The sultana's suite on these occasions consisted of twelve maidens, among whom we used to remark two very pretty Circassians, about eleven years old, whom she was educating for her brother's harem; and in consequence of their destination, which might lead one of them to be valide sultana, they sat by her side, were profusely ornamented with jewels, were treated in every respect like young princesses of the blood, instead of slaves, purchased in the market a few years since. In short, the delhi sultana was a *rara avis* in Turkey—a woman with her own free will. She received some European ladies in her harem occasionally, and could she have done so, would, I make no doubt, have frequented the Pera balls, and, though not

dancing, have been amused and witty at the "dancing-girls."

The current tired our rowers' brawny arms and bent their ashen blades, yet we cleaved it steadily as far as Arnaoutki, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with coffee and chibouques. Two trees on a hill above the village pointed out the tomb of the unfortunate Armenian brothers, Touz-Oglou, a few years since the first bankers of Stamboul. They abounded in wealth, but, being generous, were not envied; they exhibited vizirial pomp, but, being modest in behaviour, were liked by believers and unbelievers; they were young, but, being rich, could not expect to attain old age; they were directors of the mint, dangerous, though much sought after, post in a country where depreciating the coin is a familiar financial resource. Mahmoud, the reforming, innovating sultan, despising the policy of his predecessors in only gradually reducing the standard of money so as not to produce too sudden a panic, as savouring of prejudice, issued at once a hatti scheriff, commanding his subjects to bring all their gold and silver money to their respective governors, for which they should receive little more than half the value: pain of death to the refractory. Commotions naturally ensued, and in the capital proved so serious, that to appease them, and throw the odium off the government, the Touz-Oglou, whose only crime was in having literally obeyed their master, were accused of having depreciated the coin of the realm for their own advantage. A victim, no matter whether guilty or innocent, always pacifies a mob, is the Turkish maxim, perhaps applicable in all countries, so the Touz-Oglou, whose innocence was clear to all informed persons, were put to death, their property confiscated, their relations exiled, but their bodies, as a particular mark of the sultan's clemency, were allowed to be interred, instead of being thrown into the sea according to custom.

Thanks to the ignorance which causes the effects of tyranny to be less remotely felt the less civilized the country, this stroke of the sultan's policy did not distress the nation, or profit the treasury, to the extent apprehended or expected. The difficult art of finance is still in its infancy in Turkey;

few other modes of raising money are successfully practised than the rude and inefficient ones of confiscation and monopoly. Instead of obeying the hatti scheriff, the inhabitants, wherever they were able, sold their money, the circulation of which had become illegal, to the Frank merchants, who then resold it to the Porte for sterling value.

Leaving this memento of royal favour behind us, we soon rowed between two ancient castles built on the points where the shores of the Bosphorus nearest approach, within nine hundred yards, six miles from the city. The Asiatic castle was built by Bajazet to control the navigation of the strait; the European castle, by his grandson, Mahomet, to close it, and to give the Greek emperor a forecast of his intentions. The latter has the singularity of representing the name of Mohammed in Arabic characters, at least so it is said, though it probably requires the devotion of a Mussulman to make it out, as much as it does the fancy of an astronomer to trace the figures of certain animals in the heavens. Of late years these castles were solely used as a prison for Janizzaries, and on the execution of one of that body at, or about, the capital, a gun was fired from one of them—a regulation which acted as a strong personal protection to the parties concerned, for the surest, indeed the only way to restrain tyranny, is to publish its acts: the tyrant who nightly stains his dungeons with blood would shudder if a bell tolled, or a cannon roared for every victim.

Half a mile further up we shot into Scheitan Souyou, (devil's current,) so called from its rapidity and whirlpoolishness. We did not attempt to row through it, but took hold of a rope from one of the men who were waiting on the quay for the purpose of tracking boats.

On turning the next angle of the strait we opened the Bay of Buyukdere, which was then filled with the Ottoman fleet, moored in one line, comprising all rates, from the splendid three-decker to the knowing-looking steamer. It was a gaudy spectacle. The ships were all garish with new paint, and their ensigns, spread out by a fresh breeze from the Euxine, made the hills above the village in the back-ground seem as though

carpeted with crimson silk. The shore on our left was of an opposite character, and presented evidences of a melancholy tale in the razed palaces of several Greek nobles, executed at the beginning of the revolt. A little farther on we passed a small kiosk with a guard of honour by it, containing the sand-jack scheriff, which had been placed there in order to be near the sultan, whose temporary palace, a straggling wooden edifice, painted pale yellow, (the royal colour,) was not far distant. His guards were encamped on the low hills above it in green and white bell tents pitched in circles, producing a scenic effect; and from the broad quay before it a crowd of his pages, of all ages from fifteen to thirty, were fishing. We could not help, owing to the current, disturbing their lines with our oars, but they contented themselves by looking invectives, and we rowed close under the windows of the sultan's saloon to the hiding-place of Therapia.

This delightful village, then for the first time honoured by the residence of royalty, was the favourite country resort of the Greek nobility and gentry before the revolution. "O," exclaimed the Phanariotes, "had you only seen us in those days, how happy we were!—our balls, our promenades in the sweet summer nights!"—"Why then did you revolt?" one naturally asks. And incessantly one feels inclined to ask that question at Constantinople, seeing the comfort and luxury of the Greeks, (surpassing those of the Osmanleys,) their religious freedom, the riotous festivity of their *fêtes*.

A specimen of the luxury in which the Greek nobles lived is seen at Therapia, in the palaces and gardens, unsurpassed by any on the Bosphorus, (scarcely excepting the royal palace,) belonging to the French embassy, given by Selim III. to Sebastiani, with permission to hoist the French flag on it—a permission never before or since accorded to any ambassador.* The gift, though, cost the monarch nothing. On war breaking out with Russia, in 1807, Prince Ipsilanti (father of the Ipsilantis

* In August, 1829, Sir R. Gordon very properly assumed the same right, and hoisted the British ensign on his country house, also at Therapia, to the great satisfaction of all the English, and the astonishment of foreigners, who expected, perhaps hoped, that the sultan would have ordered it to be hauled down.

in the Morea) collected his treasures, or rather his spoils, and retired into Russia; on which the Porte, suspecting an insurrection among the Greeks, arrested his relations at Constantinople, among whom was his brother-in-law, who had just built a palace at Therapia, (the one in question), and was going to inhabit it the day the news of the hospodar's defection arrived.

Now this transaction is less a sign of tyranny than of the selfishness of the Greek character, so often similarly exemplified by the hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, many of whom have at different times fled into Austria or Russia with the plunder gained in their governments, although, in so doing, they knew that they exposed their relations in Constantinople (regarded as hostages) to the suspicions of their master. Nor can their conduct be defended—if indeed there be any defence for being base enough to bring evil on one's parents—on the plea that they acted up to nature's first dictate, self-preservation. Their lives were seldom in danger, and if they were, from the just complaints of the boyars being attended to, *they* well knew how to stop the ears of an Ottoman minister. Nearly all the persecutions suffered by the Greeks have arisen from the cowardice or the interestedness of their leading men. The defection of the hospodars has often been occasioned by the Russian cabinet, thereby to strengthen the belief of Europe in the wretched condition of the Greeks; to show that the *virtuous* Greek, who had governed a province with equity and moderation for years, dared not return to Constantinople lest his head should be taken from him. Such is the language which has been long held and believed; but the groans of the Moldavians and Wallachians, the frequent petitions of the boyars to be given any governors rather than the Phanariote nobles, are more redolent of the truth.

Therapia had no inn, but I did not feel the want of one, having an invite to the house of Signor Calosso, talimgi of the pages. This gentleman, a Piedmontese by birth, a soldier by profession, a liberal by circumstances, whose hospitality made me feel quite at home, was among those who left Italy in 1821 to travel. During some years he struggled with adversity in

England, Spain, and France, oftentimes a prey to biting want and calumny, then tried fortune in that overstocked market for military adventurers, Greece, where he failed owing to a disagreement with M. Fabvier, and finally brought his talents to Constantinople at a time when they might be desirable to form the Nizam dgeditt. A recommendation was necessary. He naturally looked for it to the Sardinian ambassador, as half a word from his mouth would have sufficed; but the ambassador turned his back on him with unworthy meanness. I say with meanness, because, two years afterwards, when the Carbonaro, whom in his distress he had scorned, was held in honourable consideration by the Pera society, was a guest at the tables of the different ambassadors, he changed his view of principles, and made advances to him, which were received as they deserved. Fortunately for our *émigré*, who otherwise might have had his wits taxed even for subsistence, General Count Guilleminot, the constant friend of the oppressed, seeing in him only *un officier d'hussards de la grande armée*, took him by the hand, and introduced him to the seraskier pasha, from whose service, he was, fortunately, soon after transferred to the sultan's staff, to instruct the pages in equitation and the principles of cavalry exercise; and so well did he obtain favour, that the sultan one day allowed him to kiss his foot, the honour to a Christian being perfectly unprecedented, and only enjoyed by the Ottoman grandees at the celebration of the Bairam.

Notwithstanding, however, this marked favour, so great was the repugnance of Mussulmans to be seen subservient to Christians, that Calosso could obtain no authority in his new vocation, and therefore was not enabled to produce more effect than the other military instructors, over whom the only advantage he possessed was in having a regularly paid salary, and a good house at Pera, given to him by the sultan's order. Though wearing the uniform of the guard, and distinguished by a crescent in diamonds, he never received the slightest respect from the meanest persons of the army, nor could he demand it; but, on the contrary, was often insulted by the soldiers, even under the windows of the palace. As he had the

appearance of an officer, they seemed determined to show that he was not one; so therefore, Calosso, his task over, dressed in plain clothes. But to no Franks do the Turks like to be civil in *public*. The chavasses of the ambassadors, paid by them, never rise when they pass, or evince the slightest respect—a neglect, by the way, which their excellencies should have long since insisted on being remedied. Travellers observe how lordly their Tartars are when in company with other Turks, though when alone, or in situations which do not compromise their supposed dignity, very assiduous and attentive to their comforts. Many writers have ascribed this feeling to renegades only; it is common with all Mussulmans, and the farther one gets from the cities frequented by Franks the more reserve is manifested—that is in Turkish company. The surrogee, who leads your baggage-horse, will not enter a town behind you. If you insist on riding in first, he will stop till you are out of sight, or take another entrance.

In all things, however, which do not mark inferiority before witnesses, Mussulmans are very respectful. Two young Osmanleys, at different periods during my residence in Turkey, offered to follow me to Frank country as my servants; they would sooner have starved than have been my servants in a Mussulman country. The Persians have not got this pride.

We had a very pleasant dinner in a pleasant apartment, which overlooked the harem of an aged Osmanley, the lattices of which were not always closed, nor its fair inmates insensible to admiration. Signor Gobbi, an *attaché* of the Sardinian embassy, an amateur artist of great promise, who had already taken the portraits of the sultan's children, and was then staying with Calosso to meet the sultan's whim to take his likeness also, made our third. Presently, the songs of a party of Greek boatmen, which had enlivened our dessert, gave way to the strains of a military band, and, unexpected treat to me on the banks of the Bosphorus, we heard Rossini's music, executed in a manner very creditable to the Professor, Signor Donizetti (Piedmontese.) We rose, and went down to the palace quay, on which the band was playing. I was surprised at the youth of the performers, and the familiarity with which they addressed

Calosso, calling him Rustam; and still more surprised on finding that they were the royal pages, thus instructed for the sultan's amusement. Their aptitude in learning, which Donizetti informed me would have been remarkable even in Italy, showed that the Turks are naturally musical; but these young gentlemen had not time to acquire proficiency, for their destinies called them to other pursuits. As the embryo grandees of the empire, after having finished their probationary studies of the *manège*, the Koran, and music, they were intended to be placed in important situations; and thus, I thought, looking at them, we may in a month see the flute captain of a frigate, the big drum governor of a fortress, the bugle colonel of a regiment of cavalry; the last-named certainly as well qualified for the task as a favourite black eunuch, who, in 1829, was colonel of a tactico regiment of lancers. I mean to insinuate nothing against the dark gentleman, in whose company I once dined; we have the example of Narses in favour of his unfortunate class. The employment of the pages, who, as destined to set the example in a state, said by its chief to be regenerating, should rather have been taught the wisdom than the trifles of civilization, gave me at once an insight into the nature of the reform so much vaunted as taking place in Turkey. Parade, dress, and debauchery undisguised replaced, after 1826, the sober, solemn formalities of the seraglio, and came in as a farce to the numerous tragedies acted in Mahmoud's reign—of which in another chapter.

Franks praise him because he neglects the mosque, and drinks wine, and wears boots, and fêtes Christians, (all the while hating them,) and courts their applauses, and imitates their defects. These qualities, they say, show his fitness to be a reformer—of whom?—of Mussulmans. Should an enthusiastic missionary, seeking to convert them, preach such doctrines, we should not be surprised to hear of his being stoned; we should certainly consider him cracked. Mahmoud began where he should have left off. He imagines himself a second Peter; but he has a more difficult task to perform, with less talents to meet it. The two monarchs may be compared to two architects: Peter, from a rough, uncut rock

hewed a column to his free, unfettered taste; Mahmoud has to remodel a pillar of quaint architecture, already adorned or disfigured by the whims of ages, to a chaster form. They may be compared to two surgeons, one of whom practises on a healthy savage, while the other attempts to cut out a malignant cancer, reaching the vitals, from a pampered sensualist.

CHAPTER VI.

Steam-boat—Selimier—Capitan Pasha—Caique—Black Sea—Supper—Jester—Pilot—Tahir Pasha—Fleet—San Raphael—Russian Brig—Artillery—Comboradgis—Powder Magazine.

ABOUT sun-rise of the morning following my arrival at Therapia,—it was, I think, June 5th, 1829, we proceeded to Bujukdere to visit the capitan pasha, who might not have been visible later. We stopped in the way to take a cup of coffee on board the sultan's steamer, with her director, Mr. Kelly,* (formerly a master in the navy,) a gentleman who succeeded, by a combination of pleasing manners and spirited conduct, in gaining the entire good will and respect of the Osmanleys. Being perfectly versed on naval subjects, he would have been of invaluable assistance to them, had their pride allowed them to profit by a Christian's counsels.

The steamer being anchored to the south of the fleet, we had occasion to pull up along the whole line to reach the flagship, headmost but one. The hulls of the ships, by the help of paint, presented a tolerable appearance; but the rigging indicated that the captains, according to the rule of taste, con-

* In February, 1829, the sultan went to Ridosto in the steamer. The weather being very bad, he had occasion to admire the address of her captain, which failed not, at different times, to procure him marks of royal favour; among others, a medal representing, in diamonds, a steam-boat. In May, 1829, a Russian steamer appeared off the mouth of the Bosphorus, and remained tauntingly several hours. Mr. Kelly took it for a challenge, and therefore requested the capitan pasha to give him some men, and to allow him to go out and meet his rival, promising to bring him in. But the pasha would not consent. More the pity, for Kelly would have certainly made a prize had he caught him up.

sidered curved lines more graceful than straight ones. The position, also, of the masts and yards showed that they were not so hostile to crosses as usually supposed.

A crowd of boats waiting alongside the *Selimier* occasioned us delay. She was a noble first-rate without a poop. From her peak a large crimson silk ensign, pierced with three crescents, trailed in the water, and the pasha's burgee at the main, likewise crescented, spread to a southerly air. Her guns looked out of the ports in all directions: some were laid to strike top-gallant masts, some to sink boats, some to fire on the bows, some to hit the davits. Men in various costumes were seated on the port-sills smoking; the legs of others were dangling over the quarters; nor were the cat-heads and bumpkins void of occupants. A steep accommodation-ladder, reaching from the water to the upper deck, we climbed up it, and then stood a moment on the gangway, butts to curiosity, to observe a novel scene. Achmet Papuchi, capitan-pasha, reclined on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck; he was a sickly-looking man, with an ordinary countenance, solemnized but not dignified by a long grey beard, dressed in vest, trousers, and anker of orange-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered sash, and a slate-coloured cloth pelisse. He was smoking from the amber-mouthed snake of porcelain narghiler. A semicircle of well-attired attendants was ranged before him, in ready submission, to catch the slightest aspirations from his lips, or to move a limb, or to scratch his head if needful. A secretary was reading papers to him, he being deficient in that vulgar accomplishment: his Greek dragoman stood obsequious beside him; and a dozen chavasses formed a line apart, armed with pistols, ataghans, and long staves of office, equally prepared at his nod to amputate or to bastinado. Between the guns, abaft the mizen-mast, and on the forecastle, sailors were sleeping, or playing chess, or breaking their fast on bread and olives, or performing their monotonous devotions: the officers were scarcely distinguishable from them, at first sight, excepting one, an elderly, corpulent effendi, (second captain,) who was sitting on the booms, his shirt half off, diligently seeking for the obnoxious disturbers of his morning's nap.

We could have laughed outright at the masquerade; but his excellency perceived us: "Guielsin!" he cried, and a passage was immediately cleared that we might approach him. He saluted us with a knowing glance, (peculiarly Osmanleyish,) and permitted my companion, whom he knew, to put his robe to his lips and forehead, an honour which I took care never to avail myself of, with him or any other Osmanley. No Frank should ever submit to it: though only meaning to pay a compliment, his intention is sure to be misconstrued. Pride is necessary to ensure respect from the Osmanley, who ascribes even common politeness to submission. It is not uncommon with him, in order to ascertain the quality of a stranger, to drop something, as a handkerchief; if the stranger neglect it he is set down as a person of distinction, who is accustomed to be served, not to serve others; if he pick it up, which is very natural, the contrary is inferred. It is one unpleasantness of being acquainted with Osmanleys, that you must, for your own sake, disregard good breeding in many points. For example, a bey or an aga pays you a visit; you rise to receive him; he attributes the movement to the innate respect of a Christian for a Mussulman. You may go into his room fifty times without receiving the same compliment, though he will pay it to a Mussulman of similar rank. The Frank, in short, in his intercourse with Osmanleys, should never abate one iota of his due as a gentleman; if he do, he is soon regarded in a menial light. Suppose he visit a pasha, and the pasha does not invite him to be seated, he should immediately sit down, unheeding the angry looks of the attendant officers, indignant at his audacity. The next time the pasha will desire him to sit on the sofa the moment he sees him, not to expose his rank a second time to the slight of any body daring to sit in his presence unbidden. When at the divan of a man of rank, whom you may have occasion to visit again, coffee is brought to you without the chibouque, desire the attendants to bring the latter: it will be brought, although discontent visibly lour on the brow of the master. Never mind; the next time, the chibouque will be presented as a matter of course. I need hardly observe that the pipe

is the symbol of social equality; coffee is given to everybody, the pipe to few. These little neglects are studiously acted on by Osmanleys; if becomingly resisted they are never repeated, and you are esteemed a person of consideration. It may be deemed presumptuous in a Frank gentleman thus to place himself on a level with the high nobles of the land, but he cannot avoid it, however modest he be, for in the East there is no medium between equality and slavery; the choice, therefore, is not doubtful. I knew Franks in the service of the Porte lead an unpleasant life because, with a view of flattery, they yielded on these trifling points. They soon learned their error, but a step thus lost is rarely regained.

The pasha, rising from his couch, invited us to descend into his cabin. Two officers supported him under the arms, and a long train followed us.

The cabin was plain, but elegant and scrupulously clean. The furniture consisted of a sofa, and half a dozen chairs, with gold embroidered suns and moons on the backs. In various frames were suspended the sultan's cypher, sentences of the koran, and two paintings of the ship. A manuscript chart of the Euxine, never used, with compasses and rulers, lay on a small table; and beautifully emblazoned copies of the koran and the sunna were placed on an ottoman. Damascus sabres, French pistols, and two Dollond's telescopes completed the decoration. Piles of lemons were in the windows to impart fragrance to the air, and the rails of the stern-gallery were interwoven with fresh-cut orange branches.

Pages fanned the flies from us while we were discussing pipes, coffee, and sherbet. Our conversation turned on the respective merits of chairs and sofas, the former of which the pasha said he had got purposely for the accommodation of his Frank visitors. We bowed, but judged that he had them in adroit flattery to the sultan's new tastes. He informed us that he was going that day into the Black Sea to seek the Russian fleet. The word "seek" surprised me, for his excellency had not the air of a man who would risk his topmasts in chase of an enemy. He remarked on the advantage that he should derive from the counsel of an English officer, and proposed

that I should accompany him. Although complimentary, his invitation was not very enticing, considering the odds against us. However, curiosity overcame other considerations, and I cheerfully consented, on the express condition that I should be considered as his friend, in no ways belonging to his service. He agreed; and we left the ship.

It was now half-past seven A.M., and I expected to have time to return to Pera to provide myself with necessaries for the cruise. The boat which brought us on board being still alongside, I jumped into her, and darted down the stream. At nine I reached Pera, and at ten was again in the same caique rowing gallantly up the Bosphorus. We outstripped the porpoises; but in vain. On turning the angle which concealed Buyukdere, I saw to my dismay the fleet under way. It had just cast, and was standing out in a novel style; some ships under their courses, some under stay-sails, some under top-gallant and royal sails only, making steady way. At any other time it would have been a good sight; as it was I cursed my folly in having returned to Pera, which I feared would be attributed to any motive rather than the right one.

Every moment our distance increased; the wind seemed to rise on purpose to foil us, and the current, while opposing our progress, to aid that of the ships. The scorching sun, added to my vexation, made me burn. Castle after castle successively disappeared behind the passing ships, and by the time that the sternmost frigate cleared the Symplegades, we were yet four miles from them. My boatmen, whose limbs no longer yielded moisture, now wished to give up the chase, and lay on their oars. "Onward!" I exclaimed, doubling my promises, and again the little skiff dashed aside the rippling foam. The next hour appeared an age, and indented every tree and every cavern of the steep shore beside us in my memory. I regarded them with the fixedness of impatience. At length we reached the Symplegades.* New dilemma. The long swell of the

* These rocks mark the entrance of the Bosphorus; from them to Chalcedonia Point, the other extremity, is twenty miles. The average depth is from thirty to forty fathoms, being ten fathoms more than the bottom of the Euxine, immediately outside. The transition on entering the strait is so sudden, that in one cast of the lead you deepen from twenty-six fathoms,

Euxine, (yet unappeased by the young south-wester,) meeting and recoiling from the jagged base-worn rocks, raised such a turmoil as seriously threatened the equilibrium of our egg-shell bark. The boatmen were alarmed, and began to pray. The fleet was six miles off. I became frantic. At that moment it hauled to the wind, topsails on the caps, larboard broadsides to us, apparently waiting our arrival. "We will yet overtake them!" I exclaimed. The men laughed at me; declaring that they would not row a stroke further—that their boat could not live in the sea. They were winding her. Nothing but the absolute necessity of keeping immovable prevented me from using force, and taking the oars myself. I entreated, I swore; they mocked me. As a last appeal, I threw a handful of dollars into the bottom of the boat, pointing at the same time to my pistols. This *acre-doux* sauce had the effect. We continued our course, but in a state of anxiety, for it was necessary to measure with the greatest nicety the strength to be applied to each oar, that the coming wave might not surmount our spoon-like prow; one topple would have immersed us. The

which have been the soundings for near two miles, to thirty-six fathoms; thus showing how rapid, in its entire depth, the current must be to have dug for itself such a bed. This invalidates the opinion of Strabo and Polybius, repeated by modern authors, that the Euxine was formerly a lake; for, had it been so, the lake, it is clear, considering its shallowness, being in no part two hundred fathoms, in few places one hundred fathoms deep, and that two large rivers, the Danube and Don, besides smaller ones, flow into it, could not have continued so many years, requiring, as it actually does, a large outlet. Its waters must have sensibly deepened, and in a very short time have made for themselves a passage without the aid of an earthquake, according to theory; and that passage would rather have been over the low land twenty or thirty miles to the northward of the Bosphorus. The opposite character, too, of the shores of the Bosphorus (similar to those of the Hellespont) in feature and productiveness, strengthen the idea that they were never nearer related than at present. The rocks are picturesque objects, particularly the one near the European shore; rough, jagged, and worn by the action of the sea, which breaks over it in the north-east gales, with a wild stunning noise, producing, with the view of the fine mountainous coast of Asia, a sublime effect. I have often witnessed it from the divan of my friend the capitan pasha's Kinja, who governed the outer castle within pistol-shot of it. It is considered a necessary feat with travellers to climb to its summit, where is the remnant of a column of white marble, six feet high, three feet in circumference, wreathed, and connected to a base, resting without fastenings on the rock. Respecting it are two opinions: 1. That it was a pillar in honour of Pompey; 2. An altar to Apollo. Why not have been dedicated to Neptune?

men showed admirable skill; and at half-past three we reached the Selimier, having rowed since the morning thirty-eight geographical miles. Here a fresh difficulty presented itself, inasmuch that we could not approach her. The vast fabric was rolling two strakes, imperceptible to those on board, but creating whirlpools for a caique. The men even said that I must return on shore, because the very act of getting out would overturn them. It really appeared so. "Ropes!" we cried: two were thrown; one I made fast to my bag and my cloak—up they went—the other I grasped, and with the descending wave, which allowed the caique to sink quietly from under me, sprung out, and in a minute was on deck. "Afferim!" (bravo) resounded from several voices. I looked back a moment for the caique; she was already a cable's length off, dancing before the sea, the delighted caikgis waving their red caps to me.

The capitan pasha was smoking on the taffrail. "Afferim! capitan," he cheerfully exclaimed, "what kept you above water in that skiff?" "God's mercy," I replied. "God is great," he continued; "sit down by me; bring a chibouque."

The captain of the ship now came to him, and kissed his robe. He was a smart little fellow, dressed entirely in white, excepting his red slippers and his fez. He held a formidable cowskin, but did not make much use of it. Having received his orders, he leaped on the bitts, on the guns, and ran on the forecastle. A signal was then hoisted—helm a-port—some hundreds of loose-breeched vagabonds seized the fore-tack; tore it down with an impetus which made the sturdy mast shake; ran the topsails up, and away we went nine knots an hour into the Euxine. I felt quite exhilarated; the moment that the gallant ship sprung into her bed of foam, repaid my day's toil. To be thus ploughing the Euxine in a first-rate was a pleasure I might have thought of but never expected; that sea having been as closed to our ships of war as the Caspian or any other lake.

The Selimier steered like a cutter and sailed like a frigate. "What a beautiful ship!" I exclaimed to his excellency. "By God's grace," he said, "she is." A poor compliment, I thought, to the architect. "Who built her?" I asked. "Who knows?"

was the answer. "She must do your excellency honour," I continued. "Please God," he answered. Alas! I thought, man gets little credit among these people, Allah takes all. I elicited in five minutes' conversation that it would not be his fault if we met the enemy. He had left the Bosphorus in compliance with the sultan's orders; but his private opinion, backed by his officers, was, that it would be madness to engage. However, we talked on business, particularly about the Russians retaining possession of the important post of Sizopolis, which they had taken in February of the same year. "They must be driven from it," I observed; "let us do it." That did not enter into his ideas: "Bakalum," he replied. Bakalum, (*nous verrons*,) was his constant answer to every suggestion, good or bad. I soon learned its value, and the force of Sebastiani's caustic remark to Selim III. "Your majesty bewails destiny, in giving you Russia and England for enemies; you have three enemies yet more powerful." "God forbid," said the sultan; what do you mean? Greater than the lion of the north, the queen of the seas—impossible!" "Yes," continued the general, "Inshallah, Allah kerim, and Bakalum are your deadly foes." Discerning Sebastiani! Bakalum is indeed the bane of the Osmanleys. By it they deliberate weeks on a subject which should be decided in a day. The opportunity is lost; the cause should be referred to Bakalum, but they press a higher power, and repeat, "Allah Kerim" (God is wise).

We had run about twenty miles when the sun set, carpeting the sea, and tapestrying the sky with a rare unison of delicate green and golden hues; small, fantastically shaped clouds in the gorgeous horizon so nearly resembled a fleet, that the signal officer reported one as a sail, and drew the anxious gaze of the pasha. Before we ascertained its fallacy, a real frigate was discerned to the north, and instantly multiplied in hundreds of retinas. "What is she?" asked the pasha of me. "The look-out of the enemy's fleet," I answered, as I supposed; "Admiral Greig must naturally be anxious to avenge the loss of the frigate which you took the last cruise; we may therefore expect to meet him in the morning." He hastily collected the ships, and put their heads in for the shore. I proposed that a

frigate should give chase, and offered to go in her myself; but he would not consent, for he imagined that his imperative duty was to keep all his ships—line-of-battle ships, frigates, corvettes, and brigs—as near each other as possible. Poor Achmet Papudgi! he knew he was unfit for his situation. Originally a papudgi (shoemaker) he was an instance of the rapid change of fortune so often witnessed in the East. Only two years before I knew him, he was in the service of Izzet Mehemet Pasha, who procured for him the situation of waivode of Galata. He made an excellent police officer, therefore the sultan thought he would make an excellent admiral—watch the seas as well as watch the streets.

The night set in balmy. I was standing on the gangway, watching the gleaming tracks of fish, and musing on the probable issue of the engagement to be expected next day, when the melodious words—"Allahou ekber; eshedou inne la illahe illa Allah; eshedou innè Mouhammed resoul Allah, høya aless-œlat, haya œlel fellah; Allahou ekber la illahe illa Allah,"* filled the air as from the voices of invisible spirits. They came from the mizen rigging of each ship, whence Imams were calling the faithful to prayers. Everywhere this appeal is beautiful; but thus on the sea, responding from ship to ship, it was divine.

The summons was promptly obeyed; every deck was covered with the prostrating crew, each man on his own capote, the officers on carpets spread under the half-deck, each person having previously washed his hands and feet. The pasha was equally devout in his cabin, and on the whole it was a most impressive sight, even to a Christian.

The ceremony being concluded, his excellency and myself prepared to sup, for which task the Black Sea air had given me a keen appetite. A small carpet was spread between two guns on the main deck outside his cabin. It was not screened off. On it we sat down, cross-legged, opposite to each other.

* God is great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet—come to pray—come to the garden† of prayer. God is great, &c.

† The early Mussulmans prayed in gardens for want of mosques; hence the expression.

Two agas—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kinds of conserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manœuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawny hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying "Eat." I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish with a piece of bread and my thumb as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, "Do at Rome as Rome does." Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb dressed in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise. About twelve dishes, of which, in compliment, I

was obliged to eat more than my inclination prompted, rendered still more irksome by the absence of wine, had been shifted with great dispatch, and a pause ensuing, I began to breathe, thinking my repletory task over, when, to my utter dismay, a huge platter of pilaff, the standing last dish, was placed between us. Never having liked rice since I was at school, the sight of the pressed greasy mess before me was positively revolting. However, there it was, and had I only been required to eat a pound of it, I might have esteemed myself happy. A much severer trial awaited me. The pasha immersing his fingers deep into it, drew forth a tolerable quantity, with which he amused himself some minutes, rolling it into a ball, while I stared, simply supposing that the delicate morsel, when it should have received the last touch, was destined for *his* throat. It was lucky that I did not foresee its right destination, or the bare thought would infallibly have made me forget myself, which would have grieved me, before so many witnesses, not to mention the insult of the restitution. When fairly reduced to the substance of a grape-shot, the pasha stretched his lean hand over the tray; I involuntarily shrunk back; he stretched further, and inserted it—O nausea!—into my mouth. I swallowed it with an effort of despair, but know not what power of nerves kept it down. The attendants arched the brows of wonder: a capitan pasha bestow such an exceeding mark of distinction on a stranger! Had there been then a gazette in Stamboul the circumstance would have been published at our return as the most notable event of the cruize. I was delighted to find that the honour was too great to be repeated.

The appetizers which came on with the tray were removed, and replaced by a bowl of koshub, a sweet liquid, composed of various preserved fruits, perfumed with rose; two tortoise-shell spoons were in it. This was very good, especially as we were not reduced to lap it up with the palms of our hands, as I might have reasonably expected after what had passed. A glass of sherbet assisted our deglutition, and chibouques, with coffee, assured its efficacy: while enjoying the latter, an Albanian

bagpipe, harsher, if possible, than a Scotch one, supplied the absence of conversation.

I then went on deck, and, wrapping my cloak round me, lay down to rest on the planks, surrounded by snorers. There were no beds, not even one for the pasha; his excellency slept in a box, resembling a dog kennel in size and shape, placed abaft the mizen mast. I could not sleep much for the singing, or rather moaning, of some sailors, as monotonous and annoying as the buzzing of mosquitoes; and twice, at twelve and at four, I was startled out of a doze by a din loud enough to raise the dead—a dozen drummers were parading the decks fore and aft, beating with all their might to rouse the watch.

In the morning we were close off the Bosphorus, nearly becalmed. Not a strange sail was in sight, a void marvellously consoling to the crew, among whom I perceived a sad spirit of apprehension. I am not vain enough to say I did not share it, (the mere circumstance of there being no surgeon on board was discouraging,) but at any rate I did not show it, and being fairly in for the worst, determined to make the best of it. I considered the trial of our strength only deferred. My principal aim was to encourage the chief, and, therefore, having first breakfasted on coffee thick as chocolate, without sugar, bread and honey, I repaired to him. He was undergoing the operation of having his head shaved, and looked very dismal: that done, he performed his minor ablutions, and said his prayers, I all the while smoking his narghiler on the divan. "What can I do?" the pasha despondingly said, "with such men, such means? they know nothing." "Nor do you," I thought; and replied, "Let us do our best; allow me to exercise the guns, it will give the men confidence: if we do meet the enemy, let us not die like dogs!" He scarcely heeded me at the moment, for his attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a boat coming off. He hoped it contained his jester and his pilot, who had missed their passage the day before, and whose absence considerably annoyed him. He was disappointed; it brought an order from the seraskier pasha to steer out to sea again. His countenance fell; and we were about to fill the maintop sail, when a merchantman's boat was seen emerging

from the shade of the canal's high banks. We distinguished in it a Frank and an Osmanley, the objects of the pasha's solicitude.

The jester skipped on deck with the confidence of one who knew that his presence would excuse his absence. He was gaily attired in scarlet and gold, and his fez was bound by a silver band. He was dumpy in stature, but active in limb; and his countenance displayed more archness than folly. He saw the suppressed smile of the officers, and at once ran up to the pasha, who affected to look stern, and, making a somerset, took hold of the hem of his robe, saying, "Thus will the Russian admiral reel before your potent thunder, and thus will I salute him," making a sign with his foot. "Pezaveng," said the old man, taking him good-humouredly by the ear, "I will nail this to my cabin-door." "The fool will then hear the wise man's secrets," replied the other, "and you will have to sew his mouth up. What would you do without his tongue? Talk to him," he added, pointing to the pilot, who stood at the gangway, doubting what to do; "without his boat your highness's Tom Fool must have come off on a porpoise's back, for the Pezaveng caikgis will not take jests for piastres." This acknowledgment, which included a sarcasm on his slender emoluments, secured his companion's grace; and with this invaluable addition we made sail. He had originally been a dervish, (a jester's profession after all,) and was much liked by all the crew, for whom he was always ready to exert his influence. The pilot was a Ragusan, extremely well acquainted with the Euxine. His office was no sinecure, since everything relating to the navigation, heaving the log, &c., depended on him. He had been pilot of Tahir Pasha's frigate at Navarine. He described it as warm work; and said that, excepting himself and the pasha, not a man was left standing on the upper deck. Above three hundred men were killed in her. He told me an odd anecdote of Tahir Pasha, while commanding that fleet:—One day, out at sea, two of his corvettes were slow in obeying signals, on which he hove to, and made signal for their captains and their signal officers. When they came on board, he placed the latter under the canes of the chavasses, and, arming himself

and his captain with rattans, administered an equal number of blows to the former. Tahir acted thus in person through a sense of propriety, for he considered it derogatory to the service that captains should be corporally corrected by any person beneath their own rank. "The example," added the pilot, "produced an excellent effect; the two corvettes, in future, set an example of activity to the whole fleet."

Our fleet consisted of one three-decker, five two-deckers, three frigates, five corvettes, and three brigs;* bearing, in addition to the capitan pasha's flag, the flags of the capitan, petrowna, and reala beys (full, vice, and rear admiral). The two former had commanded ships at Navarine. They were courageous men, and not despicable seamen. I often conversed with them. They could not mention the name of Mouhareem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian division at Navarine, with patience. They informed me that he not only commanded his own frigate not to fire (in fact she did not), but also landed at the commencement of the action, and stopped the firing from the castle, which would otherwise have damaged the rear squadron while entering. This accounts for the silence of the castle, and for the personal safety of the traitor Mouhareem, when his frigate was sunk, notwithstanding her neutrality, by the Asia's fire.

One of our frigates was the St. Raphael, which had been captured about three weeks previous. Not an idea being entertained that the Ottoman fleet would venture out to sea, the Russian captain, cruizing off the coast of Anatolia, took it at night-time for his own fleet. He made no signals, and joined company; but to his surprise, in the morning, found himself surrounded by strangers. Even then a bold manœuvre, and a couple of broadsides, would have secured his retreat from so inexperienced a foe; had he only hoisted Turkish colours, he would have gained sufficient time to have extricated himself; for so ignorant were the officers of the Selimier of the features of their own vessels, that to make out the

* The Russian fleet, on the Euxine, in 1829, consisted of two three-deckers, nine two-deckers, eight frigates, (three of which bearing sixty guns,) and twelve corvettes or brigs.

supernumerary, they were obliged to wait till every ship had shown her colours. The Russian, imbecile like, showed the blue cross, until a shot from the pasha made him lower it. He was quietly taken possession of; and the pasha, equally astonished with himself at the unexpected encounter, and attributing it to Allah, changed the name of the prize to "Gift of Heaven." A pine-apple was substituted for the angel, her figure-head. The sultan visited her, and regarded with attention the portraits of the emperor and the empress suspended in the cabin. He demanded of the prisoners if they were likenesses; and being answered in the affirmative, his courtiers insinuated that they augured the capture of the originals. Mahmoud was pleased; but I cannot suppose that he expected that consummation any more than he expected that the emperor's general would occupy his palace at Adrianople within three months.

The frigate was not without a witness to her disgraceful submission: a brig was in company; but, fortunately, to leeward of the enemy, instead of being surrounded. Without hesitating, she put before the wind in a noble manner, crowded sail, plied her sweeps, and escaped from under the ill-directed fire of the capitan bey, receiving little damage.* The capitan bey foamed when he related to me the circumstance. "The taouchan (hare) was in my clutches, but my dogs were afraid of their own noise; when a shot came amongst them, they fled from their quarters. Alas! our bravest fell at Navarin. Tchorbans (shepherds) are now our sailors, who smell the sea and gunpowder for the first time." He spoke the truth.

I went on board the "Gift of Heaven" the second day we were at sea, to draw from her an approximate idea of the condition of the Russian fleet. A short inspection convinced me that it was not much superior to the Turkish. Her rigging

* The conduct of the commanders of the frigate and the brig met with fitting notice. The captain was degraded to serve before the mast, the commander received two steps and the cross of St. George; his officers one step each, and a decoration; and the brig the distinction of Saint George's ensign in perpetuity. The former was hung in effigy, and his wife solicited the emperor's leave to change his name. She was an Englishwoman, and English blood flowed in her children's veins.

denoted the lubber. She was very dirty—but that would not impede fighting. Her powder was much superior to the Turkish; but that gave me no great concern, for I reasonably judged that any action between the fleets would be carried on within point blank, for the mutual accommodation of bad gunnery, when the inferior powder would have the advantage. It is true that the charge of good powder may be diminished according to the range, but this point is scarcely attended to even in the English navy. The principal superiority in the equipment of the Russian lay in the shot; the Turkish shot being so extremely bad that nearly all, in the trials which I made, broke by the concussion in the bore. On the whole, I had reason to be satisfied, and I assured the officers who accompanied me, that their rivals had no real advantage over them; but they chose to believe the contrary by way of varnishing their lukewarmness, insisting on every thing they saw, whether understood or not, being perfection; and had not the organ of non-combativeness been so very prominent throughout the fleet, I should no longer have had much apprehension as to the result of an engagement with equal numbers; our numerous crews would have given us a decided advantage in boarding. The presence of an English officer, it is true, in some measure encouraged the crew of the *Selimier*, but that influence did not extend beyond her. Even the *Selimier* would have been an easy prize to an English frigate in twenty minutes.

I shall not attempt to describe the rare confusion among fourteen hundred men of twenty different tongues, the first time that I exercised them at quarters. They were amused and riotous, but withal perfectly civil. The *topehi bashi* (master gunner, second in rank to the captain) ably seconded me, and liberally applied the rattan to the stupid. I thought this a bad plan, likely to defeat my object; I therefore begged him to spare his arm and employ his tongue in explaining to them my motive in making them work,—for their good, not mine. I flattered them by appealing to their judgment on the details of the exercise, instead of exacting brute acquiescence. The next day they cheerfully followed my wishes, and expressed satisfaction at my being on board. I took care not to give a

suspicion that I assumed the slightest authority, although the pasha gave me full power : I was aware of Mussulman jealousy in that respect. But their willingness was so borne down by their laziness, that any long continuance at one time was impossible, or oftener than once a day. They could run in and out pretty well, could load too without putting the shot before the cartridge ; but they never thought of stopping the vent ; and although I made them comprehend the danger in the neglect, my caution would not have been attended to in action simply because the man, whose duty it was, could not have suffered by his negligence. "Every man for himself and God for us all." What would it have signified to those at the breech whether the loader's arm was blown off or not. This was a trifle—which I did not insist on—compared with the main object of the exercise, levelling the guns, at which their incapacity was marvellous. Never having seen, or had an idea of, a crew of absolute landsmen, I at first attributed it to wilfulness : the only aim of the captains of the guns was to keep clear of the recoil. Exercising without powder it was the same. I would tell them to point at the hull of a ship a-beam—a good wide mark : they would take evident pains for five or ten minutes to be correct, calling to me successively to come and examine, when, out of a whole broadside, I often found not one gun any way near the object : one would be directed to the royal yards, another depressed to half the range, and so on. I thought there was a general defect of optics. It was, however, natural. We are all like children at their a, b, c, when we commence a new art, in the opinion of those who understand it, and who forget that they themselves were once as awkward.

The Selimier's artillery consisted of thirty-sixes, twenty-sixes, twenties, with long twelves and nines on the upper-deck, in all one hundred and twenty (French calibres.) The quarters were magnificent, with all the requisite appurtenances, except match-tubs. The matches were fastened to spiked sticks, and stuck about the decks, ready to burn any combustible article which might come in their way,—cartridges or fingers. The guns had no sights, not even notches, and were yet more de-

fective in the quoins, which, instead of being finely-sloped wedges, were clumps of wood of nearly equal thickness at both ends; in consequence, it was difficult to lay a gun horizontal; and when in that position it was liable to fall down in the bed at each recoil, where, I plainly saw, it would remain during an action, as no one would think of replacing it. So wedded were the officers to old customs, or jealous of a Christian's interference, that I could not persuade the pasha to have others made of a more approved form.*

In addition to the calibres above-mentioned, there were on the middle deck four guns carrying granite balls of seventy-five pounds; and on the lower deck, four others with one hundred and ten pound granite balls. Iron balls of similar size would have weighed upwards of three hundred pounds. A party of Comboradgi was embarked to serve these enormous pieces, or rather to look at them, as I shall show. Wishing to see one of them fired, I came down on the lower deck for that purpose, which created instant commotion among the smokers and sleepers. Every man jumped on his legs. "What is the matter?" I said; but, getting no answer, passed on. Having ascertained that the piece was properly charged, I was retiring, to allow a Comboradgi to fire it, whilst I should observe the effect from the foremost port. No Comboradgi was there, nor indeed any one else within twelve yards; "Mashallah," some voices shouted to my inquiry, "that gun has never been fired."—"Is that a reason why it should not be fired now?" I asked. "It is very old," was the reply, "and will burst." It was certainly antiquated, and this warning made it appear infinitely worse than it really was. But I was in for it. "Will no one fire it?" I asked; "then I will," brandishing the match in a mortal fright, (cowardice is so infectious.) "Delhi, delhi, Allah kerim! bakalum!" Away the rascals ran, holding their breeches up with one hand, their pipes with the other, up the ladders, and left me alone on the deck with the topchi bashi,

* The Turkish quoin has a handle whereby it is easily adjusted with one hand. The after trucks of the long guns on the upper deck are inside the carriage, giving more room and pleasing the eye. Both these plans might be imitated.

who did not quite desert me, but remained on the opposite side peeping at me from behind the pumps. His head only was visible, and that, too, I dare say, he drew in when I touched the priming—but this he would not confess. I dropped the match, and hastily ran forward to escape the dreaded explosion. Our fear was unfounded. The ball broke in three or four pieces, and flew along a shower of grape, of which two of the pieces *recochéd*. We tried another with a reduced charge, and had the satisfaction of seeing the ball fly, whole, fully as far. The second time I had no occasion to fire the gun.*

This experiment affected the capitan pasha's nerves, so that when I asked his permission the following morning to have the principal magazine opened for my inspection, he refused. He happened to be very much shook that morning with a violent fit of coughing. "Capitan," he said, "you shall see it if we come to action." "Effendi, that will be too late; you will then require me on deck—what fear?—God is great." "Bakalum," was his reply; then, after some minutes' consideration, "well, you may go, but touch nothing—leave every thing—powder is a dangerous thing." He left off smoking, and began twirling his comboloyo rapidly. The appearance of the magazine, solely accessible by the gun-room hatch, fully justified the old man's apprehensions. The powder lay about on shelves or in boxes, partly filled and partly not, and so exposed that I would fain have taken off my shoes lest their nails should raise a spark. The topehi bashi accompanied me with four mates, each carrying a lanthorn, and as if the presence of so many lanthorns, not in the soundest condition, were not sufficient to make me feel, as it were, in a vapour bath, he wished to take the candles out that I might the better admire his arrangements. My reputation in this case was an evil; for, owing to trifling knowledge being esteemed wonderful by those who possess less, the gunner and his mates thought that where

* Might not the system of having such large pieces of ordnance on board ships of war be worthy of adoption? Holes thus made between wind and water would prove extremely embarrassing: but I should prefer using shells to balls; they make the same aperture with the additional advantage of a bursting charge.

I was nothing could go wrong. I thought, on the contrary, that we might very easily go in the air, and never felt, I own, much more uncomfortable than while in this dépôt of destruction, more apparent to me than to anybody else on board, from having been accustomed to the positive absence of danger in an English ship's magazine. There were no fire-screens anywhere, and how, handing powder up a large hatchway along decks covered with burning matches, without cartridge boxes, the powder escaping through the ill-sewed seams, the Turkish ships avoided blowing up, appeared to me extraordinary. Against accidental fire there were sufficient precautions: the *Selimier* had four English engines, and the other ships were proportionately supplied.

CHAPTER VII.

Chess—Cossacks—Renegades—Devotions—Manœuvres—Sydney Smith—Cochrane—Religion—Ghiaour—Nourrey Bey—Capitan Pasha—Music—Games—Kiuchuck Mehmet—Zante—Squall—Chase—Clear for action—Retreat—Bosphorus—Sariery.

OUR crew consisted of one thousand four hundred persons, with little discipline, though, as they were naturally docile, things went on smoothly, and order grew from the elements of disorder. They pleased themselves, without much surveillance on the part of the officers. Their principal restraint was being required to live and sleep at their respective guns, in order that the ship might be always ready for action. The crew of each gun composed a mess, which spread a little carpet on the deck, and passed the time very contentedly, smoking and drinking coffee, for preparing which two cafenès were on each deck, and were never idle day nor night. The men frequently amused themselves at drafts or chess: at the latter game they displayed considerable skill, making a temporary board with chalk lines, and, taking bits of wood or pebbles for the pieces, were enabled to remember throughout the game their separate names. The majority of the crew were Mussulmans; a few were Greeks; a few Franks; and there were sixty Cossacks,

remarkable by their fair hair and sheepskin caps, who had left the Danube on the approach of the Russian army, and come to Constantinople to obtain employment. They were tall, stout, quiet men, and lived apart from the others abaft the mizen-mast, where they ate olives, bread, and rice twice a day with apparent content. They were much pleased at my being amongst them; two of them only spoke Turkish.

I soon found myself perfectly at home, and received gratifying and amusing attention. All—the green coifed descendant of the Prophet, the white-bearded veteran, the slashing youth who took an hour to curl his moustaches—would, as I strolled about the decks, offer me the friendly pipe, and welcome me to a corner of the carpet. More than one poor fellow was offended because I would not put him to the expense of treating me to coffee, which I generally refused on the plea of dislike, unfeigned, for the want of sugar. A trifling practice that I had of washing my hands and feet two or three times a day, on account of the heat, was a singular recommendation. They were greatly edified by it, and considered me half a Mussulman in principle; for cleanliness is a constituent part of their faith. The only incivility that I experienced on board came from two renegades (Sciotes). Had they been native Mussulmans, I should not have much cared; but *they* raised my bile. One of them was very annoying: I bore him, however, patiently till one morning that I was sleeping under the half-deck he laid down beside me, placing his head on the same cushion next to mine. Jumping up, I kicked him off the carpet, and then dragged him to the other side of the deck, where the captain was smoking. The captain took down his rattan, and gave him a sound licking; nor did one person sympathize with the apostate—on the contrary, all were offended that their guest should have been insulted.

It may readily be supposed that I was an object of great curiosity to them. They knew not what to make of me. The circumstance of a man cruising on the fena Kara Deniz (bad Black Sea) for pleasure, without one apparent prospect than that of receiving a quietus, was past their conception. This

was natural, for extreme indolence is the prominent feature of the Oriental character. My quarter-deck walk excited their amusement, as it often did mine to find myself the only person among so many hundreds who made a free use of his legs; but when they one day beheld me go to the topmast head to observe a Russian frigate, they set me down for a delhi. The whole crew came on deck to see a man go aloft for amusement. However, delhi or not, they took care to turn my walking propensity to a good account. Whenever I began to pace at night-time officers and look-out men invariably, and sometimes the helmsman, fell asleep, and left the ship to me.

The only systematic duty on board, incumbent on all, was prayers, which were acted, I may say, at all hours and every hour. The muezzins summoned them three times a day, at dawn, at noon, and after twilight. Between these stated hours the scrupulous performed additionally, thus completing the prescribed five times. When the fit seized a devotee, down he went on his marrow-bones, regardless where he was, in whose presence he was, or what was doing. Nothing then disturbed him; a man jostling him, a block falling from aloft, or a sail splitting; and as these, to me ludicrous, scenes often occurred in the midst of working ship, I should have suspected skulking, had I not clearly seen that no task in ordinary life of twenty minutes' duration is so fatiguing as a Mussulman's devotions. They consist of seven adorations, each comprising three prostrations; in all touching the ground with the head twenty-one times. Aged or infirm people are often so exhausted by it in hot weather, that they remain stretched on the ground unable to rise; nor is it uncommon to see one faint.

Our manner of working ship was respectable; but in reefing we were awkward; more the fault of the sails than of the men, the captains of the tops having to descend on the leeches each time to reeve the ear-rings, which operation was rendered yet more difficult by there being no thimbles in the cringles. I had made up my mind not to remark on trifles, seeing that it gave umbrage, but this was a serious fault, at the same time so easily amended; and I thought to enforce my request by saying that any accident (such as a flaw of wind,

or the ship falling off) would cause the best laid sail to flap, whereby the man on the leech might easily be shook overboard. Vain words: they had hitherto reefed that way, why should they not continue to do so?—a triumphant interrogatory in their opinion, to which I could make no valid reply. The Ragusan pilot, who often smiled at my earnestness, and who knew from experience the besotted prejudices of old Turks, told me afterwards that I had used the wrong argument. A man falling overboard—"bah!"—what of that?

The general movements of the fleet were not so happy as the individual ones. We always tacked and wore in succession, whereby at night some of the vessels were sure to get foul of each other, although, it being generally fine, no great injury ensued, except on one occasion to two corvettes, which were obliged to return into port, and being seen running down the Bosphorus in a dismantled state, gave rise to a report that we had all been taken or sunk. The pasha was seriously annoyed at the repetition of these accidents, and asked me for a remedy. Performing the evolution in question there was of course none, with such officers as were in the different ships; but I proposed the simple expedient of tacking together at night-time. He liked it at first sight, and allowed me to add the necessary signal to the code. Two hours afterwards, however, having well pondered over it, he sent for me again to tell me that he could not follow my plan. I assured him that it was not mine, and begged to know his reason. "Because," he said, "on one tack the fleet will not be in one line." I could not dispute that view of the case, and there the matter rested; for I might have argued till doomsday before shaking his favourite prepossession that the whole mystery of naval tactics lay in keeping one line, stem and stern, the devil catch the hindmost.

Besides the fourteen hundred men which comprised the crew, the pasha had a private suite on board, consisting of more than one hundred persons, officers and domestics, the former of whom were distinct from the ship's officers, and superior to them. They occupied the ward-room, where they spread their carpets, and lived and slept with as much discomfort as the foremast men: sick or not, no one had a bed.

They were unbounded in their endeavours to entertain me, and make me feel the truth of the proverb, (extremely applicable to Turkey,) "the eye of the master fattens the horse," although I must do them the justice to say, that during the whole time I remained in the country, I received the most friendly attentions from them. They took pleasure in inquiring about my country. They knew the name of Sydney Smith, and spoke of him with esteem as *buyuk adam* (great man.) They also knew the name of Cochrane, but held his lordship light because they interpreted his inactivity, while with the Greeks, into a fear of them.* They often questioned me about the naval power of England, and when I described to them its magnitude, would lift up the fingers of incredulity. The bare tale of Britain's power on the ocean is scarcely credited by civilized continental Europeans: I could not, therefore, be surprised if the Osmanleys gave me credit for using the traveller's privilege. My religion, too, came in for a share of their curiosity, and caused me amusement, for I had no occasion to act the hypocrite. One old gentleman very gravely demanded, among other things, if I did not believe that all Mussulmans went to heaven. "By no means," I frankly replied; "as with the followers of other religions, it depends on their good works." After stroking his beard some time, and musing on this unorthodox opinion, which would have caused a true believer to be stoned, he answered, "pekey" (very good;) then asked whether I thought that good Christians went to the same place as good Mussulmans. To this question, not wishing to bring on a discussion, I returned an ambiguous answer, which pleased old Hassan, as it allowed his vanity to suppose that I too might think that no place was so bright as Mohammed's paradise. He expatiated at length on the rivers of milk and wine, on the Tüba tree, on the pearl dwellings of the faithful: but not a word about the houris.

"Now tell me," I asked in return, "is it a part of your

* I was in the Archipelago when Cochrane arrived, and witnessed the panic that his name caused among the Turkish fleet, which hastily retired into port. Such was the terror then of his reputation, that I am convinced the capitan pasha would have fled before him in a schooner.

creed that Mussulmans are pulled into heaven by the solitary lock they preserve with such care?" He lifted his fez, and pointing to his bald pate, laughingly said, "How am I ever to get there if that be the case? it is an error entertained by the vulgar, but which has no foundation in our holy books."

On various other occasions, I experienced the reasonableness of this odd people, so much misunderstood. One day the pasha's mignon, a spoilt, handsome boy, called me, in a pet, ghiaour. I did not heed the word, coming from that quarter; but, for experiment, said to old Hassan Bey, who was smoking with half-a-dozen other effendis, "Have you heard what the young ghiaour says?" That obnoxious term, in allusion to a Mussulman, sounded strange and harsh to their ears; but, far from being angry, thinking I had some meaning, they good-humouredly formed a court of inquiry, to ascertain on what grounds I could apply an expression which, in this case, prefacing by a compliment to my understanding, they averred was perfectly absurd. I accepted the trial, and said, "By your own argument I use it: does not the word ghiaour mean infidel?" "Confessedly." "Then," I added, "we agree: I am an infidel in regard of your faith, it is true; but you are also infidels in regard of my faith;"—they nodded;—"consequently, the term ghiaour is as applicable to you from me, as from you to me." This novel exposition required some little consideration; but was so unanswerable, that in a few moments *pekey, pekey*, resounded from all within hearing, and I never afterwards was insulted by the name; on the contrary, when they wished to plague me, they would call me Mussulman. One name was, of course, as indifferent to me as the other. Some of the young men would say to me, "La illahe illa Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah," and ask me to repeat the declaration. I unhesitatingly did, to enjoy the rapture with which they would clap their hands, and exclaim, "You are a Mussulman!" The elders always supported me, and rebuked the levity of their young companions. "They spoke in jest," I would say, "and I took it in jest: a few words do not constitute faith."

The conversion of a Frank is never accepted, unless an infringement of certain laws render it imperative, without

giving him ample time to reflect. In Constantinople, they send, in the first place, to the ambassador of his nation, that it may be satisfactorily known that no force or artifice has been adopted with the convert. Pronouncing the profession of faith is simply indicative of a desire to embrace the religion, by no means conclusive.

A word on the term *ghiaour*, so often misconceived. Many epithets, originally contemptuous, become in time, if not creditable, harmless. Thus many well-disposed Turks, talking of Christians, call them *ghiaours*, without the slightest allusion to its real sense; they know no other name by which to express a Christian, and consider it proper. This, however, does not hold good in the great trading cities, where Franks abound, and where we have a right to be offended if it be applied to us; since our proper appellation, Frank, being known, it must be intended slightly. But in parts where we are rarely seen, a Frank would do both parties wrong to catch offence at being called *ghiaour*. The insult of the name is lost in its antiquity and its familiarity. Even Christians, in many provinces of Turkey, have the same idea, ignorant of its real signification, infidel. Meet an Albanian or a Bulgarian peasant on his hills, and ask him whether he is a Mussulman. To your astonishment he answers, "I am a *ghiaour*;" and to your heightened astonishment, at hearing it from a Christian's mouth, adds, "Are you a *ghiaour*?" In like manner, a poor Osmanley, who receives a *sobriquet* in youth, in allusion to some defect or trick, preserves it, as a distinction, if he become a pasha. The common name of a Jew, in Turkey, *Yahoudi*, (beloved of God,) farther shows how fallacious are the readings of denominations in the East. Mussulmans hold *Yahoudis* in absolute contempt, and neglect no mode of expressing it. If they in general knew the literal meaning of *Yahoudi*, they would discontinue its use, and adopt *cheefoot*, a name sometimes applied to Jews, and hateful to them. The Jews have sufficient tact to conceal their feelings on the subject, or they would never escape it.

The sixth morning of our cruize found us becalmed seventy miles from the land, to the terror of our crew, who feared that the enemy would get between us and the Bosphorus, and their

apprehension was increased by not seeing the look-out frigate, which had hitherto kept within ten miles of us. Being then ignorant of the deficiency of the Russian fleet in skill and energy, I thought the same, and accordingly counselled the pasha to go, in the first place, to Sizopolis and Varna, and even to Sevastopol; do all possible mischief to the shipping left there; then return and force a passage. The former part of this scheme would have been accomplished in a few days, before our destination was known; and the latter part, an action off the Bosphorus, would have been to our advantage, since our disabled ships would have had a port under their lee to run into; whereas the Russian disabled ships would have had difficulty in getting off shore against the indraft of the strait. Admiral Greig appears to have been impressed with this idea. His inactivity caused me a feeling of shame; the Osmanleys knew that he was an Englishman.

A light breeze springing up at north-east, a corvette was sent a head to reconnoitre, and the principal officers of the fleet were summoned on board to consider on what I had proposed. The capitan, petrowna, and reala beys salaamed their chief with the submission of slaves, putting his robe to their lips and head. He invited them to sit, but not on the same couch, and treated them with pipes and coffee. Nourrey Bey, capitan of the Scheriff Rezan, a fifty gun-frigate, came with them; being also khasnadar (treasurer) of the pasha, he could not sit in his presence; he stood first of his suite, and presented him the chibouque.

By virtue of his office, Nourrey was captain of the finest frigate in the navy, notwithstanding that only six months previous had seen him a royal page. He was a pleasant-looking man, fair, good-humoured, and polite, twenty-eight years old; his beard denoted in him a certain spirit of independence, at a time when nearly everybody connected with the sultan shaved his chin, in flattery to his reforming ideas.

My plan was rejected, the council broke up, and I accompanied Nourrey Bey to dine with him on board his frigate. He treated me with distinction, but overbalanced his politeness by giving me the trouble of visiting every corner of the ship.

She was very clean, as were, I must say, all the ships; the Selimier's decks, for example, were washed every morning, and as orientals never spit about, looked cleaner than the generality of Christian ships.

Nourrey spoke very sensibly on the absurd custom of placing landmen in command of ships. He felt in a great dilemma. "I can manage a horse and a sabre," he said, "and use the bow, but as for a ship, I never was in one before." It was true that he had officers under him somewhat versed in maritime affairs; but they could not remove the responsibility from his shoulders, or the consequent anxiety, or the restless desire of interference so natural to the captain of a ship (in all services). The commander of an Ottoman ship-of-war, whatever duty is performing, sits on his bench on the quarter-deck, leaving the second captain to carry on the war. By the time that his chibouque wants replenishing, something may happen to disturb him; if a squall, a sail splits; if an action, the shot come in. In either case he gets nervous, and imagines faults in his subordinates. He jumps into his slippers, and gives orders that cannot be understood; seizes a speaking-trumpet, knocks down the second captain; runs forward on the fore-castle, repeats the same operation on the boatswain; then returns to smoke another pipe, exclaiming "Mashallah."

I have hitherto said little on the habits of the capitan pasha, those of most Ottoman grandees. He led a life of absolute ennui. He could neither read nor write, nor was there anybody to read to him, had he wished it. He did not play at chess, therefore had an enjoyment less than the sailors; neither had he any person to converse with, an advantage possessed by everybody else on board. Between a master and his slaves there can be no conversation, since the latter must assent and smile *en regle*. His legs seemed made for no other purpose than to bend under him; his hands to run over his comboloyo (rosary). A narghiler was never from his lips, except while he ate, or prayed, or slept: how he performed the first of these offices I have described; suffice for his meals, that they took place twice a day, at unsettled hours. Officers continually stood before him, arms crossed, eyes cast down—a

painful apprentissage which every Osmanley goes through before arriving at power—and anticipated every desire with surprising dexterity. If he wished to rise, he was lifted on his legs; if he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he walked, he was supported by the arms; if an ignorant fly alighted on his brow, officious fans warned the intruder not to return; even when he spat, which was not rare, he being asthmatic, there was never wanting one to hold his handkerchief for the precious token. Such servility—though perfectly natural, from the effect of early education, therefore not abstractedly servile—was disgusting to witness; performed, too, by men who in their own homes exacted the same from their inferiors, and thus made themselves amends for their own humiliation. From the top to the bottom of the ladder is a gradation of similar servitude. The grand vizir kisses the sultan's foot; he bows to Mohammed. The pasha kisses the grand vizir's foot; the bey, the pasha's; the aga, the bey's; and so on. No Mussulman subject is so high but what he has a master, and none so low as not to have a slave; the son is slave to the father. I often saw the capitan pasha's son, a royal page, with him; but the youth never sat or tasted food in his presence.

With all his deficiencies, Achmet Papuchgi was a good-natured man, a complete contrast to his predecessors during the last twenty years, who were all remarkable for cruelty. The quality seemed inherent to the office.

In the middle of the day he crept into the kennel abaft the mizen-mast, and reposed for some hours, his example being duly followed by the officers, stretched out on the quarter-deck, and covered by flags to keep off the sun. On awaking, coffee and chibouques were served. Water was then brought, with a complete change of garments, and in the same narrow box, six feet by three, by two high, he washed and dressed; then came out and enjoyed the cool of the evening on his quarter-deck couch, always doing me the honour to place me beside him with a chibouque, and no doubt it was a droll sight to the crew, who all gathered round, the pasha and me thus cheek by

jowl. His band, consisting of as many drums and cymbals as could be collected, with two clarionets and one fife, usually made a noise for our benefit. It played the hunter's chorus in Frieschuts, Zitti zitti, and Malbrook, over and over till I fairly wished it at the bottom of the sea. I not only could not stop my ears, but was obliged to applaud liberally. Thinking, one evening, that its style was more adapted to Turkish music, at the same time intending a compliment, I asked the pasha whether it could perform any Turkish airs. "Turkish airs!" he repeated with astonishment; "Mashallah! have you not been listening to them these two hours?" I bowed, and took refuge in ignorance.

He asked me one evening, if I would like to see his regular soldiers; I had never heard of any being on board. Presently six scare-crows marched aft, preceded by a drum and fife, each carrying a musket, and wearing a shabby tatico uniform. A first-rate's marines! I could scarce refrain from laughing out at the idea, although a thousand eyes were fixed on me to observe my admiration. The pasha told them seriously to do their best, for a judge of military performances was by. Accordingly they went through the manual exercise, and the same was rendered exceeding amusing by the drollery of the jester, who, shouldering a long chibouque, acted as fugelman, to the roars of both spectators and soldiers. I warmly applauded, and the pasha in delight gave the corporal a piece of gold, which was contested by the jester, who swore that without him the troop would have been disgraced.

The chief entertainment of every evening was provided by the crew, who, when our orchestra closed, commenced acting gross buffoonery, such as ducking in tubs of water for money, when many a poor fellow half-drowned himself in vain attempts to take with his lips the thin bit of silver, shining at the bottom; or playing at bear and monkey, when both the bear and monkey well deserved the piastres their beating gained them; or blind man's buff. This last game was capital. The blind man, provided with a stick, was at liberty to hit everybody within reach, only subject to the inconvenience of

tripping over the bodies of his prostrate fellows, or over the combings down a hatchway. The pasha's attendants received sundry blows in keeping him off the presence, and as he readily found his way amongst them, I supposed that he was purposely allowed a peep-hole, especially as his excellency enjoyed it much. A game also of men hanging in pairs to the spanker-boom, till one turned senseless or cried quarter, afforded infinite amusement. Each exhibition the deck was convulsed at the writhings of the actors; the pasha, forgetting his hauteur, would join in the laugh, and rapidly combing his beard with his fingers, throw pieces of gold at the victor.

"Well," he said to me one evening that I was more than usually tired of his foolery, "does your capitan pasha amuse himself in this way?" I could not for the life of me flatter him; I simply answered that the English capitan pasha had something else to do. A dead silence, and mutual looks of surprise ensued.

Such were the occupations of the third man of the empire; of one of the chiefs on whom depended the fate of Turkey. If, I thought, her others resembled him, faint indeed are her hopes. His followers were alike degenerate. Not one felt as he should have felt, except Kiuchuk Mehemet, the captain, who bitterly lamented the want of energy in his chief. We conceived a regard for each other that lasted during my stay in the East. He had commanded a ship at Navarine, and could show eleven scars, gained partly there, and partly in the war against the Greeks, with six of whose vessels he sustained, in 1822, a severe conflict, which ended by his running his brig ashore in Kieri bay, near the town of Zante, to avoid being captured. I was at Zante at the time, in the Seringapatam frigate, and perfectly recollected the circumstance. The Zantiotes flocked to the beach, with the base intention of putting the Turkish crew to death, and were only restrained by a party of English soldiers, on whom they fired in rage, wounding the officer and killing one or two men, which barbarous act gave Sir T. Maitland a reasonable pretext for disarming the inhabitants of the island. Kiuchuk Mehemet was placed in the hospital, where, after

lying six months, he recovered, and then returned to his country, retaining a lively sense of gratitude to the English, without whose kindness, as he expressed it, he should have died. He was a native of Trebizonde, which place he left eighteen years since, and in that time had only heard once of his relations. There is a slight want of post-office arrangement in Turkey.

Excepting him, no officers on board knew anything of a ship; and as officers of the watch, they kept me in a constant state of excitement, on account of our lower deck ports being kept up at night, an excess of incaution which I could not overcome by citing a thousand and one precedents of accidents in consequence. One morning at two o'clock I awoke and looked over the side. Every soul was asleep, the yards were any way, the royals set; a squall was rapidly forming on the lee bow. Rousing the officer of the watch, I bade him look to his sails and to the weather. "How should I know what to do?" he yawned out, rubbing his eyes. How should he indeed, poor man, considering that he was not bred to the trade? There was no time to be lost in being angry, so therefore, hastily collecting a few Greek and Frank sailors about the decks, I trimmed and shortened sail. We were just in time; the squall came with violence, paid us off before it, and threw the fleet into great disorder. I then repaired to the pasha, who was crawling out of his kennel in a state of nervous agitation, and told him that if more care were not observed, the ship would go to the bottom some night without his knowledge. This put him into a great rage, and he ordered the guilty officer to be thrown forthwith into the sea. They were seizing him; in another minute would have made him (in a literal sense) that which he was condemned for not being—a *seaman*, but I interposed, aghast at the prompt notice taken of my complaint, and begged him off: in consequence of which the fellow, who never liked me afterwards, escaped without any punishment, though certainly meriting a severe one, for neglect that might have caused the death of fifteen hundred persons. When punishments depend on the breath of one man, there is often no medium between death and immunity: it is so easy

to say "kill," or "pardon." For the credit of humanity we may hope that many an arbitrary chief regrets, when too late, the hasty obedience of his followers,—would rejoice, would they give him occasionally breathing time to recover from passion, or afford him a plausible pretext, so as to save his pride, for contradicting himself. I make no doubt, but that if Savary had not been in such a hurry, had only waited till Bonaparte rose, to take a final order, the Duc d'Enghien's life would have been spared. Napoleon himself said so. Why should he not have spoken truth? The greatest minds often waver about an important act, so that the slightest breath will turn the balance, especially if it come from an unexpected quarter.

It is now time to close this log. The few days that I was on board had sufficient variety to render them agreeable. Russian frigates were generally in sight, but the fleet never made its appearance. Why, I know not; it thereby lost a brilliant opportunity of bringing the Ottoman fleet to action, and destroying it.

At length on the tenth morning of our voyage, the pasha yielded to my entreaties, and gave chase to a frigate and a corvette. They crowded sail for Sizopolis. We followed with the wind fresh at east-north-east; the *Selimier* under easy sail that the dull sailors might keep up. No persuasion could induce the pasha to make sail on his own noble ship, which would have caught the fugitives in three hours. We were all excitement, in expectation of an affair with the enemy's fleet; the captain and topchi bashi busied themselves like brave men, and I endeavoured to encourage the officers by decrying Muscovite courage, and by holding out the rewards that the padischah would heap on them, and the glory they would acquire with the world. To little purpose; the Osmanleys have an hereditary fear of the Russians, and as for rewards, my listeners thought they would be sweeter without fighting for them.

Before sun-set, the chasees were rounding the southern point of the gulf of Bourgas, while we were still nine miles from it, and at that moment the wind unfortunately headed us. The

pasha, therefore, tacked his fleet, head to the eastward, under easy sail, and expressed his intention to me of meeting the enemy, who would not fail, if in force, of getting out the same night; if not in force, we should be far enough to windward by the morning to fetch in on the other tack, and engage him at anchor. In either case, he said, he should entrust me with the command of the ship, to which arrangement, the little captain, who was present, assented with a noble absence of petty feeling.

That evening there was no music, no buffoonery, the muezzins called louder than usual, and the men were more devout in their prayers.

Our line was incomplete, the rials bey being far to leeward. He had been culpably negligent all day in not carrying sail, but for which we should have saved the wind, perhaps have caught the Russian corvette, and at the present moment was edging away with his mainsail off. I almost wished, for his sake, that our pasha resembled his predecessor, Izzet Mehemet, who treated heads like onions. Night set in hazy and squally, and it became a serious question on our quarter-deck whether we should bear up and form the line on him, or heave-to till he gained his station, which he might find difficult to do, or might find convenient to avoid. The evolution was hazardous, lest some of the ships might fall on board each other. However, it was requisite to act, and a dozen voices spoke all differently. The jester sarcastically said that if we bore up, none of the ships would stop again. Prophetic fool! The chief butler opined that it was too dark to see to do anything. The purveyor of tobacco insinuated that the rain would affect his highness's health? His highness was already dripping, and what was worse bewildered: he ran from gangway to gangway, a glass in one hand, and a speaking-trumpet in the other, two officers holding up the skirts of his robes. It would not have been safe then for any one to have trod on his toe: he might have said, "Chuck him overboard," and overboard the treader would have gone. I never saw a stranger scene than that which an occasional flash of lightning disclosed on our quarter-deck. One personage only was wanting to

complete its incongruity—that personage was the cook; and presently *he* came up, and thrusting into the throng, fairly gave his advice on what ought to be done, as though he were marshalling a train of dishes. I had not patience to learn what the fellow said, but, taking him by the shoulders, pushed him away with “d—n your impudence.” The jester laughed outright, the captain squeezed my arm, some stifled, others drew back, while the offended artist swore loudly at the infidel. The pasha took on himself to appease him,* and in so doing, had time to collect his thoughts. A tender was then sent down with peremptory orders to the absent ship, and by half-past ten o’clock the fleet was collected in close order, each ship carrying a light at the peak, the small craft forming a line to leeward. The pasha still remained on deck, continually directing his glass round the horizon, and often mistaking a phosphoric curl on the water, or a rising star, for a ship’s light. The consequent agitation affected his nerves. Towards midnight the squalls violently increased: he became very anxious, and begged me to go round the decks once more to see that all was right. I obeyed. Below was a noble sight. The three decks were perfectly clear, and brilliantly illuminated; everything was in its place, and at the large stone-shot guns were picked crews, whom I expressly ordered to reserve their fire till within twenty yards of their opponents. Nothing was wanting, save courage: officers and men gathered round me, and begged that I would advise a retreat. I never imagined such a panic. An English fleet could not have prayed more earnestly to meet an enemy, than this did to avoid one.

I assured the pasha that he could not fail of success: then having nothing to do for the present, and being very tired, I laid down in his cabin. I had not long closed my eyes, when the noise of water rushing past awoke me. I guessed the cause; I hastened on deck, and found the fleet running twelve knots off the wind. The chief, as though relieved of a great burthen, was seated joking with his officers. What could I say?—not what I thought;—for the first time since our

* Where poisoning is a trade, the cook becomes of necessity a highly privileged personage.

acquaintance he did not invite me to join him. I went aft. The brave little captain was there: he sighed when he saw me.

We ran our distance by the morning; but the haze scarcely permitted us to distinguish the Faro before we dashed into the Bosphorus. We swept by the castles with foaming velocity, and in twenty minutes from passing the Symplegades dropped our best bower at Buyukderé. Had we been a Russian fleet we should not have received twenty shot from the twelve powerful batteries which garnish the first four miles of the strait. Our ships took up their stations admirably, dropping their best bowers exactly corresponding to their small bowers planted on the quay. The *Selimier's* small bower cable was bent round a large plane tree which shaded a fashionable *café*, in the village of Sariery, and joining Buyukderé. A first-rate tied to a tree! thus realizing the nobleman's idea, who asked Lord Anson if he tied his ship to a tree at night.

I immediately went on board Captain Kelly's steamer, where I enjoyed a good English breakfast, and a laugh at the expense of Ottoman tactics; but before quitting him the capitan pasha, with flattering expressions, offered me a handful of gold, according to Eastern custom. I expressed astonishment. He then begged me to accept any present from him that I might choose—as arms or a horse; I refused all, on the plea that having accompanied him as a friend I could not accept of a remuneration. He was rather offended, and much astonished; for I believe he was the first Turk who had ever had presents refused. Seeing, however, that he was willing to oblige me, I spoke to him in behalf of four Greek slaves on board, natives of Samothraki, who had been taken in 1826.

He invited me to accompany him in his next voyage: I consented on condition that he would have brulôts ready, and proceed to Sizopolis, or wherever else the enemy might be. He agreed, and actually prepared four brulôts, but the fleet never left the Bosphorus during the remainder of the war.

It is evident that had the Ottoman fleet been commanded by a man of energy it would have changed the fate of the war: bad as it was, had it in the first cruise that it made—an event quite unexpected, as the capture of a Russian frigate proved

—gone straight to Sizopolis and to Varna, the ships there might have been destroyed in detail. Without the co-operation of their fleet, the Russian army could not have advanced. In the second cruize it was still so much despised, that, although watched, it was deemed unnecessary to collect a force to drive it in. In Sizopolis harbour, when we were off it, were only three line of battle ships and two frigates, in consternation, expecting an attack in the morning. I learned this after the peace from Russian officers, who could not account for our sudden retreat: it surprised them as much as our appearance had done, and which they attributed to certain information on our part of their weak force. Unaccountable as it may appear, we never, during the whole campaign, had any idea of the Russian force in the Gulf of Bourgas; although the shores of the Gulf, excepting Sizopolis, were in possession of the Osmanleys until the passage of the Balkans. The fact is, that the capitan pasha did not wish to ascertain it, that he might not thereby be obliged to act on the offensive. What he had done—going off Sizopolis—he magnified to the sultan as a wonderful exploit, boasting that he had chased the enemy into port, and remained master of the Black Sea. On this laurel he resolved to rest.

The sultan knew of my excursion. He expressed his approbation of it and inclination to see me, and his secretary intimated to me that I should have the honour of a private audience. But pressing affairs intervened to disappoint me.

CHAPTER VIII.

Character of Sultan Mahmoud—His crimes—His despotism—His views of Reform—The Dere-beys—The Ayans—The Ulema—The Muderis—Judicial Education—Power and abuses of a Mollah—Services of the Ulema—Russian war—Impolitic peace—Comparison of Turks and Egyptians—Progress of the Greeks in prosperity—Their dawn of freedom—Accelerating causes—Grave error of the Porte concerning the Greeks—Their insurrection—Execution of the Greek Patriarch—Death of Khalet Effendi—Ali Pasha's head.

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative of the events which distinguished Constantinople in 1829, I will give a brief outline of Sultan Mahmoud, and of his reign.

The personal appearance of Sultan Mahmoud is favourable, giving no index of his heart. His eyes are saturnine; his complexion dark; his countenance, hedged by a fine black beard, open, at times mild, its form oval; his hands are small; his body remarkably long; his stature five feet eight inches. He is temperate as regards women, a reproach, however, rather than a merit, in a man who keeps a well-stocked harem. He is greatly influenced by the favourites of the day, who enjoy his intimacy in a degree unwitnessed in western courts since the reign of Henry III. of France. It would be incorrect to characterize him by adducing his love of blood, for it is doubtful whether cruelty can be said to be a crime with a sovereign of Turkey, who is taught to believe that he may cut off as many as fourteen heads a day, without any other motive than that of divine inspiration. Neither can his ingratitude, through which no services find merit with him when no longer wanted, or save their author from a bowstring, be deemed a peculiar shade, since that vice has long been considered to be instinctive in oriental kings. But what particularly characterizes him is unbending obstinacy. Nothing diverts him from the view he takes of an object: no laws, contracts, or dangers, swerve him from the path which leads to it. This disposition—firmness in a man of genius, idiotey in an ordinary mind—has gained him (temporarily) the end of his labours, an increase of personal power, and an extension of personal enjoyment; but has accelerated the decline of his empire more than the actions of five of his predecessors, an assertion which is corroborated by the history of his reign. He is also remarkable for avarice, a quality everywhere odious, but particularly so in the eyes of a nation among whom it is the custom, from the highest to the lowest, to give and take,—to measure love by liberality. The petty economy and unostentation which he affects would be becoming in him as the ruler of an enlightened people who would know he were only a man, but are impolitic among Mussulmans, who regard him as the vicerent of the prophet—as being superior to the ordinary race of mortals. In their estimation, generosity and splendour belong to his station, more than ever necessary, since that he has need

of popularity to make his reforms palatable. Selim III. had more tact. He did not make war on trifles, or deem it necessary, in order to effect reform, to wound every prejudice of his subjects, to let them see that he considered their ancient usages absurd, and their ancestors imbeciles for having observed them. He humoured their foibles while introducing changes. He often amused them with magnificent shows, and flattered their pride by the pomp of his appearance in public. The fine ships, the palaces he built, the manufactories (now in ruins) he established, were all calculated to blind them to his real ends: even the presses which he set up gave no great offence, when it was understood that the Koran should not be submitted to the unholy practice of squeezing. His regular troops, few in number, were looked on as a handsome toy, and Osmanleys willingly enrolled themselves, allured by the pay and appointments. In short, by these means a wholesome reform was begun without alarming the Janizzaries, whom it was Selim's object to overawe rather than destroy, since he had the sense to perceive the dangers that the empire would run from internal, as well as external, foes—the Greeks and Russians—as has since been proved, should a sudden prostration of military power ensue. But this unexpected want of opposition deceived him, and made him draw aside the veil too soon. In an evil hour he indulged his architectural mania, and built vast barracks about Constantinople capable of containing twenty thousand men. This enlightened the Janizzaries, and clearly showed them to where tended Selim's views—to the formation of a large new army. They resolved to prevent him, and in so doing brought to an untimely end the monarch who might have reformed Turkey. They gave the sabre of Othman to his cousin Mustapha, from whose feeble hands, stained with the blood of Selim, it soon passed into the stern grasp of his brother Mahmoud, then twenty-four years old, July, 1808. The same month saw *him* a fratricide: and that he might longer ensure the inviolability which that crime, by leaving him the last scion of the house of Othman,* had obtained for him, two of his

* To prevent a sultan from obtaining this protection, the Janizzaries often insisted on having the young princes of the blood placed under their

brother's women who proved with child were consigned to the deep. The fate of preceding sultans was not lost on him, and showed him the necessity of curbing the power of the Janizaries which had lately caused such fearful tragedies. He bent his energies to that point, rendered the prosperity of his empire tributary to it, and at length, after a long circuit, reached it.

Revolt, when he took the reins of government, was up from one end of Turkey to the other. The pashas of Bagdat, of Yanina, of Egypt, of St. Jean d'Acre, with others inferior, were independent; that is, they refused to yield their posts, though they paid the tribute, and over, in order to be unmolested. This proceeding had satisfied most sultans, they little caring who paid the tribute, so as it was paid, knowing that no rebel would (in fact none ever did) aspire to the throne, the line of Othman reigning, in the eyes of all classes of Mussulmans, by divine right. But Mahmoud resolved that there should be no power which did not emanate from, and depend on, his will. It is needless to enumerate the schemes he adopted to crush these powerful subjects: many succeeded. The pasha of Bagdat was poisoned, in 1812, by the agency of the celebrated Khalet Effendi, who thereby gained the first place in his master's graces: the fall of Ali Pasha of Yanina is historical: Abdallah Pasha of Acre, and Mehemet Ali of Egypt, two notorious tyrants, escaped him. Among the numerous traps which were laid to catch Mehemet Ali, the most curious was in the person of a young Circassian, sent by the sultan as a present to his trust-worthy cousin and pasha. Before leaving the seraglio, she was given a *charmed* lozenge, which she was told would have the effect of attaching her new master to her for life, provided she let it drop unseen into a glass of sherbet that he was about to drink. She arrived safe at Cairo; but Mehemet Ali, whose heart, in addition to age, and antipathy, was iced by mistrust, would not look on her; he

surveillance; in which case, they were lodged in the Eski Saray. Mahmoud II., the present sultan, is accused of having caused the death of his first-born son. His family, in 1830, consisted of three sons, the eldest nine years old, and three daughters, the eldest eighteen.

gave her to one of his officers. To be thus disparaged, was a cruel stroke for a beauty just from the imperial seraglio; but, nevertheless, submitting with a good grace to the decree of fate, she resolved to try whether her charm would not have the same effect on a bey's heart as on a pasha's. She dissolved her love philtre; the bey drank it off, was seized with death pains, and shortly after expired.

Mahmoud exercised an undoubted right in opposing the usurpations of the begler beys (great pashas), men who usually sprung from insignificance, owing their elevation to baseness, supporting it by tyranny—sycophants in the capital, tyrants in the provinces; and had he rested there, replacing them by men of integrity, if such could have been found, he would have given a solid proof of an enlarged understanding, but their reduction formed a small part only of his plan, embracing the entire subversion of the liberties of his subjects, which he narrow-sightedly supposed to be creative of the arrogance of the Janizzaries. Liberties of the subject is so strange an expression, when relating to Turkey, that to explain it I will digress, and state how the people came to possess checks against the tyranny which seemed to meet it at every turn.

These checks lay—first, in the dere beys; secondly, in the ayans; thirdly, in the ulema.

The dere beys, literally lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission, and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently

could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the *dere beys* therefore became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert; their owners had more than a life interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a *pashalick*, the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the *pasha*, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the *dere beys* was great: at a whistle, the *Car'osman-Oglous*, the *Tchapan-Oglous*, the *Ellezar-Oglous** (the principal Asiatic families that survive), could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The *dere beys* have always furnished and maintained the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The *pashas* invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The *dere bey* was sure of keeping his possessions by right; the *pasha* of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.†

These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of twenty-four sovereigns,

* The possessions of the *Car'osman-Oglous* are chiefly about Magnesia; they comprehend several cities, among them the greater part of Smyrna.

Tchapan-Oglou's estates are in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum; his distance from the capital renders him more independent. He is a very old man, and has forty sons, one of whom served in the late war as *pasha* of Rudschnk.

Ellezar-Oglou lives near Scala Nuova. This family is not to be compared with the two former, but is the third in hereditary importance. It suffered greatly in the civil war, principally from the Turkish army, which assembled at Scala Nuova, for the invasion of Samos, which, however, did not take place.

† This feudal system was increased by the *Timariots*, instituted by Amurath II., feudatories, or possessors of conquered lands in Europe, on

had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.: they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The *dere beys*—unlike the *seraglio dependents*, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman-Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employments, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the *seraglio* resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. His peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from whence they no longer hoped to reap profit; and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas.

In conjunction with subverting the *dere beys*, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of *ayans* (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of *rayas*, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e.g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman, (the lawgiver,) and the protection which they have invariably afforded the

condition of attending the sovereign in war, with their followers armed and mounted, under the immediate command of their respective pashas. The number of the *Timariots*, however, rapidly diminished, from an obvious cause; not being exempt from personal service, they were exposed to the extortions of the sultan and his viziers, and to the bow-string. In the former case, their tenants were racked for money; in the latter case, the sultan was their heir, their children were attainted in blood, and their property became wasted. Hence the reason of the desolate state of great part of Roumelia. The *Timariots*, however, of Bosnia and Albania, commonly called *beys*, still exist in number and power, but are very disaffected.

Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word. Their crime, that of the *dere beys*, was being possessed of authority not emanating from the sultan.

Had Mahmoud II. entrusted the government of the provinces to the *dere beys*, and strengthened the authority of the *ayans*, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant.

The *ulema*, or Mussulman hierarchy, is a most powerful body, its existence, founded on religion, being cemented by the respect of the nation. It is the peerage of Turkey, sole inter-medium now existing between tyranny and slavery, and as such merits a short notice concerning it.

It might easily be supposed that as law and religion are synonymous with Mussulmans, both being derived from the *koran*, that the priests and the jurists were the same. So they were intended to be by Mohammed; and as long as the occupation of his followers consisted in conquering, with the sabre in one hand, the *book* in the other, slaying or converting for the honour of God, the union of the two professions was not incompatible with convenience; but when they sat down in large social societies, the discrepancy between the peaceful adoration of the Almighty, and the management of human disputes, became so obvious, that a corresponding distinction arose in the officers of each, and their qualifications. Still the ground-work remained; the *scheik islam*, (pontiff,) acting for the sultan, is the immediate head of church and bar, the last appeal from either. From him descend two lines, the *muphtis*, *imams*, &c. (bishops, &c. ;) the *mollahs*, *kadis*, &c., (judges, &c.) In each of the Turkish cities reside a *muphti* and a *mollah*. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the *koran* in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the *medressehs*, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years' probation in a *medresseh*, the student becomes of

the class of *muderis*, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the *mollahs*, comprehended under the name of *ulema*. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the *ulema*.

The *ulema* is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the *cazi-askers*, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the *Stamboul effendisi*, (mayor of Constantinople;) the *mollahs* qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the *mollahs* qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is entrusted to *cadis*, who are nominated by the *cazi-askers* in their respective jurisdictions, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers. The *cazi-asker* of Roumelia is the superior; he particularly directs all causes relating to the army. From the *cazi-askers* the *sheik islam* is usually taken, although the sultan may appoint any member of the first class of *ulema*, to which the *muderis* arrive by seniority, to the office. The *khodja bashi*, (preceptor to the heir-apparent;) the *hunkiar imams*, (sultan's chaplains;) the *hekim bashi*, (sultan's physician;) are chosen from the first class of the *ulema*.

When Sultan Solyman settled his code, he gave the *mollahs* a fixed salary, five hundred *aspers* daily, (then worth twenty shillings, now reduced to one), and that justice might be administered, he ordained that causes should first be taken before the *muphti*, who, receiving a fee of ten *paras*, was to give a *fetwa* (opinion) by which the *mollah* should be guided. This arrangement was good in theory, but in practice it was soon apparent—and it is surprising that so wise a man as Solyman did not foresee it—that the *muphti*, who was not required to know much, was ill qualified to direct the *mollah*, who had passed so many years in the study of the intricacies of Mussulman theology,* and who, with the subtilty of law, could render

* Of nearly equal esteem with the Koran is the *Sunna*, or sayings of the prophet, collected after his death. The commentaries on these two

nugatory any honest meant fetwa, unless it by chance coincided with his own opinion. The muphtis felt their inferiority, and quietly yielded; they confined themselves to the care of the mosques, and thus the grave authority of the one, intended to check abuses open to the other, soon dwindled to a name. The position of the muphti to the mollah throughout the empire, was intended to be, relatively, as that of the scheik-islam to the sultan,—a check. But in the former case the order is reversed, while in the latter, knowledge balances power. Long study, acknowledged experience, and consummate hypocrisy, and deep practice in the ways of man, belong to the scheik-islam, with sanctity; and thus armed, he can often direct, for good or ill, the power of the sovereign. The muphti, on the contrary, has little more than the sanctity of his office to command respect.

The mollah of a city has real power; it may be said equal to that of a pasha, excepting that he has not the prerogative of cutting off heads without going through the forms of justice; even then the execution of the sentence depends on the pasha. His legal perquisites consist in a tenth of the personal effects of every Mussulman that dies in his jurisdiction, after his debts are paid: this, however, is trifling, for Mussulmans rarely leave money. His illegal profits are according to the scale of his corruption, exhibited as follows. On taking office, he fixes the price of provisions, as he should, in reference to the wants of the poor; but this not tallying with the expectant profits of trade, the butchers, the bakers, the chandlers—the three great purveyors of human wants—each depute a member to wait on the mollah. Having made his salaam, the deputy retires a few feet, and respectfully stands until the inquiring nod tells

volumes by the four first caliphs are also sacred. Then there is a fourth book, containing the canonical decisions of the principal caliphs of the early ages.

These are the four orthodox codes of Turkish jurisprudence—a perfect chaos. To facilitate their attainment, a mollah, in the reign of Bajazet II., reduced them to one code, called, for excellence, the *pearl* (indju). Another mollah improved and augmented with notes the *pearl*, which was afterwards subdivided into five divisions—religious, civil, military, criminal, political. Besides being acquainted with all this mass of laws and commentaries, the muderis must know the fetwas that have been issued by the different scheiks-islam, which alone form a large collection.

him to announce his errand. This expressive sign, which contains a volume, is always delayed some minutes, since it would ill become a man of the law to show impatience; it is more significant than speech, and so studied by the privileged order, that by it, a member of it cannot be mistaken, even though not otherwise distinguished. "Effendi," commences the deputy; "long life!—God is great!—it is for the happiness of this city that thou art come to administer justice. Verily, effendi is a well of learning, a mirror of discrimination. Please God, we shall recover from the distress to which unprincipled extortioners" (meaning preceding mollahs) "have reduced us." To these complimentary phrases the mollah answers by another expressive sign, as much as to say, this is all a, b, c—to the point. The deputy goes on to explain that although God is great, and the sultan victorious, and the effendi wise, yet if the low prices of bread, or meat, or any other article be enforced, ruin must ensue to the trades. "Ah, rascal!" now replies the mollah; "is this why thou art come—to seduce me? No; I know my duty. The poor are beloved of the prophet—are my sacred charge; if thou art devoid of conscience, I am not;—go." The deputy now produces the touchstone; he lays a purse at the mollah's feet. "Effendi, we know our duty: see, we have not delayed in expressing it." The mollah scarcely notices the gift, though his practised eye, at half a glance, scans its approximate value. "Ah! I am glad that thou knowest the respect due to my rank. Go; I am thy friend." The next day the prices of provisions are raised, and an intimation given at the same time that a similar purse is expected every month. Should the mollah be an honest man, or, which is the same thing, sufficiently rich to render an octroi no object, the trades make up the deficiency in part by using false weights and measures, running the risk of being found out by the mollah in casual visits of inspection; the consequence of detection being the bastinado, or nailing by the ear to the doorpost; in flagrant repeated cases, amputation of the nose. To avoid such admonitions, the confidential officers of the mollah are bribed to inform the tradespeople when their master is about to make them a visit, when, of course, true weights and mea-

asures only are exhibited, though this safeguard is not always effectual, because an Osmanley being by education very suspicious, the mollah in his perambulations often steps into a shop without having said a word of his intention to his chiaja: instant punishment falls on the luckless rogue of a shopman.

A valuable branch of a mollah's income may also be found under the head of false justice. If a man have a bad cause he engages two witnesses, which everywhere abound in Turkey at all prices, according to the responsibility; he then bribes the mollah, who admits their testimony without reference to their character, which is perfectly well known, and gives judgment accordingly. It is true that from time to time an upright judge appears on the stage, and makes a terrible example of such perjurers, but it noways checks the practice; corruption is so general in the east; and for one man who will not take a bribe, there are ten thousand that will.

In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against extortions of the pashas. The cadis, however, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the "serpent that crawls in the dust."

The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solyman—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoliation, they were enabled to leave their riches to their children, who were brought up to the same career, and were, by privilege, allowed to finish their studies at the medresseh in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of muderî, which their fellow citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centered in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the

capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: woe to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount; free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state, than the dere beys, who, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union.

It is strange that many Franks in Turkey hope that Sultan Mahmoud may succeed in overturning the ulema, as he has done the Janizzaries. They appear to think that no permanent reformation can take place while one of the ancient institutions exist. Who, when the machine is entirely disorganized, is to remodel it,—when every element of discontent is loosened, is to allay them,—when the fabric of centuries is violently shaken, is to consolidate it? A man who till his twenty-fourth year lived with eunuchs, since with slaves! In a country like France, where all alike are alive to one impulse, quiver to one note—*la gloire nationale*, were all existing institutions to be overturned, a talented individual might restore order shortly, for he would be aided by men of talent and by the general knowledge diffused among the community: but in Turkey, whose inhabitants are classified by separate laws, religions, and languages—by all that constitutes diversity, and whose only sentiment in common is mutual hatred, where is the man who can even suggest a mode that shall be new and acceptable? Where is the statesman, above temptation, to grapple with the universal corruption? Where is the press to persuade the people that it is well to abandon ancient forms connected with religion, for novel and unholy usages? Or, if there be a man in the empire—a modern Kuprogli—qualified

to undertake the task, is it likely that he will be found among the ministers of Mahmoud II., who are, four-fifths of them, bought slaves from Circassia, or from Georgia,—whose recommendation was a pretty face,—whose chief merit, a prostitution to the worst of vices,—whose schedule of services, successful agency in forwarding their master's treacherous schemes against his subjects?

Suppose, now the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollahships, like the pashalicks, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the seraglio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion.

The vacouf (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being free from arbitrary taxation. The mektebs (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The medressehs, imarets, (hospitals,) fountains, &c. are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepultures, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled by its power and its union, to resist royal cupidity. Without it where would be the establishments above mentioned? Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV. after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Cara Mustapha, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his own deposition. The ulema would have shown a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans. In fine, rapid as has been the decline of the Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been ten-fold more rapid but for the privileged orders—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful

weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janizzaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

Mahmoud's reign was early marked by a Russian war, in which, his innovations not being yet sufficiently broached to create disgust, he collected one hundred and fifty thousand men in Bulgaria. He might have turned this war to his permanent advantage; but he listened to England, allowed himself to be won by some trifling advantages, conceded by Russia, and concluded peace at a time when an alliance with Napoleon, marching on Moscow, would have effectually embarrassed his empire of a constant foe. By the peace of Bucharest, he was confirmed (conditionally) in the possession of Moldavia and Wallachia,—who has them now?—and eighty thousand Russians were set free to act on the flank of the French army. He was too much occupied by internal reform to heed foreign politics. He took Mehemet Ali for his guide; and the rule of Mehemet Ali was to extort money from every source, by any means—to render himself sole proprietor of Egypt. An enlarged view of things, joined to unparalleled cruelty and duplicity, with a perfect knowledge of the evil ways of mankind in the East, gained during the various phases of his life, (he has been a cavedgi, a tobacco merchant, a chavass, a klephte, a bim bashi, a pasha,) enabled him to succeed. Excepting cruelty, Mahmoud had none of these advantages; truth never found the way to his ear, and he always saw with others' eyes—the natural consequences of his station. He thought that the other owed his success entirely to having overturned existing institutions, and he flattered himself, when he should have accomplished the same, to be able to rule Turkey and to till it. But he had different materials to work on. The Fellahs had always been slaves, and, therefore, Mehemet Ali found no difficulty in retaining them slaves—to labour and perish as he willed. The Turks, on the contrary, had never been slaves, nor would they slave patiently. In virtue of this difference of character, Egypt is a hundred-fold more productive than it was previous to the destruction of the Mamelukes, (March 1st, 1811,) at the same

time a hundred-fold deeper plunged in misery. Turkey every year becomes more desolate. Mehemet Ali, with all his craft, might have failed in the latter country; Mahmoud might have succeeded in the former.

While intent on depriving his Mussulman subjects of their freedom, Mahmoud did not perceive that his Grecian subjects were silently, but rapidly, extending theirs.

Since forty years the condition of the Greeks had been sensibly ameliorating. The islanders, it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The wars attendant on the French revolution gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean: on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent. *ad valorem*, to the Sultan's custom-houses. The great demand of the English merchants for Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tarsus, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen, in consequence, numerously frequenting the fairs at Leipsic. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Selim III.—principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra; and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Europe for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires. But the general rule, applicable

to notions as well as to individuals, that an object, however ardently aspired after, when attained is chiefly valued as a stepping-stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them farther prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—showed them, in a word, the vista of independence. Were they right in going towards it? The means which enabled them to do so had been obtained by an accumulation of advantages enjoyed peaceably through the favour or remissness (the same thing) of the sultan. Should they have repaid them by revolt? On the general question, strangers may differ in opinion; but the people interested cannot. It can never admit that it owes gratitude for any other boon than the freedom which it considers as unjustly withheld—scarcely then: all benefits, short of that one, are received as part payment only of an old debt, and are considered rightful arms to second the noblest impulse of the human mind. Yet, this well-known generous sentiment unhappily warns a politic sovereign of such a people to hold it in stern bondage until it be completely amalgamated with his orthodox subjects; to which end no semblance of a separate existence—as mock parliaments, universities, national guards—should be permitted to it; for such foster the seeds of cherished recollections—the spirit of national individuality—which must ever be ready to germinate, and by which every citizen feels it a sacred duty to oppose the foreign yoke, however light it be, though lighter than the one he bore under his native princes. This feeling is an heirloom, and no oaths or contracts, in opposition to it, are considered binding; nor should their infraction be regarded as a stigma.

It is painful to behold oppression in any shape, but, considering the world as it is, and the principle that every man is justified in keeping his own, I do not understand how a sovereign, who inherits a province that was formerly independent, can be accused of tyranny in employing severe measures, consistent with humanity, to retain the allegiance of its inhabitants. He may have the warmest wishes, the most enlightened views in their behalf, but the history of nations is an imperious

lesson: it teaches him that his generosity will be construed into weakness; that every imprudent concession will become a weapon against him. As long, therefore, as civilized Europe permits ambitious sovereigns to annex small states to their empires, it is inconsistent to expect that their spoliated inhabitants can be allowed the privileges of freemen.

The fall of Napoleon, while it assured the bondage of Poland, and established an imperial inquisition, gave the Greeks facilities for developing their ideas of independence. Many French and Italians were by this event thrown on their wits; men of talents and enterprise, equally ready to support a military despot, or to preach the doctrines of liberty. Turning their eyes towards Greece, as to a theatre where profit and glory might be reaped, they saw that her sons only wanted an impulse to start on the career of revolution, and they gave it by mixing with those who were on the continent for pleasure or study. The youthful Greeks thus incited, inflamed each other, and all to whom they spoke on the inspiring subject; Greek mercantile houses gave substantial support, and many influential persons throughout Europe added weight by their approbation to the plot against the sultan. As early as 1815, a secret society, which had been gradually extending its opinions since 1812, was organized. It ramified over the Ottoman dominions, and had correspondents in most of the capitals of Europe. Its agents were established at Constantinople, and the principal cities of European Turkey. The entire Greek population, clergy, nobles, and people, was canvassed. Still the Porte had not an idea of its operations, and, when at length warned by some of the Frank ambassadors, refused credence to them. Its authorities throughout Greece were equally ignorant of what was preparing, excepting Ali Pasha, who was in correspondence with the chiefs of the society; he began to dread the vengeance of Mahmoud, which was bearing towards him, and he hoped, by joining his name to the cause of liberty, to become king of Greece. He reckoned on the attachment of the Armatolis, who had been long under his command while Dervendji Bashi, (guardian of the roads,) but he did not take

into account the unpopularity which his excessive cruelty, during twenty years, had procured for him.

The state of Turkey during the hatching of the conspiracy was singularly favourable to its success. The obnoxious policy of the Sultan, in monopolizing the trade in corn, and on other subjects, caused a general rising throughout Asia Minor in 1816. The ministers, as usual, were charged with the responsibility; that year the grand vizir was changed four times. In 1818 Georgia openly revolted and entered into relations with Russia, which relations greatly tended to Paskewitch's success in 1828-29. In 1819 Constantinople was a prey to fire, pestilence, and a sedition of the Janizzaries.

The explosion of the Greek mine was fixed for the spring of 1822, but circumstances anticipated it by a year. Sultan Mahmoud, although he apparently love, never forgives a rebel; although he load him with favours, and bestow governments on his sons, they are only lures to draw him to ruin. In the summer of 1820, he declared Ali Pasha at the ban of the empire, and charged Kourschid, begler bey of the Morea, with his reduction. Kourschid immediately marched with the greater part of the troops belonging to his government, leaving his caimacan as his deputy at Tripolitza. The stupid anger of Mahmoud against Ali made him thus commit the irreparable fault of ungarrisoning the Morea when he was beginning to be conscious of an extensive plan of insurrection among its inhabitants. Suspecting, however, that Ali was leagued with it, he thought, perhaps, by crushing him, to paralyze the other. He had yet to learn that the cunning tyrant of Epirus, who had so long made tools of others, was now a tool himself. He had always seen a rebel province submit when its chief was taken off; he had never had occasion to consider the people as worthy of attention, and therefore his blind policy, supposing Ali the chief of the Hellenists, was somewhat excusable. The education of Ottoman princes is ill-calculated to give an idea of the strength of a people, though slaves, when united for a common cause. Kourschid's unexpected prompt success at Yanina, gave, however, the sultan an opportunity of retrieving his error, or

rather of making it appear as the opening of a brilliant plan of campaign, but his apprehension of all that had been under Ali Pasha's direct rule, joined to the mistaken idea he had of that rebel's connexion with the Hellenists, prevailed, and instead of ordering back Kourschid to the Morea, he directed him to employ his victorious troops in subduing the Souliotes with other Albanian tribes, which the death of Ali had set free; and shortly afterwards, when those troops were thinned by desertions and disorganized, he sent to the caimacan at Tripolitza a firman—a firman which should have had a strong army to back it—to disarm the Moreotes. No measure could have been so propitious for them. The most important, and involving consideration in a well-schemed insurrection, is that its irruption be simultaneous. Previous arrangements are inadequate to effect this desideratum, from the clashing interests to be consulted, the many objections, as to time and place, to be overcome. It is, therefore, earnestly to be desired by the chiefs of the plot, that the government may commit an act of rigour calculated to affect every individual, to act as a touchstone on the passions of all. Such was this order to the caimacan; from the bishop to the priest, from the noble to the peasant it was resented, and created unanimity on one point—resistance; which resistance, passive at first, in consequence of the prestige attached to Ottoman prowess, soon, through the vacillating policy of the Porte, too proud or ignorant to conciliate, too contemptuous of the Greeks to act with timely vigour, became active.

Germanos, bishop of Patrass, first raised the cross at Kalavryta, March 1821. Patrass followed the example. The flame spread, or rather flew. Mavromichali, Colocotrino, (Klephte chiefs,) Mavrocordato, Demetrius Ipsilanti, (Fanariote nobles,) took the lead. Before June the Osmanleys were everywhere driven from the field, and before October of the same year, the half of their fortresses were compelled to yield for want of provisions. Simultaneously with Germanos' movement, Alexander Ipsilanti crossed the Pruth, March 7, with the sacred battalion. He called on the Christians to take up arms against their Turkish oppressors, promising the support of Russia;

but without success, the Moldavians having suffered too long and too bitterly from the oppression of the Hospodars to feel sympathy with the cause of their countrymen. The sacred battalion, therefore, after performing prodigies of valour at Dragheshan, was cut in pieces by a body of Delhis; Ipsilanti then retreated into Austria, where he was quietly immured.

The news of the insurrection was received at Constantinople with rage on the part of the Osmanleys, with apprehension on the part of the Greeks. The Fanariote nobles and the clergy trembled, and with reason, for they were all acquainted with the plot, although they might hope to escape detection. Their denouncer was at hand. Khalet Effendi was still Mahmoud's favourite. This man, in the early part of his life, had been ambassador at Paris above a year, whence he returned tinctured with infidelity and liberalism, which made him entertain ideas, (as many enlightened Osmanleys have,) on the propriety of placing the Greeks on a level with Mussulmans. By his intimacy with the Greeks of the capital, he obtained a half knowledge of the designs of the Hellenists, but did not betray them, because he was led to believe that they coincided with his views, which no ways tended to separate Greece from the empire. He seconded them by procuring the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia for prince Michael Soutzo and prince Caradjak, the latter of whom, on the breaking out of the revolution, fled into Austria, while the former joined Ipsilanti. This defection struck Mahmoud; he remembered the interest that his favourite had exerted for them, and he taxed him with treachery. In Turkey there is no great shade of distinction between accusation and proof; nor is it considered necessary to wait for the latter to execute punishment. Khalet Effendi knew this, and judged that the only way to save his life was to show as great hatred to the Greeks as he was supposed to have friendship. He spared no person, but by his allegations fanned the flame of his master's rage, which was also ably seconded by the Janizzaries. Easter-day, April 22, 1821, was disgraced by the murder of the patriarch Gregory; he was seized at the altar, and hung in his robes at the door of

the Metropolitan church.* Above twenty bishops were also hung in and about Constantinople, with a crowd of nobles and inferior clergy; and the populace seconded their sovereign by slaying the unfortunate Greeks who ventured into the streets. Orders were sent to the principal cities to repeat the same scenes for the honour of God and the prophet.

This horrible butchery was not only a foul crime, but a deep political fault. The sultan's apologists—(he has some, Christians too, even on this point, as well as a Christian precedent, in the murder of the Archbishop of Arles, the Bishops of Beauvais and of Saintes, and of two hundred and fifty priests at Paris, September 2nd, 1792)—gloss it over, and term it a political stroke, to ascertain, at once, the extent of the insurrection, and where to act. It fully succeeded. The wind, that bore the sad news to the Archipelago, dispersed all traces of lingering allegiance. The islands which had determined to remain neuter joined the sacred cause, and every Greek saw that his only refuge lay in arms. The timid imagined their fate in that of their patriarch, in case they fell into the tyrant's gripe; the brave swore to avenge his death; and the senate, assembling at Calamata, proclaimed these sentiments.

In the midst of this tragedy, Abdallah Pasha alone, of the Ottoman grandees, had the courage to approach the sultan. He told him that his head was his, but, till he deprived him of it, it was his duty to counsel him for his honour, and the honour of the empire. He declared the heinous fault of driving the Greeks to desperation; he accused Khalet Effendi of having deceived them for his individual profit, denounced

* The corpse, after being dragged by Jews through the streets of the Phanar, was thrown into the Propontis, where the stones which sunk it becoming detached, it floated to the surface. The captain of a Russo-greco vessel, passing at the time, was attracted by the venerable white beard. Recognising the body, he took it on board, embalmed it, and conveyed it to Odessa. It was there laid in state, dressed in rich patriarchal vestments, sent expressly by the Emperor Alexander, and then interred with every possible honour. It was Gregory's third time of being patriarch. The first was marked by the hostile arrival of the English fleet, on which occasion, for the zeal he displayed in animating the labourers employed in throwing up ramparts, he received a pelisse of honour from the hands of Selim III. The second he passed in wordy warfare with his intriguing bishops, who obtained his deposition. The third gained him the crown of martyrdom.

him as a traitor in having counselled the executions, and demanded his immediate expulsion from the capital. He was supported by the Scheik Islam, and by the principal members of the ulema, who showed, by their conduct throughout this affair, that they were worthy of being ministers of a milder religion. Mahmoud yielded. The following day he created Abdallah grand vizir, and banished Khalet Effendi to Cogni; but before taking leave of his favourite, he gave him a written protection for his life, assuring him, that whatever might ultimately happen, it should avail. Khalet embraced his kind master's feet, and, depending on his talisman, quitted Stamboul, with the hope of again seeing its minarets. Vain hope! He was yet two days from the place of his exile, when a capidgi bashi overtook him. Khalet, with a slight misgiving, showed his protection, and observed there was some mistake. "There is," replied the capidgi: "see, the date of my order is later than the date of yours, which is thereby useless." Khalet still insisted that it was a mistake, that the sultan could not have contradicted himself, in a few days, on so essential a point, (in Khalet's opinion,) and he begged the capidgi to return to Constantinople, and assure himself. "God is great!" rejoined the capidgi; "thou speakest nonsense; dost think that I am tired of wearing my head? Thy paper, I tell thee, is of no use; submit with grace, and bless our Lord, the sultan, who, in condemning thee, assures thee of the joys of paradise." This was cruel mockery to Khalet, who doubted very much the efficacy of such a recipe for reaching heaven. However, there was no remedy. He laid down his last pipe, —(he was sitting on the divan of a village aga,)—and was twisted into eternity by the cordon of his own sabre. Thus perished the minister of Mahmoud's vices for nearly ten years. He, perhaps, thought, with Wolsey, "Had I but served my God," &c. without more reason, since both, in serving their sovereign, only thought of serving themselves. His name is held in horror by the Greeks; if one of them wish to describe a monster of iniquity, Khalet Effendi is the model.

The sultan had a certain mode of crushing the insurrection in its egg, which was by pitting Ali Pasha against it, instead

of outlawing *him*. The crafty tyrant, when he found himself blockaded in his castle, and the dupe of the Hellenists, came, though too late, to a sense of his error. To a natural wish to save his head, whitened by eighty-three winters, was joined a desire to wreak vengeance on a people whom he despised; and he would have deemed his sanguinary life well terminated, had he employed its last months in massacring the Greeks, renewing with an army of Albanians the scenes of 1770. He made propositions for pardon, offering to abort the revolt. Nor did he assume what he could not perform. His former relations with the Hellenists gave him a secret power against them: he was intimately acquainted with the Klephte chiefs, who had most of them been his creatures, and whom he had never found insensible to the charms of gold: his possession of Kiapha Castle* insured the neutrality of the Suliotes; and he was the hero of the Albanians, theme of their songs, loved by them for his valour in spite of his tyranny, with an influence over them which no one since Scanderbeg had obtained, so that he would have had no difficulty in making them march under him to the Morea, or to any other place for plunder. They deserted him in his extremity, partly from a reluctance to oppose the sultan, but principally from the defection, owing to his avarice, of some of their chiefs, particularly Omer Bey, Ali's trusted follower, who opened the passes of Pindus to the Ottoman force under Ismael Pasha.

Supposing, however, that Mahmoud had calculated the extent of the insurrection, had known that it was independent of Ali, still it is not probable, considering his character, that he would have suffered the policy of accepting his offer to weigh against the desire of being revenged, now that he had the power, on a subject, who, for twelve years, had walked on the edge of the gulf of rebellion. He satiated his vengeance by cutting off every branch of so sturdy a tree, even to an innocent

* When Ali Pasha had subdued the Suliotes, after seventeen years' war, he built the castle of Kiapha in the centre of their fastnesses. In his extremity he gave it up to them as the price of their co-operation. This should have secured their independence after his death; but, owing to their dissensions, the Osmanleys took it from them. They then bade adieu to their hills, and retired to the Ionian Isles.

boy, twelve years old, Ali's youngest grandson. The Tartar who bore the head to Constantinople was surrounded by crowds, in the towns where he stopped, who could scarcely credit that it was the terrible Ali's; and the brave mountaineers wept, for they remembered the feats of his youth. Its exposition at the seraglio gate filled the Constantinopolitans with astonishment, and the sultan with joy. Short-sighted man! That head was the head of the Hercules who might have crushed the hydra, Revolt. Time in a few years would have laid it in the dust; what time will sear the full-grown necks of liberty?

CHAPTER IX.

Beys of Albania—Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea—Revolt and slaughter of the Janizzaries—Peter the Great and the Strelitzes—Mahmoud and Amurath—The Nizam Dgeditt and the Janizzaries—Turkish prejudices—Erroneous policy of the Sultan—A parallel of civilized and uncivilized states—Consternation at Constantinople on the battle of Navarine—Reflections on the Greek question—Departure of the ambassadors—Alarm of the Merchants—Exile of the Catholic Armenians—Emperor of Russia's Manifest—The Sultan's answer—Advance of the Russian army—Sultan's preparations for War.

It is foreign to my purpose to follow the progress of the Grecian war—the blunders, the barbarities, the cavillings, on both sides—it has been detailed in many tomes. But it is curious to observe how Mahmoud, notwithstanding its distraction, perseveringly followed the grand object of his life—the destruction of the Janizzaries, and the abasement of the powerful chieftains. With Machiavelian policy he designed the civil war as an instrument.

Mustapha Pasha, hereditary bey of Scutari, was pre-eminent in Upper Albania. The vicinity and power of Ali Pasha had caused him to be previously unnoticed; but on the death of the latter, Mahmoud perceived the youthful bey, then twenty-five years old, guilty of ancestral rights. He recollected his father,* the notorious rebel, and he knew the influence of his

* Cara Mahmoud, shut up with eighty men in his castle at Scutari, resisted twenty thousand of the sultan's troops, whom at length he caused to be dispersed or massacred, by fomenting an insurrection among the Guegues. The sultan then confirmed him in his honours. But Cara Mahmoud did not

family with the warlike beys of Bosnia. To weaken him, therefore, he commanded him to raise and maintain twenty thousand men for the war in western Greece, and to command them in person, under the seraskier pasha, who had also an army of Albanians. Mustapha obeyed, as far as raising the army, but took care to effect nothing. He marched twice from his capital to the Gulf of Lepanto, and back again. In one of these excursions, while encamped near Carpenisi, Marco Botzaris attacked him at midnight, with a band of devoted followers; penetrating to the horse-tailed tent, he was on the point of doing the sultan a great favour, when the pasha awaking, escaped by cutting an aperture in the canvas with his ataghan. The heroic Greek was then surrounded, and received death and immortality at the same moment.

Mehemet Ali was also requested to expose some of his disciplined troops to the chances of war, in the Morea. He hesitated; but, at length, being hard pressed by threats and promises, also rather intimidated by the fall of the powerful Ali Pasha, thereby attributing greater power to the sultan than he really possessed, sent his son, Ibrahim Pasha, to Modon, with ten thousand men, February, 1825. The jealousies of the Greeks were then at such a pitch, paralyzing energy and patriotism, that had Ibrahim pleased, he would have conquered the Morea that year. He marched through its defiles without encountering opposition; looked at Napoli di Romania, on the possession of which hung the fate of Greece; burnt the ruins of Tripolitza, and then returned to the west coast, and cantoned his troops. Ibrahim has been generally accused of stupidity in not taking more advantage, that campaign, of the prostrate condition of the enemy. I suspect, however, that the true cause lay in his father's instructions. Mehemet Ali was too much alive to his own interests to wish to forward the sultan's views. He did not feel sufficiently powerful to resist openly; but, while co-operating with an

long survive the triumph. In a war with the Montenegrins, 1795, he was taken prisoner in the pass of Cettigni, by his implacable foe, the bishop of Montenegro, who cut off his head, and placed it in his own chamber, in the convent of Cettigni, where it may still be seen.

efficient army, he probably commanded his son to husband his resources, by being a spectator, rather than an actor. Ibrahim's career, until his expulsion in 1828, supports this opinion. The only important affair he engaged in was the siege of Missolonghi. There he fairly assisted Redschid Pasha; but at Navarine his fleet as fairly betrayed Tahir Pasha. The promise of annexing the Morea to his government was a poor bait to Mehemet Ali, who was not deterred by the difficulty of the conquest, which he would have accomplished by means of gold—an arm against which, well handled, the Greeks are truly impotent; but he foresaw, that to keep a country of bold and hardy brigands under, and render it productive, would occasion a drain of Egyptian troops and treasure, which would, in the sequel, leave him defenceless, an easy prey to Sultan Mahmoud, who, he was perfectly aware, only wanted the opportunity to crush him.

Warned by the example of others, these two chiefs thus avoided the snares spread for them. The Janizzaries were less fortunate. Each campaign a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople when, May 30, 1826, the sultan issued a hatti scherrif concerning the formation of "a new victorious army." This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janizzaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece: they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived: they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15 following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Husseyin, the aga of the Janizzaries, was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garrisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiondgis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sandjack scherrif was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels.

Still, no ways daunted, the Janizzaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Husseyin, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them, in the name of the prophet, to submit to the sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted, favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Husseyin repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. "Now or never," he replied to the sultan, "is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janizzaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me." Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Husseyin, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Etmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove

with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last.*

The bonfire of their bones and barracks still smoked, when Husseyin repaired to the sultan, and told him that the terrible Janizzaries were destroyed—all excepting their chief;—"I am that chief, and offer thee his head." Mahmoud embraced him, and named him on the spot superior to all pashas, by the title of aga pasha. The next day a hatti scheriff was read in the mosques declaring the Janizzaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This event was so unexpected, as well as extraordinary, that Europe almost unanimously voted Mahmoud the title of "great," and prophesied that Turkey would resume her place among powerful nations. The illusion has not entirely ceased: nor should it cease could one argument be brought forward to justify it. Posterity awards the distinction of "great" to few men, since, at its tribunal, splendid actions are judged by their motives. Peter of Russia has incontestably the clearest right to it; for he voluntarily sacrificed, *pro tempore*, power and wealth, and descended to the level of mankind, that he might reform himself before attempting to reform others; a lesson which an ordinary mind could not have submitted to learn. It is not his fault, that on the foundation he laid his successors have raised a superstructure of astounding despotism, and converted an honourable profession—the army—into a vehicle for galling slavery. After destroying the Strelitzes, he did not apply the arbitrary power thus gained to subverting the ancient institutions of the Muscovites, but to the enforcement of national principles, and he used his superior knowledge with as little selfishness as was compatible with human nature. Mahmoud's policy, on the contrary, in increasing his power, was alien to the happiness of his subjects. "Oh!" exclaim

* The after and more disagreeable task of hunting out the fugitive Janizzaries, and their warm partizans, was entrusted to Khosrew Pasha, who kept open the shambles several months. Five thousand fell under the grand blow, and in the whole, twenty or twenty-five thousand are supposed to have perished throughout the empire.

&c. were connected with the Janizzaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbade the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janizzarism was only a branch grafted on a wide spreading tree, that it sprung from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries; a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration. Some people excuse this conduct, and say that the repugnance attending it would have passed away with the generation, and that the next would not have thought more of turbans and shulwars, than the Highlanders think of bonnets and kilts. I doubt that: the Highlanders were part, part only of the body; the Turks compose the body. At all events, *supposing* the regulations politic, they should have been deferred until the sultan had power to enforce them. His own language has a proverb applicable—"Do not take a man by the beard unless you can cut off his head." I verily believe that an effendi of Bagdad, or of Aleppo, or of Damascus, who still believes that the Ottomans are invulnerable, and that his padischah invests the kral of Christendom with their crowns, would rather lose his right hand than appear abroad without his turban, and consent sooner to lose his head than to shave his beloved beard, which grew with his strength, the solacer of his ennui, the rival of his comboloyo in employing his fingers. I readily believe the story told of Dom —, governor of Goa, that he obtained a large sum of money on the security of his whiskers. To Englishmen, the impolicy of altering the dress of a half

civilized military nation is more apparent than to other Franks, since it is known that a similar determination, relating to the Anglo-Indian army, led to the mutiny at Vellore, 1806. The governor-general would be ill advised, who ordered the native troops to shave their moustaches.

If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janizzaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janizzarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste.* Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c. gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere beys, and of the Janizzaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery.

* In 1829-30, they were obliged to send to Smyrna from the interior of Asia Minor for corn—an unprecedented circumstance, for Smyrna had hitherto drawn her supplies from the interior, instead of importing foreign corn.

Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produced him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion produced by misery.

Travellers are apt to laud Mehemet Ali: but let them consider the condition of his subjects—let them recollect what they must have seen, the multitudes labouring naked in the cotton and rice grounds, goaded on by overseers, the numbers perishing on the banks of the canal, or in the towns,—the only bar between life and death, of those who survive a few years, black bread and the water of the Nile, their only enjoyment—shared with animals, as transitorily and as soullessly—multiplying their wretched species,—they will not wish his doctrines to be extended to Turkey. If the attributes of civilization,—armies, fleets, canals, roads, palaces,—can only be obtained by similar means, humanity would decline them. We admire the pyramids for their grandeur, and their antiquity, and their astronomical position; but our admiration would be mingled with disgust at the tyrants who founded them, were the thousands, sacrificed in toil for their mighty whims, engraved on the bases.

Civilization, forced, is as inimical to a people's happiness as is a constitution abruptly presented. That deprives them of their liberties; this of their judgment: the shackles of the former are felt, before the corresponding silken bands are fitted to disguise the iron; the condescension of the latter is abused before its beauty is respected: the one sharpens the sword of state; the other puts clubs in the hands of the mob. For the

former hypothesis look at Russia; for the latter observe France.

When a nation, comparatively barbarous, copies the finished experience of a highly civilized state, without going through the intermediate stages of advancement, the few are strengthened against the many, the powerful armed against the weak. The sovereign, who before found his power (despotic in name) circumscribed, because with all the will, he had not the real art of oppressing, by the aid of science finds himself a giant—his mace exchanged for a sword. In scanning over the riches of civilization, spread out before him for acceptance, he contemptuously rejects those calculated to benefit his people, and chooses the modern scientific governing machine, result of ages of experiments, with its patent screws for extracting blood and treasure,—conscription and taxation. He hires foreign engineers to work it, and waits the promised result—absolute power. His subjects, who before had a thousand modes of avoiding his tyranny, have not now a loop-hole to escape by: the operations of the uncorroding engine meet them at every turn, and, to increase their despair, its movement accelerates with use, and winds closer their chains. A people thus taken by surprise, and thrown off their guard, will be centuries before they acquire sufficient knowledge—every beam of which is carefully hid from them by the clouds of despotism—to compare their situation with that of their neighbours—(who, although ruled by the same means, have advantages to counterbalance its weight)—to assert human rights, and to dare to say “we are men.” In the mean time, they are dispersed, or collected, or worked, as cattle; suffered to perish of disease, or starve, as things of no import; compelled to march like puppets from zone to zone, for the caprice of one man—to slaughter and be slaughtered for his pleasure; and if any one, using his reason, pronounce such proceedings against the eternal fitness of things, he is denounced as revolutionary, an enemy of order, little short of mad, and unfit to live. Such are the fruits which civilization, so called, has produced in one country. Newspapers act as oil to the engine, are, under such auspices, the direst enemies of freedom and rational reform, simply because they dare only espouse one side of a question,

the side which suits the powers that are. Even supposing, which is not probable, the editors to have anything dearer at heart than their own profits, they dare not expose corruption in the heads of departments, and therefore, as a *juste milieu* is seldom the part of a newspaper, they applaud their measures, however tyrannical, the more particularly if they receive money for so doing. It is a long time in any state before the press acquires sufficient respectability, as well as independence, to expose abuses; until that time it only serves to abet them. The Smyrna Gazette, or Courier d'Orient, for an apposite example, is edited by a Frenchman, M. Blaque: M. Blaque is a clever man, and, when his subject is France, or England, or Russia, a violent liberal, a scoffer of kings, a declaimer against tyranny; but, at the same time, there is not a warmer defender than M. Blaque of the arbitrary proceedings of Sultan Mahmoud and his officers, as the columns of his paper bear testimony. We have read in them a palliation of that most cruel and unjust act of the sultan, banishing the Armenians from the capital, in 1828. We have read in them apologies for Abdallah, pasha of St. Jean d'Acre, the veriest tyrant, on a small scale, that ever breathed. We have read in them panegyrics on the talents and ministerial qualities of Mustapha effendi, the sultan's secretary and Ganymede, the most empty-headed coxcomb that ever rolled a turban or presented a chibouque. And we have read in them article after article on the courage and devotion of the Ottoman troops in 1829, at the time that those troops were fleeing from before the Cossacks without having waited to be seen by them. I cannot suppose that M. Blaque had the option of being silent, not to mention severe, on such men and such measures, which would, had they related to any other country, have dipped his pen in gall: his line of conduct, therefore, shows that the establishment of gazettes in Turkey, though exceedingly captivating in sound, quite refreshing to the ears of liberals, a harbinger of freedom, is in fact very anti-liberal, a corruption promoter, an ægis for the greatly wicked.

It is curious to observe the similarity of advantages which are enjoyed by nations in opposite spheres of knowledge, and

separated by perfectly distinct manners and religion. Hitherto the Osmanley has enjoyed by custom some of the dearest privileges of freemen, for which Christian nations have so long struggled. He paid nothing to the government beyond a moderate land-tax, although liable, it is true, to extortions, which might be classed with assessed taxes. He paid no tithes, the *vacouf* sufficing for the maintenance of the ministers of Islamism. He travelled where he pleased without passports; no custom-house officer intruded his eyes and dirty fingers among his baggage; no police watched his motions, or listened for his words. His house was sacred. His sons were never taken from his side to be soldiers, unless war called them. His views of ambition were not restricted by the barriers of birth and wealth: from the lowest origin he might aspire without presumption to the rank of pasha; if he could read, to that of grand vizir; and this consciousness, instilled and supported by numberless precedents, ennobled his mind, and enabled him to enter on the duties of high office without embarrassment. Is not this the advantage so prized by free nations? Did not the exclusion of the people from posts of honour tend to the French revolution? I might infinitely extend the parallel existing between nations removed by ages of knowledge. One more example, rather burlesque, however, than correct. The Janizzaries of Constantinople somewhat resembled a chamber of deputies, for they often compelled their sovereign to change his ministers, and any talented, factious member among them, with the art of inflaming men's passions, was sure to obtain a good employment in order to appease him.

For this freedom—this capability of realizing the wildest wishes—what equivalent does the Sultan offer? It may be said none. I do not think that the Osmanleys would have objected to a uniform system of government, with the burthen of a standing army which would have defended their honour, provided their liberties had been respected. But instead of engrafting his plans on the old system, which—embracing a respected hierarchy, an hereditary noblesse, and a provincial magistracy—offered such facilities, with a studious care not to

shock prejudices, idle, but sanctified, to make it appear that he aimed at rendering European subservient to Asiatic, rather than Asiatic to European manners, he rejected all subterfuge, and prematurely disclosed his schemes of self-aggrandizement and appropriation, which disgusted his subjects, and changed their respect for him into something less than honour.

I will now return to the affairs of Greece, which form so important an episode in the reign of Mahmoud II.

The scheme to which he had made the civil war subservient, viz. the destruction of the Janizzaries, having succeeded, he prepared to show the world that he had the power, though delayed, of reducing his revolted subjects, and to which he was warmly impelled, by their having rejected his offers, twice repeated, of amnesty. The success attending his arms immediately afterwards seemed to promise a speedy termination to the war. The middle of August, 1826, Athens surrendered to the Seraskier, Redschid Pasha, who was ably seconded in his operations by Omer* Pasha of the Negroponte. In the Morea also, Ibrahim Pasha, whose father was alarmed at the power the Sultan had displayed, showed greater activity: he established himself on the borders of Maina, and made several attempts to reduce its hardy inhabitants, though without success. The northern shore of the Gulf of Lepanto was cleared by the Albanian mercenaries in the service of the Porte; and the most efficient weapon was everywhere ably employed—money. The most influential of the patriots were bought; letters intercepted proved the defection of the Grievos family, then in possession of the Palamithe castle; and the Sultan showed his determination on the subject, by rejecting the intervention of the ambassadors of France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England, June 1827. The net was fairly spread. The end of that year would have seen the Moreotes again under the sabre, had not the battle of

* This person, the greatest proprietor of the island, lived as a private individual till the breaking out of the revolution, when he exerted himself as a true Osmanley, by raising his peasantry and preserving order among the Greek inhabitants, by whom he was much esteemed. Colonel Fabvier, with his tactics, attacked him, but was completely routed, and barely escaped. He never troubled him again.

Navarine interposed. Could not a better mode have been adopted for saving Greece? In my opinion the treaty of the 6th of July, with all due deference to its framers, betrayed an utter ignorance of the Turkish character. It was supposing too much that, when on the point of re-occupying a province, the Sultan would yield it to a few threats, which, as inculcated by Austria, were not intended to lead to any thing serious; it appearing improbable that England would assist Russia in her designs against Turkey. Moreover, the Turks do not comprehend threats; they require facts, and, being themselves scrupulous in observing the laws of nations, they thought that hostilities would be preceded by the usual formalities of declaring war, and by the departure of the ambassadors. Had the latter course been adopted, the result would have been much more satisfactory. The Sultan would have protested against the injustice of the allies, but would never have affronted the gigantic odds. His fleet would have remained in port; his pashas have stayed their march; and the Morea would have been occupied, to the great disappointment of the Russian cabinet, without firing a gun. Its pacification and settlement, with its adjuncts, Attica, &c., not settled four years after, would have immediately followed as a matter of course; for, though the Mussulmans pretend that their religion does not allow them to give their possessions to infidels, they make no scruple of yielding them on the compulsion of war, and, the treaty once signed, the subject is soon forgotten.

No colours can paint the dismay at Constantinople when the news of the "untoward" event arrived. The Franks of all denominations trembled for their lives. Well for them that the Janizzaries no longer existed, or no consideration would have saved them! The English ambassador first heard of it over land from Smyrna. The following day the dragomans of the French and English embassies repaired to the reis effendi, and imparted the disaster, concealing, however, its extent, and imputing the entire blame to the Turkish fleet, an adroit representation, which, backed by others to the same purport, by the ambassadors in person, had the desired effect. It warded the indignation of the Mussulmans from the

Franks; but it placed the head of poor Tahir Pasha in a jeopardy. No insurance-office would then have given him a fortnight's purchase. Fortunately contrary winds detained him twenty days *en voyage* from Navarine, in which time the Porte had time to digest its loss, and be somewhat reconciled to the decrees of hismet, (destiny,) though I believe that this doctrine was never more unwillingly bowed to than at that moment.

Tahir's anchor was scarcely dropped in the Golden Horn, when a capidji bashi boarded him to conduct him to the sultan. His interrogatory was not long. He briefly told *his* tale, which very naturally, if not justly, contradicted the other. He then stood resigned, waiting the signal of death or life; for, though conscious of innocence, of not having disobeyed his master's orders, he had been unfortunate, and the annals of Ottoman history tell us that no crime is more severely punished. After a terrible pause, he was told to return on board his ship.*

The smothered anger of the sultan now burst into fury. Tahir Pasha's version of the affair soon circulated through the city; the populace deeply murmured, and for three days a massacre of the Franks was apprehended. It is even said that the sultan was on the point of authorizing it; but his ministers, in cooler blood, among whom was foremost Khosrew Pasha, threw themselves at his feet, and besought him to pause, to consider the inevitable consequences of such a proceeding.

Greece, after this, was a sore subject to the sultan, and it would have been wise to have deferred renewing the discussion of it for some months, giving him time to cool. The object of the treaty of London—the safety of the Greeks—was virtually accomplished, for hostilities had ceased between them and their opponents. But the ambassadors of France, Russia, and England, thought it was best to strike while the iron was hot, and therefore addressed note after note to the reis effendi demanding the fulfilment of the treaty, accompanied by threats,

* Tahir Pasha, I believe, was strangled the beginning of April, 1831. He was or was supposed to be, implicated in a conspiracy.

in case of evasion. It is not surprising that the sultan, still smarting under the wound which his pride had received from the sovereigns of those same envoys, refused to accede to their request; but it is a matter of regret and astonishment that the French and English ambassadors, at a time when their exertions were doubly required to prevent the impending aggression of the Emperor of Russia, foreseen by every one from the time that the Turkish fleet was destroyed, should have chosen to consider this obstinacy as an insult which made their longer stay at Constantinople impracticable. The fact is, they had threatened so long and so high to go, in case they were not satisfied, that they became ashamed, when they found their threats unheeded, to remain. It was rather undiplomatic to let idle, angry words escape, by which they felt obliged to govern themselves, hardly excused by the contempt they entertained for Turkish understanding, which caused the error. A better acquaintance with the Turkish character would have made them more circumspect, and not have given a cause of triumph to the Russian ambassador.

They demanded their firmans. The sultan refused them, saying that he was not at war with their masters: however, they were at liberty; if they chose to remain, they should enjoy protection; if they chose to depart, they should meet no obstacle. Unfortunately, the latter course was adopted, to the regret of all, of whatever nation or sect, at Constantinople, excepting the Russian ambassador. Up to the hour of their embarking, they were requested to remain by some of the Ottoman ministers, who assured them that the sultan would see his danger, if allowed time for reflection, and consent to sign the treaty. It was well worth the experiment: but I suppose they had reasons, which those not in the secret cannot guess, for not making it, and thereby, if successful, undoing the knot that was cut, twenty months later, at Adrianople.

They sailed down the Hellespont, accompanied by their consuls and dragomans, leaving their countrymen, and the vessels and property of their countrymen, to the uncertain protection of the Dutch minister. By the law of nations the sultan would have been authorized in laying an embargo on them. The

the Catholic Armenians. To explain this wanton act of barbarity, it is necessary to say a few words on the condition of the Armenians in Turkey.

About the sixth century, they separated from the Greek church to follow the opinions of Eutyches. They have four patriarchs, of whom the principal resides at the monastery of Etzchmiazin, near Erivan; two others reside in Asia Minor, one of whom at Cesarieh, and the fourth at Shirvan (formerly a Persian, but since 1813 a Russian province.) Under these patriarchs are several archbishops, one of whom resides at Constantinople, with the honorary title of patriarch, and, as regards the Porte, may be considered as the head of the church. The Armenian religion is not sanctioned by a charter, as that given to the Greeks by the conqueror of Constantinople; nevertheless it enjoys equal toleration, and its clergy has the same power in administering justice to its flock that the Greek clergy has.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, a great number of Armenians united themselves voluntarily to the Catholic church, still retaining some of their ancient rites. They are principally numerous in the province and city of Angora. The Porte never formalized their union with Rome, nor granted them, at least in Constantinople, the privilege of having churches; but treated them constantly as dependents of the orthodox Armenian patriarch, alone acknowledged, allowing them, at the same time, unlimited tolerance, which was never disturbed except through the means of an hostile or ill-disposed patriarch, as happened in 1781 and in 1819. Constantinople is, as it ever has been, the theatre of religious dissensions: and but for the constant protection of the French ambassador, the united Armenians (as the Catholics are called) would have suffered severely from the persecutions of their schismatic brethren.

At this juncture, the Porte, influenced by the wealth of the parties, chose to see in their mutual hostility machinations against the state, and accused the patriarch accordingly; adding, as a proof, the emigration of his countrymen that took place into the province of Erivan, become Russian, where the

patriarch of Etzchmiazin resided as a Russian vassal. The patriarch refuted the accusation, as directed against the nation in general, by a heavy donation; but centred it in the Catholic Armenians, supporting it by oath, and refusing to answer for their allegiance as he did for that of the orthodox.

This was sufficient for the sultan, although he must have known its falsity. The firman commanded the Armenians of Angora (Catholics) to leave the capital in the space of ten days, and to return to their province. The motive alleged in the preamble is curious. It stated that the ancient law of the empire forbid the rayas of the provinces to change their residence at will, above all, to establish themselves at Constantinople; but the government having, from time to time, shut its eyes on this subject, a multitude of provincials had come to crowd the capital, which occasioned great disorders; that at present there were a great mass of Armenians of Angora—priests, bankers, merchants, &c.—to which were added numbers of vagabonds, of whom the most part infringed the laws, and neglected their duty as subjects of the Sublime Porte—actions which it could no longer tolerate; and as, in consequence of the great number of these Armenians (thirty thousand) in Constantinople, the innocent could not be discerned from the guilty, all were involved in the same measure, all condemned to exile. “The capital is henceforth shut to these Armenians; let them follow commerce and agriculture in their own country in order to live; at the same time, let them recollect the punishment to which they will be exposed, if, at the expiration of the delay granted them, (ten days,) they shall not have commenced their journey.”

The cruelty of the sentence was only equalled by its immediate execution. Upwards of twenty thousand were expelled from a city, which they had enriched by their industry, by those who never could accuse their fidelity. At the intercession of the Austrian internonce, exceptions were made in favour of septuagenarians, of the blind, of women seven months gone with child, and of all that would abandon the Catholic faith for the Armenian, and acknowledge the supremacy of the patriarch. Few remained at the latter price, which was set by

the patriarch alone; for the Porte openly declared that it was far from wishing to persecute any body on account of his belief, and that it had been moved to the measure of exile by considerations solely political.

The victims begged for a respite till the spring; in vain. The 20th of January, 1828, all—bankers and merchants, artisans who were identified with the bazaars, ladies whose cheeks seldom felt the breeze, their infants swathed in cashmeres—were turned into the plains of Asia, then covered with snow, to struggle as they might, assisted by the few conveniences which a carriageless, roadless, thinly populated country affords. Many died on the first days of their sad pilgrimage. The governors of some of the towns treated them kindly; and one, the mousselim of Brussa, had the courage, when he wrote to the Porte, to ask what was their crime. Calumny could not invent one, unless it were their riches. Their fellow-Christians in Constantinople, separated only by a few idle dogmas, rejoiced at their *religious* victory, and the Osmanleys exulted in the possession of their confiscated wealth.* “They who profit by crime,” says Alfieri, “are alone guilty of it;” but this maxim

* All their property was not directly confiscated. In their short respite, they were permitted to sell as much as was not sequestrated to the sultan's use. Of course they were not able to sell much, or for much. One of the best houses in Pera, built of stone, was purchased by an Osmanley for 570*l*. It is let since for 270*l*. a year to the Prussian embassy. A certain Italian marquis proposed to one of the exiles to make him a present of his house, which his diplomatic situation would enable him to keep. The Armenian offered to sell it for a moderate price. The other declined the bargain, and said that he might as well give it to him for nothing, or for a trifling sum, as let it fall into the hands of an Osmanley. The owner was so vexed at seeing a Frank of rank endeavouring to take advantage of his misfortune, that he told him that sooner than consent to his proposition, he would leave it to be confiscated. He did so. In the beginning of 1830, the exiles were recalled through the exertions of Count Guilleminot and Sir R. Gordon, but they returned, the most, poor. Something was said about restoring their property; but, independent of a want of will to do that justice, it would have been difficult, considering how it was dispersed. One house in Pera, for example, was given by the sultan to M. Calosso—another, at Therapia, to the English embassy. An order, however, was issued to oblige the orthodox Armenians, who had purchased some of the possessions of the Catholics at the period of their sentence, to restore them at the prices they had given. Whether it was complied with, I know not. It was not before I left Constantinople. Probably the patriarch had sufficient influence to prevent so just a restitution.

cannot excuse the Armenian patriarch. Among the exiles were the widow and daughter of a banker, who died ten years since, leaving millions of piastres to the sultan. They were not exempted, and their house at Therapia was converted into a royal residence. It is worthy of remark, that a few months previous to this, shortly after the catastrophe of the Janizzaries, the sultan issued a firman abolishing confiscation. He has a knack—similar to Napoleon's at bulletinizing—of giving firmans breathing equity and moderation, thereby to deceive Europeans, never intending to act by them.

At the same time that the sultan thus persecuted the most faithful portion of his Christian subjects, he sent, the third time, offers of amnesty to the Moreotes, if they would re-enter under his dominion.

Their unqualified refusal no doubt stung him; but he had not leisure to dwell on it, for the most momentous period of Turkish history since Tamerlane defeated Bajazet on the plains of Angora was approaching. Russia was in no want of pretexts to her own taste, to make war on Turkey, but she wanted a plausible one to show to the world. The ill-advised *hatti scherif*, above mentioned, gave it. In addition to its bad faith, she insisted that the violent reproaches contained in it, although addressed to all Christendom, were levelled particularly at her. In reality they were only intended to stimulate the ardour of all branches of Mussulmans, who were called upon to act by their hatred of infidels. The Emperor of Russia would not view it in that light. At the time of its promulgation, however, he took no notice of it, being then engaged with Persia, but on the peace of *Tourkmantchai* being published at Petersburg, signed at the village of *Tourkmantchai*, February 22nd, 1828,* he answered it by a manifest, and a declaration of war. These documents are curious, as showing with what ease despots can pervert facts, and invoke the most solemn names to aid their injustice. The emperor's

* By this peace Russia gained an indemnity of three millions sterling, and the provinces of Erivan and of Nakhitchewan, with a military frontier that renders Persia defenceless; in return, she guaranteed the possession of the throne of Persia to Abbas Mirza.

manifest concluded with these words—"But all longanimity has its limits: the honour of the Russian name, the dignity of the empire, the inviolability of its rights, and that of our national glory, have marked them. It is not till after having maturely weighed our duty, founded on an imperious necessity, and being penetrated with the most sincere conviction of the justice of our cause, that we have commanded our armies to march, with the aid of God, against an enemy who constantly violates the rights of nations and the most sacred engagements.

"We are convinced that our faithful subjects will join their most ardent vows to our prayers for the success of our enterprise, and that they will invoke the Almighty to clothe our soldiers with his grace, and to shower his celestial benedictions on our arms which are destined to *defend* our holy and dear country.

"Petersburgh, April 26, 1828."

In the declaration that accompanied this manifest are remarkable the following passages:—

"All the endeavours of Russia to remain at peace with a neighbouring empire have been in vain. Constrained, notwithstanding long patience and costly sacrifices, to confide the protection of her rights to the care of her arms, she will develop the just and imperious motives which impose on her the painful necessity of such a determination."

After a long list of pretended wrongs and insults—"The sacrifices which Russia has constantly imposed on herself, with the view of assuring a lasting peace to the world, since the ever-memorable epoch which saw dethroned at the same time military despotism and the genius of revolutions; these sacrifices, dictated by a generous policy, and as spontaneous as they are numerous, are known by the whole universe—the history of late years attests them, and Turkey herself, although little disposed to appreciate them, has experienced the preservative effects of them."

After enumerating instances of Russian magnanimity—"Such complete moderation was not understood; during five

years the Divan opposed obstinately the conciliatory overtures of the Emperor Alexander, and occupied itself in exhausting his longanimity, in contesting his rights, in doubting of his good intentions, in braving even the power of Russia, chained only by the desire of prolonging the general tranquillity.

"And yet a war with Turkey involved Russia in no difficulty with her principal allies. No pact, no political exigency attached the destinies of the Ottoman empire to the reparative stipulations of 1814 and 1815, in the shadow of which Christian and civilized Europe breathed after her long discords, and saw her different governments united by the remembrance of a common glory, and by a happy identity of principles."

After another long recapitulation of Russian wrongs and Russian policy—"In having recourse to arms, Russia, far from yielding, as the Divan accuses her, to sentiments of hate against the Ottoman power, or of meditating its overthrow, has furnished convincing proofs that if it entered into her policy to overturn it, she would have seized former occasions of war, which her relations with the Porte have never ceased to offer.

"Russia is equally far from nourishing ambitious projects. Enough of countries and of people acknowledge her laws; enough of cares are attached to the extent of her dominions.

"The emperor will not lay down his arms until he has obtained the results indicated in the present declaration; and he expects them from the blessings of Him, whom justice and a pure conscience have never yet vainly implored."

Before this declaration reached Constantinople, (May 15,) the Russian army (May 7) crossed the Pruth at Skouleuy, at Faltschi, at Vodotsky, without meeting resistance, a *Te Deum* having been first chaunted at the head of each brigade.

On the injustice or justice of Nicolas in making this war, and on the folly or ignorance of Mahmoud, in regard to his resources in accepting it, I will not discuss; they are of no consequence in the general issue, but it is a subject of regret that the former should have been allowed to take advantage, thus wantonly, of the embarrassed situation of the latter.

In reply to the emperor's declaration, the sultan returned one

equally long, which was read in all the mosques. Some passages are remarkable: it began with—

“All wise and clear-sighted men know that, according to the maxims of practical wisdom, and of theoretical demonstrations, the good understanding existing between sovereigns to whom Providence has entrusted the absolute government of nations is the principal point on which depends the duration of universal order and of general tranquillity; that the maintenance of this order depends also on the equal and uniform observation of treaties concluded between empires; that, thanks to God, the Sublime Ottoman Porte, since the dawning of its happy existence, has always followed more exactly than others this political system and this praiseworthy conduct.”

The charges of the emperor are refuted one by one; the Greek revolution is dwelt on.

“The refugee, Ipsilanti, then quitted Russia to invade publicly Moldavia. Soon, at the head of a troop of rebels, he diffused trouble and disorders in the two provinces. Animated by the chimerical desire of establishing a pretended government in Greece, he raised all the Greek nation, subject tributary of the Ottoman empire from father to son; he misled it by his cursed proclamations, spread everywhere, and excited it to despise the authority of the Sublime Porte.

* * * * *

“At length, the fatal event of Navarine,—an event unheard of and without example in the history of nations,—in no ways changed the friendly sentiments of the Sublime Porte: but, not content with the concessions that the Sublime Porte might in consideration for the three Powers, and without ulterior augmentation, grant to its revolted provinces, the envoy of Russia left Constantinople without rhyme or reason.”

* * * * *

“Russia has constantly made use of the pretexts, *interest* and *protection*, in favour of the unhappy inhabitants of Moldavia and of Wallachia, to raise discussions with the Sublime Porte. To be convinced that her true object was not to protect them, but to seek a quarrel with us, we have only to consider the evils that have caused them and which will

cause them, the former causeless attempt of Ipsilanti, and the present unjust invasion by the Russian army. These are the people whom Russia pretends to protect. It is, on the contrary, to Russia that they will owe their ruin."

* * * - * * *

"In a word, the Sublime Porte makes this present declaration in all sincerity; in order that no one may reproach her; in order that the injustice of Russia and the wrongs of the Sublime Porte, which are as clear as the sun, may be weighed in the scales of equity and truth; in order, finally, that exempt from all responsibility on the measures of defence that the Mussulman nation may use, aided by Divine aid, according to the holy law, the Sublime Porte may totally discharge its conscience of an event which will cause, now and hereafter, the misery of so many beings, and perhaps disturb the tranquillity of the whole world."

A homer truth was never said than that above, that Russia pretended to commiserate the Greeks as a pretext for attacking Turkey, and in regard of the rest of the firman, it may be observed that, if not much freer from falsehoods than the emperor's, it is at least free from the blasphemy of the latter; since nothing can be more blasphemous than the manner in which the Russian cabinet constantly calls on God to sanction its enterprises.

The sultan had already given orders relating to defence, and on the news of the passage of the Pruth, which arrived at the same time as the declaration of war, sent Tartars all over the empire with pressing orders to the pashas and beys to furnish contingents. These orders were ill obeyed, and could the truth have reached the sultan's ears, it would have shown him the impolicy of having weakened the dere beys: in consequence, for the first time, a Turkish army took the field almost unaccompanied by cavalry.

From Bosnia, a province filled with a robust and warlike Mussulman population, the sultan expected efficacious succour, and showed it by ordering Abdurrahman Pasha, its governor, to march with forty thousand men towards the Drina, in order to observe the Servians, who, under Prince Milosch, were

suspected of intentions favourable to Russia. But in Bosnia the spirit of Janissarism, or the desire of preserving ancient institutions, prevailed, insomuch that the pasha, afraid of the result, deputed a *bim bashi* in his place, to accompany the mollah to the camp to read the firman. Having heard it, the troops burst out into murmurs, which soon increased to violence. The *bim bashi* and the mollah were shot dead, and the new uniforms, which had been brought to dress them in, were piled on the spot and burnt. These troubles the Porte tranquillised by changing the pasha, sending in the room of Abdurrahman, the pasha of Philippopolis, a sensible, mild man, notwithstanding which, no aid was received from Bosnia during the whole campaign; on the contrary, there was great difficulty in preventing the Bosniaks that were in the fortresses of the Danube from deserting.

The sultan, however, in default of the usual means of prosecuting a war, had an army of regular troops, that is, an army of conscript boys, the most part under eighteen, hastily raised, rawly instructed, without efficient officers; but they were armed with the musket and bayonet, the only real superiority, in his opinion, of European over Asiatic troops, and with them he flattered himself to be able to resist the legions of the North; and perhaps the ill-placed confidence in his *nizam dgeditt* was the true cause of his accepting the war.

At the same time that prayers were offered up in the mosques for the success of the Mussulman arms, the Greek clergy voluntarily prayed for the same end—*quere hypocrisy?*

CHAPTER X.

Confidence in the Capital—Prejudice of Schumla—Arrival of the Ambassadors—Great expectations thereon—Question of Greece—Presentation of the English Ambassador—Sultan—French and English Frigates—Dr. Capponi—Hekim Bashi—Surgical School—Turkish Widower.

YET, at the period of my arrival at Constantinople, there was no visible indication that Turkey was engaged in war; a war, to judge from the Sultan's haughty words—"I will lose sabre

in hand, what my ancestors with the sabre won"—that might decide his fate. Perfect inactivity and apparent confidence prevailed among all classes. The sultan daily amused himself with archery, and his guards were listlessly encamped, forgetting what they might have learned of their exercise. I had at least expected to find, as was currently reported in the gazettes of Europe, Constantinople a vast arsenal; to have seen the sultan busied in the formation of new regiments, reviewing others, and taking measures to fortify his capital. Nothing like this. The few troops that were in the city were idle; and as for fortifications, Constantinople, with the exception of a fascine battery before Ramis Tchiftlik, was in the state it had been four centuries back.

It was easy to observe that this calmness rose, in the multitude, from apathy occasioned by a continuation of disasters, and impatience under the sultan's tyranny, rather than from reliance on their own force,—in the chiefs, from an overwhelming confidence in the virtue of Schumla, through which only, they persuaded themselves, could an enemy reach Constantinople. In Schumla they centred their hopes, and considered it a talisman on which depended the fate of the empire, and thus fascinated, refused to see danger from any other quarter: indeed, had Schumla been garrisoned, as was believed, it might have answered their expectations. "Go," said the sultan to Redschid Pasha, grand vizier; "at Schumla you will find one hundred and fifty thousand men. Go, and with them drive the infidels beyond the Pruth." When Redschid arrived there, he found scarcely ten thousand men, and at no period was he able to collect above thirty-five thousand.

Other reasons gave rise to confidence. 1. The assertions published all over Europe, that because Russia had effected so little in the first campaign she would be as unsuccessful in the second. 2. Her delay in opening the campaign of 1829, of which no news arrived until June; then favourable. 3. The arrival of the French and English ambassadors June 18, which filled the sultan with golden hopes, and banished any ideas that he might have had of making overtures to Russia, as counselled by some of the envoys at Pera.

When it is considered that one year previous the French and English ambassadors, then residing at Corfu, replied to the reis effendi, who had invited them in the name of the Sublime Porte to *return to Pera, and terminate by amicable conferences and sincerity the affairs pending, assuring them that they should be received with every distinction*, that the dignity of their respective courts would not permit them to return to Constantinople unless the sultan first notified his adhesion to the treaty of July 6, 1827, it is not surprising that the sultan, seeing them resume their official duties at his court notwithstanding that declaration, he not having subscribed to one article of the treaty, supposed that they were impelled by the paramount interest of France and England to aid him. If such was their interest, and that it was (of England) no one can doubt, it was folly to sacrifice it for the question of the Morea, on which Mahmoud showed unshaken obstinacy until Diebitch gave him weighty arguments at Adrianople, without which it is difficult to say how the affairs of Greece would have been patched up.

The having left Constantinople at all, letting the sultan, blinded by rage, throw himself into the grasp of Russia because he would not sign away the Morea at a week's notice, was a grave political fault in the English ambassador, only to be excused on the supposition that the sultan, alarmed at being abandoned by his ally, would recall him. The not returning when a friendly overture to that effect was made, because he would not preliminarily sign away the Morea, was a duplicate of that fault, with the supplement of not having a similar excuse; it not being likely that the sultan would stoop lower to obtain his acquiescence, and it being certain that, whether solicited or not, an ambassador would have to go to Pera, if only to meet the Russians. If it be considered ambassadorial tact, when an obstacle presents itself which cannot be disposed of off-hand in one particular way, to wait quietly until it disappears, or till some one else removes it, anybody may make an ambassador, in the same manner as anybody may be an engineer if he be allowed to stop short, in a line of road he is making, at the first mountain he cannot carry it straight over. A Xerxes, unable to double a promontory, may cut through its

isthmus; an ambassador of Russia, unable to mystify the sultan out of a province, may demand his passports. In the opinion of many well informed persons at Constantinople, had Mr. (now Sir) Stratford Canning duly considered the importance to his country of impeding the conquesto-mania of Russia,—had he not chosen to see in the pardonable irritation of a monarch, stung in a monarch's weakest point, his pride, a want of consideration for himself, the Greek question would have been settled in the spring of 1828, and England have been enabled to intervene with efficacy between Russia and Turkey; though, as I before said, since the Morea was virtually free, not to have intervened on account of a signature, for the sake of a mere formality to have given Russia a moral power equal to one hundred thousand men, was sad policy. For—may I be a false prophet!—every blow received by Turkey from Russia will be felt by England. The freer Russia is from interruption on her southern frontier, the freer will she be to colonize Persia, and to adapt it to her ulterior views. Those views—what are they? If not the overthrow of our Indian empire, at least the power to hold us in check by being able to march an army to the aid of the independent rajas (already too powerful) in the north of India. Let no one view the presence of the Russians in India in the nineteenth century as visionary, or think it is not necessary to commence at once raising a barrier against them. Russia has not yet made one retrograde step. On every side her frontier has receded. Warsaw is one of her provincial cities, the Caspian is one of her lakes, the Caucasus is one of her ridges, and the Danube (the best part of it) may be called one of her rivers.

The multitude thought with their sovereign; and every Constantinopolitan (Mussulman or Christian) believed that the *Blonde*, which bore the English ambassador, was the precursor of the English fleet on its way to Sevastopol;—would that she had been!—and her having been allowed to pass the Dardanelles with her guns, (though masked,) strengthened the belief. The capitan pasha felt so persuaded of this grateful anticipation that he was vexed with me for telling him that it certainly would not enter the Hellespont. He did not believe me until

the peace, when, recollecting our conversation, he complimented me on, what he was pleased to term, my sagacity. The compliment was unmerited, since my opinion had only been that, (with regret,) of every Englishman at Pera; our neutral policy was too evident, and, what was worse, too unexplicitly declared. The sultan was equally sanguine, and on being informed by his selictar of the fine condition of the frigate, said, "I am glad. The English ships are my friends: they will accompany mine into the Black Sea."

The arrival of the ambassadors infused joy into the Christian population of Constantinople. Count Guilleminot was already well known and highly esteemed. Sir Robert Gordon was new, but being the representative of Great Britain, in the opinion of Orientals the most powerful nation among those that adore Jesus, rendered him an object of greater attraction. The populace expected that provisions would in consequence become plentiful; the merchants that commerce would resume its course; and the divan that his presence would at once promote an honourable peace. Never had so much been expected from one man. Nothing was omitted that might do him honour. The customary presents were doubled, among which the horses were, for the first time, worth something; his preparatory interview with the caimacan, (pro grand vizir,) was flattering; and he was received in public by the sultan with marks of distinction never before accorded.

This ceremony, which formerly had been observed in the dark precincts of the seraglio, took place on the plain of Buyukderè (calos agros) where, under the shade of two renowned, wide-spreading sycamores, the imperial tent was pitched; it was vast and simple, hung with cashmeres, and provided with a silver couch, covered with a cloth of pearls. Near it were reposing tents; on either side tents for the accommodation of the members of the divan, of the European envoys, and larger ones for banquetting. Alleys of flowers, interlaced with scarfs, connected them. About two thousand nizam dgeditt occupied the ground in segments from the tents to the landing-place, near which were stationed the royal musicians and the chamberlains. The space outside the military

was densely covered with the Christian population of the capital, come up in their gayest attire; and the muzzles of a nine-pound battery overlooked the scene to enliven it with their notes.

In the forenoon the ambassador landed from the *Blonde*, which had anchored for the occasion within musket-shot of the plain, accompanied by a numerous suite of officers and gentlemen, forming altogether the most respectable Frank show ever exhibited to the Osmanleys. He mounted a richly caparisoned horse, and escorted by the marines of the frigate, her band playing before him, proceeded to the second tent, where sat the caimacan with the cazi-askers of Europe and of Asia, the latter of whom were interesting to look on, considering that, as the chief judges of Turkey, they could be excelled by none in duplicity. The caimacan relaxed his unmeaning countenance as his guest approached, and motioned to a low stool; but the ambassador disregarding this little assumption of superiority, so consistent with Ottoman etiquette, placed himself on the divan beside him. No notice was taken; the important stool was quietly removed; the dragomans knelt on the carpet beside their respective masters, and the usual insipid string of compliments ensued. The *Blonde's* band performed lively airs, and her fine body of marines drew up quarter facing the imperial tent, affording, in our eyes, a gratifying contrast to the slouching, short, ill-dressed nizam dgeditt.

A banquet followed the preliminaries of pipes and coffee. A silver tray was placed between the caimacan and the ambassador, and four other trays of inferior metal were arranged round the tent for the suite. They were covered with the refinements of the Ottoman kitchen; in less than half an hour twenty dishes were brought on, each in rapid succession, and, what was more surprising, cleared,—with our fingers, too, to the amusement of the numerous spectators, who gathered round to see how awkward Franks were at eating. Gold embroidered napkins, and tortoiseshell spoons inlaid with pearl, were the only costly articles at this royal entertainment, which concluded with coffee and chibouques.

We were then conducted to another tent to be clothed.

"Feed and clothe the infidels" is the ancient expression; the custom remains, but it must be considered an honour in the present day rather than an insult, as formerly. Our clothing consisted of Spanish mantles, made of inferior cloth, of scarlet, red, or yellow, according to the wearer's rank. They gave us a grotesque appearance, increased by our hats, which, there being several military and fancy uniforms among us, were extremely varied in shape.

Presently tremendous firing and cheering from the Turkish fleet, which manned yards in the bay, announced the sultan's departure from Therapia. In six minutes his twelve-oared caique, distinguished by a gold eagle in the prow, traversed the mile between the palace and the plain. He then mounted a superb Arabian whose trappings were covered with jewels, (not so loose, as some sultans have fancied, as to fall out for the benefit of the crowd,) and advanced slowly to his tent, pages walking on either side with high peacock plumes to conceal his resplendent visage from profane eyes. The troops salaamed to the ground as he passed along, and drowned the notes of the bands with cries of "Live a thousand years!"

He reposed an unreasonable time, considering that the embassy was waiting, ready "clothed and fed." At length, a capidgi informed us that he was ready. On our entering the audience tent, a remnant of ancient prejudice in regard of Christians was displayed in an equal number of dismounted cavalry mingling with our ranks by way of precaution; yet, so quietly was the manœuvre performed, that, had not the cause been present to our minds, it would scarcely have attracted notice. It is to be remarked that the whole party wore swords, an honour which no Christian, except General Sebastiani, to whom Selim III. accorded it, has enjoyed since Amurath I. was stabbed in his tent by a Servian after the battle of Cossova; since when ambassadors have always been disarmed and held while in the presence.

The sultan received the embassy with great simplicity; his selictar and his serrkiatib were the only individuals present. In person he was equally divested of sultanic pomp. Instead of robes of golden tissue, and a cashmere turban concealed by

precious stones, he wore a plain blue military cloak and trowsers, with no other ornament than a diamond chelengk in his fez, and steel spurs on his Wellington boots.

The dragoman translated the ambassador's speech, after it had been spoken in English, and the sultan replied in person, expressing satisfaction at the judicious and sensible choice of a representative made by the English king. I think it was Mr. Adair who, on a similar occasion, having forgotten his speech, repeated the Lord's Prayer. The gift of etiquette, most important of his credentials, since without it he would not have been welcome, presented at the same time by Sir R. Gordon, consisted of diamonds worth about three thousand pounds. The sultan then desired that the captain of the English frigate might be pointed out to him. He said nothing, but sent an aide-de-camp to him in the course of the day to know if he were sensible of the honour conferred on him by his having deigned to cast eyes on him. He was in high spirits, and remained talking with his favourites after the ceremony was over, apparently to let us admire him. One of our party, however, who was short-sighted, forgetting the decorum due to the presence, soon brought a change over his countenance by eyeing him through a glass as though he had been a *lion* every way; observing which, the sultan rose, and retired in a huff, leaning on his favourites, to whom he had remarked, in the course of the interview, as a matter of great consequence as well as surprise, that the officiating dragoman of the embassy still wore his moustaches drooping *à la Janizaire*. This little observation was remarkable, as showing his abhorrence of that race, carried to such a degree that he could not endure the slightest point of coincidence with them: in consequence of which, long moustaches were entirely out of favour at Constantinople, and many courtiers found it prudent to sacrifice a cherished curl, the growth of years.

The sultan was so pleased with the unwearied attention of the *Blonde* to him, in manning yards and cheering whenever he passed within sight, on shore or on the water, that he sent fifteen thousand piastres (220*l.*) to her crew, and a cashmere shawl to her captain, sending one at the same time to Captain

Hugon, of the French frigate *l'Armide*, although the latter had not, from political motives, testified the same desire to do him honour. Count Guilleminot did not wish that any conclusion of receiving assistance from France should be drawn by the Osmanleys from the frigate's actions; she was, therefore, nominally considered as a merchant ship, neither showing her guns or pennant, and her officers wore plain clothes. The English frigate acted more openly, and gained an object affecting all nations. From time immemorial no foreign ships of war have been allowed to lie in the waters about Constantinople unless, apparently, disarmed. Her captain considered it a good opportunity to do away with this distrust, which would be more pointed in his case as his stay was likely to be long. Too sudden a display would have defeated his intention; so he made the brig under his orders show her guns first, then, when the excitement occasioned by it subsided, ran his own out by degrees, and finally showed his ship as she should be, in conscious strength, but incapable of abusing confidence. By this proceeding a right was obtained, a precedent for other ships, to the satisfaction of the sultan, who saw in a manner usurped what he might have been embarrassed to grant. The fact is, that he was eager to conciliate the English in any way. On board the Turkish fleet, however, pride took alarm. On the day that the brig mounted her guns, some of the superior officers expressed their surprise to me at her insolence in so doing without the sultan's permission. "Why not?" I said, taking the matter as a joke; "surely you are not afraid of a brig." They said no more. They soon heard them; for in his visit of ceremony, a few days afterwards, to the frigate, the capitan pasha was received with a lord high admiral's salute, nineteen guns. As a pasha is always accompanied by his own pipe and coffee-bearers, there was no difficulty in entertaining him on board in a proper manner. He made himself perfectly at home, took possession of the arm-chair in the cabin, smoked his hookah, sipped coffee, and, stretching a point, drank some sweet wine; then visited every part of the ship with visible pleasure. In the hold he took off his pelisse with the intention of getting into one of the tanks,

the first he had ever seen, but desisted on its being intimated that he might find some difficulty in getting out of it again. A capitan pasha in an iron box! what an interesting object he would have been in a menagerie! The marines pleased him more than any other part of the ship's equipment; they were drawn up on deck, and went through their exercise in great style. "Buyuk adam!" (great man!) his followers repeatedly exclaimed, in reference to the marine officer, and some of them asked if he were not the commander of the ship, it being impossible, in their opinion, that so much merit could exist in an inferior post. This was a natural supposition founded on the importance attached by the Osmanleys, as a military people, to the military art, which they consider as the first and most difficult of human acquirements. Before leaving the ship the capitan pasha distributed his piastres with great liberality to the dragomans, the side-boys, and to the crew in general.

The *Blonde* throughout gave great satisfaction, and reflected credit on the nation. The Mussulmans and rayas who daily visited her received the utmost attention and hospitality, and the Turkish naval officers profited greatly by her presence, since they were enabled to gain by ocular evidence the information for which they were too proud to ask. Some of them were daily on board to examine her details, by which they so much improved; that in three months their fleet was scarcely recognisable. One good example is worth a hundred instructions. On one occasion we were amused by an argument between two Osmanleys about her tell-tale.* They, at length, after many suppositions, agreed that it was a chart, and so were retiring in great good-humour with their wisdom, when one of them, turning round and looking at it again, observed,

* The tell-tale is a graduated semicircle, fixed to the fore-part of the wheel, with a hand which, moved by the action of the wheel, points out the position of the helm. It has more the appearance of a clock than any other terrestrial object, and for such might be mistaken by a landsman; but the Turks, who are sometimes rational, and who are not used to a superabundance of any article, except women and horses, having seen the hour-glasses under the half-deck, could not suppose that there was another instrument so close for marking time.

"But it is not the chart of the Black Sea." With this farther proof of wisdom the other still agreed, and both finally went away with the firm conviction that the ghiaour ship had a chart of some unknown sea affixed to her wheel. Perhaps, in accordance with the eastern opinion of our magician-like talents, they believed that it was a self-accommodating chart, according to the sea whereon the ship was sailing.

Here let me recall the names of the officers of the *Blonde*, if only to refresh my ideas with pleasing recollections of their attentions to me—attentions which were so contrary to the usual practice of the navy, with whom to be a naval officer is generally the worst recommendation. How unlike the freemasonry which exists between army-men and university-men respectively!

Her captain's name was Lyons: he was one of the few—alas! how few—captains, I ever saw or heard of, who understood the art of keeping a ship in beautiful order without making her a "hell afloat," as your crack ships are, and commonly with justice, emphatically termed. He was popular with the officers, the midshipmen, and the men—a rare combination of success which he owed to being at once a gentleman, a man of feeling, and a seaman. Doubtless, he sometimes, owing to the contrarieties which especially occur in a naval life to cross the temper, gave an unmerited sting to an inferior; but then he was not above acknowledging his fault, and thus, in addition to effacing the wrong, rendered himself doubly esteemed. It was my first personal acquaintance with him, though I may say that I knew him before from the circumstance of his younger brother, Maine Lyons, who died of his wounds received at the Battle of Navarine, as first lieutenant of the *Rose*, while gallantly heading her boats against brulôts, having been my dear and valued friend. A better, more amiable officer the service never lost. Captain Lyons had his two sons on board with him, boys of twelve and fourteen, the youngest intended for the service. The sultan was much pleased with them: he had them brought to the seraglio two or three times, dressed them in the costume of his court, and gave them various elegant presents.

First lieutenant was Luckraft. Luckraft ought to have been then a commander; for the frigate had co-operated with the French forces, the preceding year, in reducing Patrass, for which service the principal actors in either service received the cross of St. Louis or of the Legion d'Honneur. So certain was Luckraft's promotion considered, he having earned it in every respect according to the custom of the service, that Sir P. Malcolm congratulated him. The Admiralty, however, said that his promotion must be deferred (it was for more than a year), because it would offend the Turkish government. The Turkish government! what a pretence!—as if the Turkish government had the means of knowing whether an officer of the British navy were promoted or not; as if it took in the navy list, or read the gazette; as if it even knew—if it knew at all that a British ship was at Patrass—that that ship was called *Blonde*, or *Blanche*. The Turkish government does not know the names of the ships of its own fleet.

The second lieutenant was Wynne, a nephew of the Welsh baronet, and an excellent officer. He had fagged well, considering who he was, for his commandship; and, on becoming first lieutenant after Luckraft's promotion, had reasonable hopes of getting it, it being customary to compliment an ambassador who has a ship at his disposal for some time by making one of the officers. Unluckily for him, however, when the *Blonde* paid off the Tories were out, and so the precedent was disregarded.

The third lieutenant, and a general favourite, was Dacres, whose father, Admiral Dacres, received justice at the hands of the Duke of Clarence at that bright though short-lived period for the navy when his royal highness was lord high admiral. The navy then hoped, but hoped in vain, that it would not again witness the anomaly of a land first lord,—that one of its two hundred admirals would be considered capable of filling the post,—that, at least, the admirals, if again humiliated by the silent charge of incompetence, would remonstrate against the unjust exclusion,—would make an effort for the honour of the service. Suppose a civilian were to be appointed commander-in-chief, would the generals be silent?

would the colonels let them? is there a corps in the army that would not feel the insult? Yet a civilian may have a tolerable idea of an army, because it is difficult for a gentleman to go through life without seeing a great deal of troops; he may have been in the militia; but a man must serve his time well to know anything of ships and sailors. It has been urged, I know, that by having a civilian first lord the patronage is more impartially bestowed. Indeed! Until recently, the only unquestionable recommendation for an officer was having Scotch blood in his veins. Verily, the Scotch, if they have any gratitude, should raise a monument to Lord Melville on every headland of their country; for I suppose there is not one Scotch family that he has not benefited. To show, moreover, the advantage to the service of having a sailor at the head of it, it is enough to say, that the Duke of Clarence, when lord high admiral, conferred on the seamen two more important boons than any gained by them since the mutiny; viz., filling up banyan days, and exempting petty officers from the lash. A landsman could not have known the bore of a banyan day; nor in controlling the power of flogging, would he have thought of drawing a line.

The fourth lieutenant was named Brock. Brock had been with me at college; we had since met at Buenos Ayres. He was an excellent fellow, a *bon vivant*, with talents of no ordinary cast. He well learned the navigation of the Bosphorus during the frigate's stay in it, for nearly every evening he came to Buyukdere in the little dingy, attracted by a pair of eyes that beamed in a kiosk not far from mine. A chibouque and a glass of grog with me about midnight would chase away his sentimentality; then, if the night were too dark or the wind too high to allow him to steer easily through the Turkish fleet, he would occupy my mosquito-infested sofa till morning.

Who else was there in the gun-room? There was Turton, the master, as pleasant a messmate and as good a navigator as any in the service. There was Kerrigan, the purser, well known as the talented author of the *Treatise on, and Tables of, Navigation*, bearing his name. There were two marine officers, most eccentric good fellows, though of a perfectly

opposite cast, Pepytt and Hayes. The latter scarcely ever ventured outside the ship on account of an unfounded apprehension of becoming an object of eastern admiration. The former, on the contrary, investigated every lane and corner of Constantinople till at length his rubicund visage became infinitely better known than that of the commander of the Faithful himself. With a big stick he might be seen everywhere, five miles an hour his pace. His appearance was more dreaded in a certain way in the bazaars than that of the Stamboul effendisi (that respectable person who sometimes nails honest shopmen's ears to their doors), because there was no one like him at driving a bargain, and he always bargained for his messmates. All, however, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, liked him, though he would correct the latter with his stick, nor be very scrupulous with the important beards of the former: they called him *delhi*, and *faith!* he half deserved the title. Last, though not least, was the chaplain, the Rev. C. Walpole. Mild and amiable, a gentleman and a scholar, Walpole was ill fitted by taste or habits for the roughs of a naval life, though fortune had placed him in a ship where, above all others, his calling was duly respected. From studious retirement he had passed at once into the bosom of domestic happiness, and thence into—a man-of-war. What a transition! Greece with her monuments of two thousand years, her fresh planted tree of liberty;—Egypt and Asia Minor teeming with thrilling recollections of all times, had failed to reconcile him to it. The ties of home were too strong, too difficult to bear thus lengthened, so therefore after a few months he quitted the gorgeous East, and, giving up the slender prospects of the service, returned home the shortest way, *via* Vienna, to his Mary.

The midshipmen's berths presented the usual number of human casts between the ages of fourteen and thirty; and some among them were as fine lads as ever took Nelson for a leading-star. What a field for a physiognomist is a midshipman's berth! In it we see a happy boy just emancipated from school; a few years older, a youth proud of the watch on deck just entrusted to him; another tremblingly anxious as the

hour of passing approaches. The eyes of another, more advanced, beam with the prospect of speedy promotion. On the manly cheek of another the cancer of hope delayed is beginning to develop itself: and silent in the corner may oft be seen one brooding over long and often renewed disappointments which have worn his spirit till it becomes callous to reproach. I never enter a crowded berth without thinking that the youngster, who is buoyantly mirthful over his glass, had better be anywhere than there, viewing the interval of mental agony between him and the care-worn neglected oldster at the other end, to which state he must come have he no interest, and the brighter his mind the deeper his pain. Two of my messmates in my time sunk under the weight of disappointment, and became the inmates of a madhouse. It is against the dictates of justice, reason, and clemency, the way in which midshipmen are allowed to pine away the best years of life, deprived of ordinary comforts and common-place education, in expectation of—what?—Of ninety pounds a year as the *reward* of long years of toil, in pestilential climates may be,—a *reward* delayed until it is not thanked for, and, except *per se*, useless, as an old midshipman when promoted is never employed. Thus, estranged from his connexions by long absence, a stranger to his country and its institutions, he sits down in it at the age of thirty to vegetate for the rest of life, condemned by a system to be a peeper-gentleman; driven, often, by the consciousness of inferiority, to the pot-house for relief. Think of this, parents! this faint outline of a gloomy picture, and let not the bait of getting rid of your sons at the age of thirteen for fifty pounds a year (all expenses included) on board of one of his majesty's ships seduce your reason. Put them rather behind a counter in situations where their own exertions may avail them, and they will bless you. There are at present above two thousand apprentices on the lists, not one-half of whom can expect to get commissions at all, and not one-fourth of the half to get their commissions till they have passed six or seven tedious years. What man without interest would sit idly, when he can be enter such a "Shough of Despond?"

There was yet an officer of the *Blonde*, whose name I have not mentioned, who alone marked the presence of a Christian frigate in the Bosphorus, whose memory will be long cherished by the lower classes of Mussulmans and rayas who inhabit its shores; this was her surgeon, Mr. Capponi: worthy man! at the same time that the crew under his care enjoyed perfect health, he employed his leisure hours in examining the diseases of the country, and in relieving the prominent sufferers, to whom he gave medicines at his own expense, besides unwearied assiduity. A knowledge of languages facilitated his intercourse with the natives, and his labours were repaid by successful cures on either sex. His presence was a *fête* in any of the charming villages which skirt the Bosphorus. Numbers resorted to him, and his fame so spread that noble Osmanleys gladly requested his assistance; but to such, with modesty, only equalled by his merit, he never repeated his visits, saying to them, "There are able surgeons in Pera to whom you can apply—my attendance is devoted to the poor who cannot pay for medical advice." Such noble conduct carries with it its own eulogium. One of his worst cases was a Turkish woman, at Arnaoutkeuy, about which he felt greatly interested on account of the despair of her husband, who never left her or ceased bewailing. She died. The next day the good doctor went to see the unfortunate widower, whom he feared might have committed suicide, (rather un-Turkish,) or have fallen into an alarming despondency. To his utter astonishment he found him smoking at the door of the *cafeneh*, as though nothing had happened. "Allah has called her," he simply exclaimed; "what can we say?" This was beautiful resignation, since his grief for the loss of his partner was undoubted. Another case was curious, as showing the profound ignorance of the native practitioners. A young lad, son of a Turkish gentleman of Philippopolis, had been during two years under the care of the professors (Greeks) of the surgical school at Constantinople for the liver complaint. It grew worse, notwithstanding their remedies, and they at length agreed that one of the bones must be diseased. Fortunately, before acting upon this hypothesis, Mr. Capponi was called in, and they

actually consulted with him about removing the rib which they supposed was affected. It is almost needless to add that this difficult operation, which has never been performed but once with success, was abandoned. Mr. Capponi prescribed for the lad; in six weeks he perfectly recovered and returned to his parents, who expressed their gratitude by sending the doctor some of the productions of the country, among them a case of soap, for which Philippopolis is famed.

His position brought him in intimate acquaintance with the *hekim bashi*, (physician to the sultan,) as perfect a specimen of a smooth, polished, cool Osmanley as exists. He much admired the English instruments, but especially the stomach-pump, for which he begged hard, making innumerable offers of services to Mr. Capponi if he would give it to him. Mr. Capponi* wanted none; however he satisfied him, and from that moment the *hekim's* civilities ceased, perfectly in accordance with a Constantinople education. What use he made of the stomach-pump I cannot say; we were amused by thinking on which of our acquaintances among the pages it would be tried in experiment: or perhaps that honour was conferred on one of the members of the royal kitchen, to show how little use it would be to poison a dish while that extractor was at hand. With it the *hekim bashi* gained additional credit with his master.

The surgical school, to which I alluded, owed its origin to Selim III., that enlightened monarch who was more adapted to succeed than precede his cousin Mahmoud, and is almost

* Mr. Capponi died at Constantinople on board the *Blonde*, March, 1839, of an erysipelas fever, aggravated by the previous exhaustion of attending to the crew, ill of the fever, with a zeal beyond his strength. Sincerely and bitterly was he lamented, not only by his shipmates, but by all who knew him. He was buried in the Bosphorus, according to his request, with the Union Jack on the left breast, that flag as he said in his will, under which he had enjoyed such protection, and seen such glorious days. True to the last in his solicitude for the poor, he left his little property to the *Grampus* seamen's hospital at sea. He was a native of Corfu—a rare instance of worth in a Greek. He early entered our service, and served during the whole war. He was on board the *Juno* in her action with the *Constitution*, and narrowly escaped being killed while dressing a man's arm on the lower deck, a shot came through the stuple and passed between the heads of Sir T. Hallow, and one of the staff, who were sitting in the starboard berth, and killed his patient, scattering his brains over him.

the only one remaining of his various liberal establishments. Though of thus long standing, its success is next to nothing, owing to the ignorance of the *soi-disant* professors and the absence of subjects; the latter being a want likely to exist from the strictness of the Koran respecting the sanctity of the dead. About this time, however, an incident occurred which marked the colour of the times at Constantinople, and showed how the love of science overcomes all other considerations. A young Turkish student, who could not understand the professor's lecture on the brain, brought him the following morning a human head that he might explain it to him in a more tangible manner. The poor professor was frightened out of his life, the head was hastily concealed, and the inquisitive student given to understand that he ran the risk of having his own head made the subject of a lecture.

But notwithstanding their ignorance of medical science, added to the extreme irregularity of their living both as regards diet and exercise, one day dining off cheese and cucumbers, (a favourite eastern meal,) another day feasting on ten greasy dishes, one month riding twelve hours a day, another month never stirring off the same sofa, smoking always and drinking coffee to excess, occasionally getting drunk, besides other intemperances, combining, in short, all that our writers on the subject designate as injurious to health, the Turks enjoy particularly good health. And this anomaly is owing to two causes: first, their religious necessity of washing their arms, and legs, and necks, from three to five times a day, always done with cold water, generally at the fountains before the mosques, by which practice they become fortified against catarrhal affections; second, their constant use of the vapour bath, by which the humours which collect in the human frame, no doctors know how or why, occasioning a long list of disorders, are carried off by the pores of the skin. Gout, rheumatism, headache, consumption, are unknown in Turkey, thanks to the great physicians, vapour-bath and cold-bath. No art has been so much vitiated in Europe by theories as the art of preserving health. Its professors, however, are beginning to recur to first principles; and when the value of bathing shall be properly appreciated, three-fourths of the druggists will be obliged to shut their shops.

CHAPTER XI.

Buyukderé—Society—Marquis Gropallo—Baroness Hubsch—Sultan—Guard-boat—Capitan Pasha—Capitan Pasha's Wives—Belgrade—Cricket—Elopement—Fire of Galata—Capture of Adrianople—Levy *en masse*—Consternation—Sandjack Scheriff—Conspiracy—Advance of Diebitsch—Peace.

I RESIDED at the period of which I am speaking at Buyukderé, that pleasant village on the banks of the Bosphorus so well known as the principal summer residence of the European diplomatists. It is situated on the European bank, about fourteen miles from the city, and is constantly refreshed by cool gales from the Euxine. During the summer of 1829, the thermometer never rose above 79°, and rarely above 75°; while in the city, the range was from 80° to 85°. The worst of the climate, in and about Constantinople, is its inequality; in a few hours the thermometer varies 20°, and the changes in the barometer are more rapid than any I ever witnessed elsewhere. Nevertheless, it is not unhealthy, barring tertian fever. It is proper to avoid sleeping in the open air, and to be well clothed. It has little more than two seasons, winter and summer; the natives say they shake hands, although each is preceded by three or four weeks of peculiarly delicious weather. The summer* altogether, I think, is charming: cool, Euxine breezes reign nearly through it, interrupted only by an occasional murky south-wester, which, however, is of short duration, and, in oppression, no more than the breath of a drawing-room flue, compared with the oven blast of a scirocco. The winter, on the contrary, of five months' duration, is villanous; one week frozen by Tartary gales which whistle through the cage-like wooden houses, the next drenched by Archipelago clouds; two feet depth of snow is replaced in twenty-four hours by streams of water, and *vice-versa*. The

* The summer breaks in October, with heavy rains and violent gales, shifting suddenly from north-east and north to south-west. From the latter quarter, October 5th, 1829, it blew so hard, that the surface current of the Bosphorus was sensibly arrested, and the harbour rose three feet.

cold is in some years so intense, that the top of the harbour is frozen, and the snow lies in the streets six weeks at a time. The archives of the empire mention that, in 1621, the Bosphorus, between Tophana and Scutari, was frozen over strong enough to bear; a circumstance which is also mentioned by the poet Hazmeh. Their united evidence, though, is not conclusive of the fact, that in 41° latitude it has ever been sufficiently cold to chain a stream one mile wide, thirty-eight fathoms deep, running two miles and a half an hour. The poet may have used the licence of his art, or have been deceived by looking through the medium of his frost-crusted panes; and the public historian may have copied from the poet.

In ordinary years, the environs of Constantinople are blest with great plenty, combined with great cheapness, though when I was there the contrary was the case. The lady of an envoyé informed me that, previous to the war, the table expenses of her family, at Buyukderé, were little more than a dollar a day. Turkeys, not unworthy of Norfolk, sold usually at fourpence each; fowls, &c., accordingly; beef and mutton equally cheap. The opposite shore of Asia supplies the finest fruit and vegetables in abundance; also game. Tolerable wine is made by the Greeks, particularly from a grape called *altyn tach* (golden stone), and sold at a penny or three halfpence a quart. In the autumn months wild boars come down in the vineyards to eat the grapes, when they are easily shot; and in the same season the sun is often nearly obscured by the prodigious flights of quail which alight on the coast of the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, and are caught by means of nets spread on high poles, planted along the cliff some yards from its edge, against which the birds, which are exhausted by their passage over the sea, bring up and fall. By this simple mode, the Mussulmans enjoy a delicacy which they otherwise could not, since they consider anything that dies of gunshot wounds as unclean, the blood thereby not freely escaping. This is the chief reason why they do not eat game; they hold no birds in holy dislike excepting the partridge, one of which species betrayed, by its cackling, the hiding-place of

the saint Mustapha. I can best illustrate the nature of this annual migration of quails, by observing that the sultan, October, 1829, sent orders to the capitan pasha to catch four hundred dozen for the use of the seraglio: they were collected in three days, and sent to their destination, alive, in small cages.

In every respect, Buyukdere is a very agreeable residence: rendered more so, in addition to its native charms, by the society being free from the etiquette which prevails at Pera. In the one place, however, as well as the other, a traveller is perfectly well received, and may pass his time extremely pleasantly, not being restrained, as are the fixed residents, to a particular set; and be he *comme il faut* he will find himself in request among all classes, and must become a perfect cosmopolite, as it is difficult to be in a saloon without meeting a dozen of different nations.

Along the broad quay which connects Buyukdere with the little village of Sariery, to the north, in a line of good houses, reside during the summer most of the members of the European diplomacy. The principal of them, while I was there, was the Sardinian ambassador, who made himself conspicuous by having mass performed in his house every morning, and by riding in an antiquated carriage every evening up and down the anchor-strewed quay. This nobleman had a knack of making himself disliked by persons of all ranks, nations, and sects. In character he was proud, with the low, avaricious, (though rich,) and a gourmand: in person he was tall, bloated, and corpulent. With the cunning of a Genoese citizen, he united the fawning of a Turinese courtier. He was the only public man at Pera, whether ambassador, charge d'affaires, or consul, that did not receive strangers at his table: even his ceremonial dinners to his colleagues were rare and *grossiers*, so much so that they talked of leaving him out in their invitations. Count Guilleminot named him, in derision, *L'elephant en bonne fortune*, and the sultan called him, in contempt, *buyuk Fenitcheri* the fat Janizzary. He had the arrogance one day, when he treated the inhabitants of Pera as grown-up children by giving them a punchinello play, to send to the sultan for his band; the sultan refused. Moreover, he was a bigot. His

daughter was enamoured of the Swedish chargé d'affaires, a gentlemanly man, who, equally in love, made proposals of marriage. The match was advantageous, and pleased Madame la Marquise. But M. le Marquis refused his consent, because the Swede was a Protestant. The young lady, in consequence, went back to Italy, where she has since married il Conte Visconti of Milan. His son was also successful, by disregarding their prejudices, in gaining the malevolence of the natives. Beautiful gulls fly about the Bosphorus, as tame as pet doves, and as cherished, for the Osmanleys have the good taste to find more pleasure in preserving what is ornamental in nature than in destroying it. Everybody admires these birds, flitting familiarly among the houses and cypresses, and skimming over the water close to the caiques and vessels, making resting-places of them. Since the conquest of Constantinople, they had, probably, never been disturbed. The anger of the by-standers was therefore great, when they saw the Marquesino take his fowling-piece, and wantonly bring down three or four of them. Even the chavasses at his father's door rose up, and exclaimed, "*Pezaveng!*" (a word, when used in a bad sense, not to be translated.)

His nearest neighbour was Signor Romano, the Neapolitan minister. Signor Romano had, during the war, been employed in a government office at Malta: he there married a Maltese lady. He spoke English perfectly; she considered herself an Englishwoman; therefore Englishmen were made welcome at their house. Poor Madame Romano could not bear Turkey. She could not recover from the fright she took at the catastrophe of the Janizzaries. The beauty of the Bosphorus could not make her forget "*il fiore del mondo*," (Malta;) and her amiable daughters sighed for the pleasures of Naples.

Another house was occupied by the Senor Souza, Spanish chargé d'affaires, and his young wife,—the raven-haired, the kindling-eyed, revealing in her looks the depth of Andalusian feelings. They loved each other, and lived retired.

In another house was seen that important personage, Mr. Chabert, English head dragoman. I dare say he was a good man, though he ~~received~~ received twelve hundred pounds a-year for

doing little, and that little, it was whispered, not always very conscientiously; but he was ruled by his wife, a lady of Greek origin, whom it was impossible to like, on account of her ill-treatment of her eldest daughter. Miss, at length, threw herself out of window—into her lover's arms, went to church, and got married. The young man was highly respectable, attached to the Austrian embassy. For this *rash* act, Mrs. Chabert would never again speak to her daughter, would not let her husband speak to her, would not let her other children speak to her. In compensation, the young lady, as fair as she was spirited, was esteemed by all Pera.

But the pride of Buyukderé was the Baroness Hubsch, widow of the late, and mother of the actual Danish minister, a charming old lady, richly endowed with wit and talent, and highly esteemed by Moslems and Christians: In 1821, her house was an asylum for Greeks, in 1828 it was equally so for Armenians, for the Osmanleys had too much respect for her to annoy her. Parties of Osmanleys, of either sex, often had dinners served in one of the arbours of her delightful gardens, passing hours there; and, one day in June, 1829, the sultan, in his ride to Sariery, did her the honour, unprecedented to a Christian, of paying her a visit.

The sultan frequently rode from his palace at Therapia, round the head of the bay, by a path so narrow that horsemen could only proceed in single files, to the kiosk of the capitan pasha, with whom, or rather in whose presence, for the old man was kept standing like a slave, he would smoke a chibouque, and then return. A company of infantry always preceded him; about a dozen courtiers on horseback accompanied him, and his train was closed by two sumpter horses, under the guidance of the cup-bearer, laden with all sorts of good things for eating and drinking. The latter was an essential part of his suite, since he could not touch food prepared by other than his own cooks; fear of poison being the cause. He was always avidly gazed on in these excursions; his subjects bent their foreheads to the dust as he passed along, and the windows of the houses were lined with Franks, to whom, however, he never gave the slightest indication of being aware of their curiosity. The

position of a sultan necessarily keeps people from being careless of his presence. Mahmoud had many particular claims to attention, such as his calm aspect and composed demeanour contrasted with his sanguinary character, his notoriety as the murderer of his brother, his renown as the mower of the Janizaries; but, independent of these, it creates an indefinable sensation in the minds of free-born, civilized Europeans at seeing a man made and drest and moving like other men, who has only got to say, "Cut this or that head off; throw that wretch into the sea; break that fellow's legs; impale that vagabond," &c.; and to think that his words will be acted on without the slightest demur. About thirty years since, Mr. Abbott, (now our consul at Beyruth,) was seen by Selim III. with a white turban on; at that period the sumptuary laws were rigorously enforced; "Cut his head off," said the monarch, and passed on; and had not some Franks shouted out, "He is not a raya, he is a Frank," Abbott's head would never again have worn either a turban or a hat.

Sultan Mahmoud, thus attended, stopped one day, quite unannounced, at the door of the Baroness Hubsch. His gallantry in every respect deserves record. In the first place, he left his suite outside, and went upstairs accompanied only by his secretary: in the next place, seeing the lady rising to give him the place of honour on the divan, he desired her to retain it, and placed himself on a chair beside her.

He conversed for some time in Turkish, of which language she is perfect mistress, and requested her amiable and accomplished daughters to play to him on the piano. He looked at the beautiful drawings of Mademoiselle Emilie, and asked her if she would take his portrait. The young lady excused herself, on the plea that she had not made that branch of the art her study, but offered to introduce him in a drawing which she intended making of the Courbam Bairam, to be celebrated in a few days. The sultan was pleased with the idea, and at the festival caused a tent to be erected for her in the most convenient spot for commanding the view. The picture was exceedingly well and spiritedly executed, but unfortunately it was sent to the seraglio before " " was taken. From the saloon the

sultan repaired to the garden with the ladies, where he took refreshments, and then departed, leaving the whole family in an ecstasy, from which it will probably never recover. The bench in the garden whereon he sat was removed, and a stand of flowers placed in its room in order to prevent meaner mortals from standing on a spot so ennobled: the chair he occupied in the saloon was likewise prohibited to inferior seats. This step caused universal astonishment, and her house in consequence became the resort of the young beys who aspired to polish themselves; they did not find it a bad school. I had the pleasure of knowing the family intimately, and of receiving innumerable civilities from it. The baroness, it may be presumed, was a warm admirer of the Osmanleys, degenerate as they are; at the same time she could not avoid wishing well to the Russians, among whom she had many relations. She herself was a Pereote, and as such, possessed of many choice anecdotes of the intrigues and cabals of the only real school of policy, according to Machiavelli. Her favourite one was that in which her husband, the former minister, figured in principal on the subject of the arrival of Sir J. Duckworth's fleet, in 1807, a never-failing topic in the east. When seen in the morning from the heights, a consternation ensued not to be described. Sebastiani, Mr. Adair's rival, conceiving further stay useless, prepared to fly, in order to avoid the Seven Towers, which might be his lodgment, in case the fleet should compel the sultan to accede to the English terms, one of which would be a declaration of war against France. In this mood the Baron Hubsch found him busily employed burning his papers. He ridiculed his occupation, and encouraged him to go to the sultan, and propose vigorous measures, engaging himself to amuse the English while batteries should be erected to repel them. The issue of this farce is well known. Sebastiani, assisted by the aga of the Janizzaries, a brave man, in his interest, effectually encouraged Selim, and with the aid of the officers attached to his embassy, seconded by thousands of labourers, threw up strong works. On the other hand, Mr. Hubsch, as mediator and ally, amused the English with assurances that the sultan would certainly give in, till the eleventh day, when, the admiral and the ambassador,

finding themselves duped,—that they were become as the logging of the fable in regard of the frogs, after having caused an immense sensation, thought it prudent to retire. His widow considered this acting as a master-piece of policy. It certainly produced the amplest effect, and in Pera politics the end sanctifies the means.

I occupied a house belonging to the baroness, adjoining hers. The situation was delightful. We inhaled the breezes of the Euxine, and we looked down a fine reach of the Bosphorus: on the opposite side of the bay, at Therapia, waved the lilies and the union on the houses of the French and English ambassadors; off them, in the fair way, lay the *Armide* and the *Blonde*; and parallel with our quay the Turkish fleet was moored in line. But the vicinity of the latter, though pleasing to the eye, was annoying to the ear on account of its numerous drums that were rarely silent day or night. Its guard-boats were also troublesome, at night time, to people on the water. Being well known, I never received any impediment from them except once, when, coming from Constantinople, the boat on duty boarded mine rather uncourteously. The officer did not choose to know me, notwithstanding that two of his crew insisted on my identity, and he ended a warm altercation by laying his iron tiller on the shoulders of his men who contradicted him, ordering us, at the same time, to follow him to the flag-ship. Although it was past midnight when we reached the *Selimier*, the band was dinning, and the deck was covered with a busy multitude admiring the pasha, who was smoking on his couch. "We make an appropriate visit," I said to my friend, "we shall have a cup of coffee and a *chibouque*." He rather expected, by his looks, a different compliment. Our conductor ascended the ladder, bidding us, in an authoritative tone, to do likewise. At the gangway he encountered Mehemet, the captain. While making his report, I was recognised by the by-standers, who began to salute me with demonstrations of pleasure, for I had not been among them for several days, and were much amused at the idea of the officer of the guard having caught a *Tartar*. The little captain angrily demanded, "Who hast thou brought here?"—"Franks who were insolent to me." "Ass!" giving

him a blow, "dost thou not see that this is our English capitan?"* "Effendi, I did not know him." "False! has he not sailed in the fleet? He is the pasha's friend: everybody knows him." "Effendi, I swear I did not recognise him. See, he has a hat on: he wore a fez before." "Imbecile! is not a man's face the same under a hat, or under a fez? Go, quick, to your boat. By my beard! if the pasha sees thee he will make thee eat dirt." He ran down the ladder faster than he had ascended it, probably cursing the infidel who had brought this evil on his head. "Do not complain of him," said the good-natured Mehemet, as I walked aft to pay my respects to the pasha. The old gentleman smiled at seeing me, and wanted to know what brought me off at that time of night. I explained by a compliment. From this mode of killing some hours of the night may be imagined the ennui of his existence. He was that detestable malady personified. Whether in his kiosk at Sariery, or on board of his own ship, or of any other in the fleet, it was the same wearing of life. Often for a change he would take up his quarters for half a day or more in one of the line of battle ships or frigates, a fancy that upset everybody and every thing, to make room for him, and his large suite. On these occasions he was followed by his own cooks, who brought their own viands and prepared them, since no man of rank in Turkey likes to partake of food that is dressed by strange hands. On other days he would go to a neighbouring valley, where the sailors washed their clothes, and, under a tent, lounge on a cushion to enjoy the process. For the more active pleasures of life he had not the health, though he had ample resources. He had a tolerable good stud, and a part of his harem lived in a large kiosk on Buyukleré quay: but he seldom rode the former, and rarely visited the latter. When he did pay a visit to it, it was after dusk, for he possessed Mohammedan ideas of propriety, and he chose the hours that had no moon: yet was always numerously accompanied by officers and guards, among

* Capitan is applied by the natives to Franks of every degree. The captain of militia, to whom the title is gradged at home, may here enjoy it to satiety; while the regular captain feels disposed to drop it when he finds that his valet equally shares the distinction.

whom it was piteous to behold him walk feebly from his barge to the kiosk, and the more piteous to imagine him ascend alone to the lighted laticed apartment of the beautiful Georgian, who expected and loathed him. This lady was not insensible to admiration, nor averse to the displaying of her charms, when a sly opportunity offered at a half-drawn lattice, or in her garden, to eyes that peeped over its wall. She was not her lord's only wife; he had another, older and plain, but who resided at Constantinople on account of the jealousy which prevented the two ladies from being together in a small house. Indeed, these husband shareholders generally cause so much domestic bickering, that few Turks, except the very rich, venture on two wives. The pasha, however, one day sent for his older wife, perhaps influenced by a touch of used affection, or the lady herself might have wished it. There was no amicable pre-arrangement. That night the usual tranquil kiosk changed its character; shrill voices issued whence whispers had not before escaped, and the placid stream reflected lights passing and repassing in rapid succession. The harem was in an uproar; a scene of wordy female warfare, which not even the pasha's grave authority—he was there—could restrain. There was but one remedy admissible—separation; and therefore the day following this experiment the intruder was sent back to the vast and solitary palace overlooking the Golden Horn. This was only a temporary mortification to the fair and proud Georgian. She had one nearer and keener in a young Circassian, one of her slaves, on whom her lord had presumed to look, and who was “as ladies wish to be,” &c., the happy result of which would raise her from servitude, and give her the honours of a wife: from serving she would be waited on; from standing before, she would sit beside her mistress, who was furious, unmindful that she, by a similar result of her master's passions, had been emancipated, and had supplanted her mistress, his first wife, and moreover a Turkish woman, who cannot be a slave. However, her fears were unfounded, for the young Circassian, who was not pretty, miscarried.

The capitan pasha was an odd man: perhaps I have already said enough of him; one more anecdote, and I have done. I

saw him often, and then he was fond of asking me about my travels and other countries, more for amusement than instruction. Many of *my* recitals he considered fabulous, and joked on as such; but that did not prevent him from entertaining some very marvellous beliefs of his *own*. Among others, he asked me one day, with a perfectly solemn visage, if I had been to the island where the people have two heads? Before answering, I put a question to ascertain if he was serious. Perfectly. The island, according to him, was in the Indies, and had been visited by many travellers. I felt half inclined to amuse myself, and two officers who were with me, and to whom the question was equally put, by acting on his ignorance; but I restrained myself by the reflection that if I did, I should certainly be cited by him as authority in future. I assured him that he was in error; but I might as well have tried to convince him that the earth went round the sun. It was too favourite a conceit to dislodge. From that time he did not think my authority so good as formerly. He was wonderstruck at a small pocket microscope that I had, though he could not believe that what he saw through it was true. Such curious objects as a fly's eye, a flea's wing, a musquito's fangs, were rather lost on him, but a drop of dirty water excited his undivided attention; and, fortunately for him, as a water-drinker, it impressed him with complete incredulity of the instrument. "*That*," he averred, must be magic. It was impossible that water was in reality full of voracious ugly animals, else the prophet, who knew everything, would never have ordained it as the sole beverage of Mussulmans. It was well that his faith in Mohammed's goodness and wisdom led him to this conclusion, or his knowledge would have embittered every meal, and with reason, considering how scrupulous Mussulmans are about their drink and drinking-vessels. Had he convinced himself of the existence of animalculæ, he would have mentioned it, I dare say, to some influential members of the ulema, by whom would have been debated in full divan the propriety of establishing a law to kill them—by the admission of a little rum. It would certainly have proved a formidable weapon in favour of the increasing unholy custom

of wine drinking, and might be used with effect by missionaries, that is, if there shall be found any with sufficient courage to preach the Gospel to the Turks.

Four miles from Buyukderé, and twelve from Pera, embosomed in a forest of oak and elm, is the village of Belgrade, celebrated by Lady M. W. Montagu, where she wrote some of her charming letters, and had the courage to try inoculation on her child. The road to it from Buyukderé runs under a fine aqueduct of twenty arches. The village has not the enchanting views of the Bosphorus, but instead there are agreeable rides through the wood, and from an eminence adjoining an extensive prospect of the Euxine. Its situation is unhealthy from the proximity of the bendts, which give out unwholesome exhalations in spring and autumn; notwithstanding which, some of the residents of Pera have country houses there; one, that of the great English merchant, Mr. Black, so well and honourably known in Turkey for his gentlemanlike hospitality, which since his return to England has been equally maintained by his worthy *locum tenens*, Mr. Hardy (banker).

At Pirgos, two miles from Belgrade, are four aqueducts, from one to three rows of arches each, two of them are ancient, one supposed of Justinian, or Andronicus; but neither the antique or the modern possess much architectural merit. They are for the purpose of conveying the water from the reservoirs, so well described by Dr. Walsh, to Constantinople.

We often made these spots the scenes of picnic parties from Buyukderé; but a more charming site was in a plain on the opposite shore of Asia, and in every respect a complete park, where once or twice a week during the summer of 1829, an unprecedented spectacle was exhibited in a regular cricket-match, the players of which were furnished by the *Blonde*, whose band also attended for the amusement of the fair Europeans who might be present, and to invite them to a softer game on the green sward. Indeed, Frank society in Constantinople was never on so good a footing as in 1829, while poor Turkey was feebly wrestling with her mighty foe; for in addition to the presence of a superior set of naval

officers, the British embassy was unusually brilliant in secretaries and attachés, besides personal friends of Sir Robert Gordon. There were Lords Yarmouth and Dunlo, the Hon. R. Grosvenor, Messrs. Parish, Villars, and Mellish. They raised the scale of English gentlemen high in the opinion of the Pereotes. Their praises had not died away six months after their departure.

Another of our countrymen, Mr. Finlay, Philhellenist, &c., caused a sensation about this time, and afforded us amusement, by taking a prominent part in a rare spectacle—an elopement. The youngest of two pretty Armenian sisters contrived to elude the vigilance of father, mother, and brother, and have a little flirtation from her window with an admirer of her bright eyes, who, by the way, could talk sweet in Greek. It is astonishing how rapid courtship is in the East; if the talisman matrimony be only hinted at, it is like going on a railway. After four or five evenings of intercourse, like, we may suppose,

“The sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour,”

the lady (*en garçon*) put herself under the protection of the enamoured Briton, tripped with him nimbly to a caique, rowed up the Bosphorus, and found lodging in a village near Justinian's Aqueduct, where they thought to be concealed till they could leave the country; for as marriages between Franks and Rayas are illegal in Turkey, the officers of justice might have separated them. The morning after the elopement found her father bilious, her mother crabbed, her sister envious, her brother furious. Having sought them in vain at Pera, the latter rows up the Bosphorus, goes on board the *Blonde*, sees the mutual friend of both parties, Brock—explodes. His words seemed dagger-points and pistol-balls; but—he wants to fight?—O no!—not his trade. Only required Brock to find out Finlay—to talk to him—to get him to restore his sister—anything to save appearances—anything but fight. Duelling not the fashion in the East. Brock accordingly buckled on his armour, and taking the centre arch of the

aqueduct for a leading mark, started. Traces were fresh: he ferreted out the fugitives: he entered abruptly. The lady, still in masquerade, taking him for a chavass, jumped into a closet. Finlay looked martial. Brock laughed. He talked about honour; Finlay swore that he was treble distilled. He talked about propriety; the lady declared that her love was the essence of platonism. So Brock left them, returned on board, and made the brother "seas over." Her parents appealed to the ambassador, who—hummed—there was nothing to be done that could do any good at all. They threatened to appeal to the Turkish authorities; but that would have caused expense to the father, as well as misery to the young lady; and the old Armenian kept his hand in his pocket. In the meantime the lovers quietly got on board a merchant brig, and went to Syria, where they were married. But, we since heard, Mrs. Finlay would not leave off *wearing the breeches*. Her successful *débüt* in the so often enacted comedy of "A bold Stroke for a Husband" made a deep impression at Pera in favour of English honour; we might any of us after that have facilitated the descent of a fair Armenian or Greek from a window.

But all this time how went the war? News was so scant, and the Constantinopolitans so indifferent, that we might have supposed, but for the scarcity of provisions, that they were at peace. The presentation of the English ambassador, however, was the last satisfactory event for the sultan. Its excitement was scarcely over, when Tartars from the north and the south began to arrive. The surrender of Silistria was published, and the defeat of the grand vizir in a pitched battle confirmed,—a misfortune long suspected by us, though the Osmanleys had affected to discredit it. They still cried, infatuated, "Schumla will hold out; the Balkan cannot be crossed." This was the common language among them to the latest. From Asia the news was equally discouraging,—that Erzeroum, capital of Armenia, had surrendered by treachery, and that everywhere the spirit of Janizzaryism was up. But on this side distance was a great ally to the sultan, and made him disregard the success of Paskewitch.

While our political horizon was thus clouded, our natural one was enlivened by a conflagration of Galata. It was a splendid sight. When I approached it on the water before daylight all was blazing, pre-eminently the wooden summit of the great tower, illumining vast sheets of water on either side, and throwing broad refulgence on Stamboul. The tall white minarets, with their wooden spires in flames, resembled so many lighted wax tapers of Brobdignag. During many hours it burned, and for days after smoked a heap of cinders—a scene of wretchedness—in which groups of women with their children were seen squatting among the ruins, bewailing their lot, or raking up the ashes for valuables, or cooking a few victuals over the smoke. Yet, so accustomed are these people to such accidents, that ere a fortnight new streets were rising and the old ones in progress of being forgotten. It is curious to walk about a burning Turkish town, and observe the perfect indifference of the men. I have seen them remain smoking on the floor till the flames actually turned them out, then gather up the skirts of their pelisses, and quietly walk away, as coolly as though leaving their house for an hour's stroll before supper. It is an extraordinary fact, that in those great fires people are rarely killed, or even hurt.*

Our ignorance of the real movements of the Russian army was fully counterbalanced, August the 1st, by the startling intelligence that it had crossed the Balkans, that it had defeated the army at Aidos, under the pashas Alish and Abdurrahman, and that it was in full march for Adrianople. Rumour magnified

* It has been the fashion to attribute the fires to the malice of the Janizzaries. It is true, that when they wanted to gain an object, as the head of a vizir, or other trifle, they resorted to this measure; but it is an error to suppose that they always caused this mischief, unsupported by the common argument that the duration of a fire was proof that they prevented the people from extinguishing it. It is in vain to attempt to put out a wooden house in flames. The only remedy is by removing down the wind, and making a large cut in the street by razing three or four houses; but the proprietors of such devoted houses (as I have witnessed) naturally oppose this salutary measure, in the hope that the flames will not reach so far, and never yield unless to force. If force be not employed, the flames continue until arrested by a mosque, or other stone edifice. It is not surprising that a wooden town often takes fire. In the winter of 1829-30, were seven great fires at Constantinople.

Diebitsch's force to 150,000 men. The news came like a thunderbolt; for though the plan of the campaign had been clearly foreseen, from the moment that Sizopolis was occupied—that the passage of the Balkans would never be attempted through Schumla, that that city would be turned, its success also anticipated, from the known exhaustion of Turkey, and the general disaffection;—it was never for a moment supposed that the Osmanleys, their country and religion at stake, would yield their last barrier without rendering it of bloody celebrity. This consideration, therefore, caused many to reject the tale as improbable; nor was it fully believed until three days after, when letters from the diplomatic agents residing at Adrianople confirmed the fatal account. There, things could not be worse. The inhabitants were in despair; the troops, coward-stricken, absolutely refused to march; the pasha, scarce knowing what to do, had ordered a levy *en masse*, and was *thinking* of throwing up fortifications: added to all, the rayas were in exultation, and took no pains to conceal it. The fate of the second city of the empire was not doubtful. In the first, from its greater distance, alarm—though general among the greater part of the Frank and Greek population, who expected, at least, to be roasted alive whenever the mob should take it into its head—did not spread widely among the Osmanleys. They still talked large, and seemed to expect that their prophet, by a miracle, would arrest the infidels. Recreants! had he come amongst them on his winged camel, they might have fallen on their faces, and worshipped him, but they would not have fought. They compared, with unparalleled effrontery, the Russian army in Roumelia to the French at Moscow. "It is enveloped in a net!" they said. "The grand vizir will come down on its rear; the pasha of Scutari is advancing from the west; the reinforcements from here will complete the circle. Mashallah! we will cut it in pieces." They little knew the broken reeds they trusted to. Disaffection paralyzed them at home; the grand vizir remained at Schumla, a dead letter; and as for the Scutari pasha, it was not even known where he was. He had left Albania for the purpose of lining the Balkan; but whether, on hearing that he was too late, he would continue or

return, was equally uncertain. Moreover, much trust could not be placed in him. He was averse to the sultan's reforms, and also leagued with the Bosniaks, who were equally hostile to the new order of things. Had he arrived in time, as was expected, the Balkan might not have been crossed.

Some measures, however, adopted, showed anxiety on the part of the Porte. A spirited proclamation was read in the mosques, and sent to the cities of the empire, commanding all Mussulmans, from sixteen to sixty, to take arms. It was ill obeyed. From the populous town of Salonica five hundred men marched, but four hundred and ninety of them returned to their homes the next day. This is a fair specimen of what took place elsewhere. From Asia, not above two or three thousand men answered the appeal. They daily crossed the Bosphorus, in parties of a hundred or so—turbaned, wild, strange-looking beings, armed to the teeth in various modes, some with fine horses, others attended by their hunting dogs—and were sent at once, without being permitted to enter the city, to the posts of Kilios, Karabournu, &c., on the Black Sea, to oppose any disembarkation that might be attempted on the part of the Russian fleet against the defences of the Bosphorus, which was seriously apprehended, since a merchant vessel from Bourgas had announced to the capitan pasha that the 27th of August was publicly talked of as the day for attacking Constantinople by sea and land. These Asiatics, as they passed up the shore of the Bosphorus to their destination, evinced, by words and gestures, their hatred of Christians, and gave a forecast of our fate, in case the storm gathering should enable them to work their will. The Constantinople Turks were equally afraid of them. "Observe those fellows," said one of them to me, as fifty were galloping along the road, their spears couched, or their pistols held aloft as jerreeds, uttering wild yells; "if the enemy approach, they will revolutionize Stamboul; they will massacre not only you, but also us, whom they equally hate, for having adopted Frank customs." Few only went to their posts; the remainder spread about the environs, in guise of brigands, waiting the fall of their monarch, an infidel in their eyes. In the city, coercive measures were employed to

make the Mussulmans arm. No trade was spared; watermen were taken from their boats, porters from their loads, bakers from their ovens, &c. Universal disaffection prevailed; and this diseased state of the public mind, the more extraordinary while acting the prime lever of fanaticism, a Russian war, strongly marked the evil policy of the sultan's edicts, respecting dress and finance, which had produced it. Of the mass thus collected, ten thousand, including all ages, from the downy-chinned youth to the white-bearded tiriaki, were sent, under the command of Osman Pasha, the bostandgi bashi, to re-inforce Adrianople. Not one of them reached it. The remainder of the levies were ordered to prepare; and, as if willing to make a show, they daily filled the arms bazaar, which then offered a stirring spectacle from morn till night, equipping themselves with all manner of weapons, as though each had pre-determined to slay ten men. Asiatics mingled with them, and the population changed faces, from a quiet, sleepy state to a feverish anxiety. The turban was everywhere resumed, and the obnoxious fez discarded. "How do you expect them to fight," said an old Osmanley to me, whom I was rallying on the pusillanimity displayed by the troops at Aidos, "with this thing on their heads?" pointing to his own fez with unmixed contempt. It certainly is a very stupid head-dress, neither calculated to keep off the rays of the sun, nor a sabre's stroke, which the turban can, be the former of Libya, the latter of Damascus.

In the midst of the general disorganization, while the partisans of the Janizzaries were known to be holding consultations in various quarters of the city, and spies among the Greeks to be in correspondence with the enemy, the government showed great firmness in preserving the peace of the city. Fire being apprehended, everybody, under pain of death, was ordered to keep his house after eight P.M., and to extinguish lights. Aided by this salutary regulation, which did not affect Pera, the vigilance of the patrol prevented two incendiary attempts on a large scale. Notwithstanding the excitement, we frequented Stamboul with security. The men might scowl on us, with reason too, since, in their estimation, all Christendom was

linked against them, but the women were quite otherwise; they often accosted Franks in the bazaars with earnestness, entreating them to save their homes from the horrors of war. Interesting creatures! interesting on account of their bright eyes, and their sweet voices, and the mystery encircling their being. I never observed fanaticism in them but once, and that once was rendered more remarkable by the welcome of pleasure that a party of us had just received from some females, in the Egyptian bazaar, to whom our appearance was a harbinger of peace. Leaving that busy scene, it chanced that I entered a solitary street—silent as sleep, not a sound heard behind its latticed casements, where I stopped to admire a beautiful child playing with a fountain stream. Near it stood its young mother, who, the moment she perceived my attention fixed, drew close her veil, and exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "Run, my child, the evil eye of the infidel is on thee!"

The sultan in the meantime sent a positive order to the capitan pasha to put to sea with the first wind. Having promised to accompany him, I was with the pasha nearly as soon as the order. He was in great agitation, for the lodos, (south-west wind,) as if in compliance with the sultan's will, had that very morning overcome the obstinate poyraz, (north-east,) which it had combated mile by mile up the strait, and reached Buyukderé. An English merchant vessel was just then drifting in with the stream. The barge boarded her, and brought her captain to the pasha's kiosk. He was from Bourgas, and to my inquiries gave a most detailed, unconsolatory account of the force of the Russian fleet, then united. He whispered me on going out, as a friend—though un-Englishlike—that I had better act the truant. There was no hope for the pasha. With a blank countenance he observed the increasing rippling of the water, the pennants pointing to the Bosphorus; and by the time we got on board the *Selimier*, had cast off our inshore cable, and began to heave in on the other, our look-out brigs, which had already weighed, were nearly at the outer castles. A phenomenon, such as occurs once or twice a year, saved us. A small white cloud rose suddenly from the Euxine; our crew hailed its appearance; it rapidly spread, seeming to gather to it every

vapour in the air; then, thickly condensing, it descended, and hung before the mouth of the Bosphorus just like a dark curtain. Vividly contrasting with the white faros and batteries on either side, it had a terrific appearance, which might have merited for the sea it rose from the appellation of infernal, much less that of black. For some minutes was a still calm, so still that the air seemed deprived of elasticity, and the birds drooped on the wing. Then a crashing noise was heard, between that of breakers and distant thunder; at the same instant a flash of light rent, as it were, the curtain in twain. Wild was the scene disclosed. The poyraz burst through with impatient violence, the dark mist whirled away in jagged cones, and sheets of foam came dashing down the agitated strait. The brigs scudded in under bare poles. "God is great!" said the pasha. In half an hour every trace of the squall had passed, the day was as fine as before, but the poyraz had resumed its empire. The fleet took in again its small bower cables, in expectation that, as it could not pay the Russians a visit, they would pay it one.

In this alarming posture of affairs, it was hoped that Sultan Mahmoud would display some of the heroic qualities gratuitously supposed in him; that he would yield *his* ideas of despotic power, to attain which he had sown universal discontent; that he would forgive his internal enemies, to unite with them against a common foe; that he would immolate himself rather in defence of his country, than sacrifice it to secure some personal advantages; that he would, in a word, level his pride before honour. How noble would it have been to have seen him appear in the Atmeidan with the ancient and denounced emblems of majesty, so dear to the Osmanleys, and appeal to his subjects by his ancestors, on whom his adoption of Christian manners cast a stain,—appeal to them by their bigotry, by the Janizzaries with whose name every particle of Ottoman glory is linked, and by their patron saints, the Beek-tashes. The effect of such a proceeding would have been electric. With the hearts of the Constantinopolitans he would have had their hands; and by the cherished name of the Beek-tashes the women and infirm would have followed him to

the field, had he chosen to march, or would have seconded him in throwing up fortifications before the city, waiting with firmness the result, which must have been—victory. Alas! those who thought Mahmoud capable of such greatness of soul were quickly deceived. He made no demonstrations of wishing to do aught than wait—with no other resources than what he had—a turn of chance.

Ten days after the announcement of the passage of the Balkan, he removed the sandjack scherif from Therapia to Ramis Tchiftlik,* with the usual solemnities due to its sanctity. It was the first time, I believe, that infidels had been permitted to see the ceremony. The procession opened by a body of regular troops, followed by the royal horses superbly caparisoned; then walked another guard, to military music; then the caimacan, the seraskier, and other great officers of state; afterwards, surrounded by the ulema, the scheik-islam (pontiff of Islamism); then, preceded by its emblem, a green flag, came the holy standard, in a gilded car drawn by four horses. The sultan followed, very plainly dressed, accompanied by his favourites, and a rear guard closed all. At the moment the procession started, the fleet, dressed in flags, fired a royal salute in honour of the prophet's banner,† which, in the hands of Mahmoud II., did not possess the talismanic virtue that erst made the believers come from all parts of the empire, and gladly rush on death for it.

Opposite reports continued to excite or depress the Constantinopolitans, and to account for the inaction of General Diebitsch, of whose latter movements nothing was known. Every version, probable and improbable, was eagerly believed. Advices from Adrianople announced that it was his intention to remain under the Balkans until he had collected one hundred and fifty thousand men, with the corresponding *matériel*; but

* Barracks and small entrenched camp, half a mile from the city wall, where the sultan resided during part of the war.

† Many writers have speculated on the nature of the sandjack scherif. The Turks have an agreeable tradition that it was the curtain which hung before the door of Aïsché's apartment, Mohammed's favourite wife. The amorous prophet was just the man for this piece of gallantry.

this met with little credit; it was only invented by the Russian partizans to frighten the Turks.

Meanwhile a conspiracy among the Janizzary party in Constantinople was rapidly spreading, and the arrival of the Russian fleet in the Bosphorus confidently and openly talked of. Still all was uncertainty; but on the farther advance of Diebitsch, every doubt was removed as to the extent of danger to be apprehended, so much so, when known that the Osmanleys offered no resistance, that there was even an idea of ordering up the English fleet from the Dardanelles to embark the sultan with his treasures, in case the Russians came on too rapidly.

Successively the Turkish troops made a show of standing, at Selimnia, and at Yamboli: it was but a show; they fired once, then "*saue qui peut*," and the war assumed the character of a race, who could run or follow fastest over the vast plains of Adrianople. The intermediate posts rapidly fell; the army intended for the defence of Adrianople disbanded two days before the Russians arrived; and the return of Osman Pasha alone (who had marched a fortnight before with ten thousand men), on the 24th August, 1829, announced to the astonished sultan the fall of that city, the palace of which had been fitting up for his reception that very month. At first he would not believe that the infidels had penetrated to the ancient capital of his ancestors; but the unpleasant intelligence was soon too fully confirmed, with all the disagreeable details. Horror-struck, he gave way to imprecations. It was said that he wept, and blamed his ministers for having concealed from him the extent of his weakness; but neither his character nor his after conduct warranted the assumption; neither was it likely that his ministers, at the risk of their heads, kept him in ignorance of what he must ultimately know. On the contrary, the sentiments of the divan, from first to last, were peaceable.

He still refused to open the way to conciliation, and perhaps his obstinacy might have prevailed, but for the entreaties of those around him to make at least a show of being willing to treat. Constantinople was like a volcano in labour, yet he seemed the least sensible of its throes. Already a Janizzary,

thinking all was sure, had entered the gates, dressed in the denounced costume, and holding the emblem of his orta. No secrecy was observed among the conspirators; the arrival of the Russians was to be the signal for the explosion,—to depose the sultan, to murder his ministers, to fire the city, and to raise his young son, Abdul Hamid, on the smoking ruins. His only chance of safety was by arresting the march of the enemy, and a few days' indecision in showing the conspirators that he had that power might have proved fatal. His pride made him hesitate; but his dangerous position was fairly pointed out to him by the ambassadors; they represented to him that, should the enemy advance, his capital would certainly rise against him, that he would be obliged to pass into Asia, where his life would not be safe, and that Europe would be lost to him if he once left it. Those terrible denunciations determined him. That same night, August 24th, Mehemet Sadik Effendi, the *tefterdar*, and Abdoul Kadir Bey, the *cazi-asker* of *Anadolu*, went in his steam-boat to *Rodosto* with orders to proceed thence leisurely to *Adrianople*, and enter into preliminaries with Turkish caution and delay. He then, assured of not being disturbed by the Cossacks for some days, seized his iron sceptre. But not to interrupt the narration, I will defer to another chapter the bloody scenes consequent.

On the European side of the harbour the distress on that day was as deep as on the opposite side, though not involving the subversion of a monarchy, and, wanting the sublimity of defined danger, very ludicrous to a spectator. Those who were present can never forget it. Plague, famine, and the battle of *Navarine* combined, could not have produced the same effect as the simple news of the capture of *Adrianople*, one hundred and fifty miles distant. The consternation among the *Pereotes*,* which had been increasing from the day that the

* In speaking of the Frank population of Constantinople, it is necessary to exclude the English, and, in general, the French residents. They are so few in comparison with, and so superior to, the nondescript mass of other nations; their position, too, so much more respectable, that they cannot be classed as one. The latter, at the same time that they hate and despise, fear and flatter the Turks; believing them semi-barbarians, they treat them as demi-gods.

Russians crossed the Balkans, bordered on insanity. They were threatened in their ideas with the excess of every evil, of which violation would be the least. Some affirmed that the Russians were in full march, only twelve hours distant; others that the Cossacks were already seen from the walls, their lances gleaming among the cypress groves. A report got in circulation that the sultan, in despair, had restored the Janizzaries; a general conflagration was therefore immediately expected, and the fright of a vender of grapes, running through the streets, made them believe that the massacre of the Christians had commenced. I know not if any ladies miscarried, but I know that the mention of the name of Janizzary was enough to make them faint; and the representative of an Italian king nearly jumped out of window in consequence of taking a black cat, stalking across his saloon at dusk with a long shadow thrown by the rays of the moon, for a Janizzary. Amid the confusion one cry was heard, "What shall we do?" Few could determine, or looked to the sea as their only refuge, and nearly all, in case of the dreaded crisis, viz., the rapid approach of the Russians unkennelling the fanatic blood-hounds of Stamboul, would have fallen like sheep for want of ordinary presence of mind. The thermometer of public alarm went on rising, augmented by getting no intelligence, till August 27th, when, terror being at its maximum, M. Clair, secretary of the Prussian embassy, who had left Pera a week previous for the Russian head-quarters, returned with the joyful tidings that General Diebitsch consented to halt his columns, and to treat of peace.

But though the sultan had despatched envoys to preliminate, though Diebitsch had stayed his march, and though most of the diplomatists at Pera considered peace absolutely necessary, at whatever cost,—even the half of the Ottoman empire, and the hand of the sultan's daughter for the Russian general,—it was still uncertain whether Constantinople would be honoured, or polluted, by the presence of a Christian army. Mahmoud was not inclined to consider his affairs desperate, and thought, if he could gain time to quell the conspiracy at home, which late events had prematurely disclosed, to drive

back the enemy. In this view his envoys acted. On their arrival at Adrianople, after an easy journey *en évêque*, they sat quietly on their couches, smoking, and thinking of the emperor's *magnanimity*, but concluded nothing. This delay created fresh alarm at Pera, and the poor envoys were blamed by all classes of Franks for their supineness, which, in reality, was able diplomacy, since the fortnight's delay, thereby gained, might have caused Diebitsch's failure: his forces not being so much over-rated by the sultan, in his ignorance, as by the mediating ambassadors. They supposed that the Russian army amounted to 60,000 men, whereas it never passed 30,000 men, and with that idea they were fully justified in getting up a peace at any cost. Frequent divans were held, at one of which the sultan consented to the treaty of Greece as the price of the efficient mediation of the ambassadors of France and England; though this tardy concession, wrung from him by the pressure of danger, could not be considered as a compliment to either. The Turkish public mind was occupied by daily executions, and thus kept from dwelling on their national dishonour.

A fortnight thus elapsed without positive news from Adrianople. All doubts were then removed by the intelligence that Diebitsch had broke up his camp, and had pushed his advanced guard to Tchorloo, twenty hours from Constantinople. This movement was neither unexpected nor any way alarming, compared to what it would have been a fortnight earlier. In that short lapse a great change had taken place. The conspiracy was allayed, and the well-disposed Osmanleys, having recovered from their panic by looking on the danger, were somewhat inclined to forget their sultan's tyranny in their hatred of the foe. The sultan, at all events, was inclined to wait before deciding on peace, and in so doing he would have lost nothing—might have gained, as will be shown—for no terms could have been harder than those which he obtained. Unfortunately, as I before said, the weak, enfeebled state of the Russian army had not transpired, therefore he was not supported. His ministers were clamorous for peace, not from any knowledge of affairs, but from a fear of the revolutionary

party in Constantinople, the slightest success of whom would compromise their heads; and though that party had just been put down, there were embers glowing, they feared, to awake the flame. Thus, had Mahmoud been finally inclined to act the part of the last Constantine, they would have opposed him. The ambassadors, considering his case desperate, joined his ministers in counselling him to repose on the magnanimity of the emperor of Russia. He did so, and exhibited a signal example of a rapid descent from the pinnacle of pride to the level of supplication. Tartars were immediately despatched with orders to the envoys to subscribe to any terms, and Mr. Royer, the Prussian minister, being, from the intimate relations between his court and that of Russia, a party interested, and feeling himself in some measure implicated in the precipitate departure of General Muffling,* started the same evening for Adrianople to facilitate the adjustment. That night the seraskier, Khosrew Pasha, held his final interview on the subject with the French and English ambassadors in the sultan's palace at Therapia. "We are so beaten," he observed, "we

* Baron Muffling arrived some days previous. At the commencement of the campaign, Nicholas saw little prospect of a happy termination, and therefore wished to induce Mahmoud to sue for peace. For this purpose, the Prussian general was despatched, *via* Naples, with instructions to persuade Mahmoud to throw himself on the emperor's magnanimity, and assure him that he should have easy and honourable terms. Good—but owing to a long journey, when he arrived at Pera affairs were widely changed. The Russian troops were in the heart of Roumelia. Nevertheless, General Muffling performed his mission to the letter; whether he believed that the promises of which he was the interpreter would be realized, I cannot say. I suppose he did, for he is an honourable man. Mahmoud, in consequence, reposing on his assurance, threw himself *bonâ fide* on the emperor's generosity. Had he known its extent, pride might have induced a struggle. Days elapsed without a word respecting the terms transpiring, when suddenly Baron Muffling demanded an audience. It was granted, and the sultan presented him and his secretary with diamond snuff-boxes. Conjectures concerning this step were afloat, but none hit the reason. The same evening General Muffling gave a diplomatic dinner, and the next day put to sea in a Genoese vessel, not allowing the master time to water, telling him that he might water at Tenedos, or elsewhere. In a few days the hard terms were known. The solution of the enigma proved to be, that he knew them before, and withdrew from the scene to avoid the reproaches of Mahmoud. But why, having cajoled him, (undesignedly,) seek for a token of his approbation? In his audience with the reis effendi, on his arrival, General Muffling fainted from the heat. "Malum omen," said the Osmanleys.

cannot be beaten more; resistance is useless." Had he drawn his sabre in the cause, he might have been justified in giving that opinion, but he had not even seen a Russian uniform.

All idea of hostility ceased, and September the 13th, 1829, the peace was signed that gave a blow to Turkey from which it *cannot* recover. By it Russia gained the entire eastern coast of the Euxine as far as Poti, and brought her frontier through the middle of Georgia;—a large slice, considering that the emperor, a year previous, solemnly asserted that he did not wish for any increase of territory.

The peace of Adrianople undeceived the Austrian cabinet, which had constantly buoyed up the sultan with the prospect of assistance from England. Metternich was wrong for once, but he cannot be accused of want of judgment. He knew England's true interests, and he conjectured that her minister would have acted as he would have done in his place. It is melancholy to think what an opportunity was lost of checking Russia in her aggrandizing career; and that the Russian cabinet expected that England would take advantage of it, was proved by Diebitsch having orders to halt the moment an English fleet should appear in the Black Sea. How nobly might England have proclaimed, "We destroyed the Turkish fleet for the sake of humanity, but we will not permit that another take advantage of that act to ruin the sultan." How justly would she have entered on the contest; how Europe would have appreciated it! France would have cheered her on; Austria and Prussia would have gratefully thanked her. The most satisfactory results would have been obtained, without any cost to speak of, by the gentle pressure of her peculiar and powerful arm. Two English line-of-battle ships and three frigates, joined to the sultan's fleet, would have turned the scale of superiority on the Euxine. Six English line-of-battle ships with frigates, leaving the Turks on one side, would have been more than sufficient to keep every Russian ship in port, in which case, instead of having imposed a peace at Adrianople, the emperor would have had to regret the destruction of his fleet and arsenal at Sevastopol. Had

the Turks had the command of the sea, Varna would not have been taken in 1828; neither in 1829 would ten thousand Russian troops, with magazines and artillery, have been landed at Sizopolis, without which important *appui* Diebitsch would not have ventured to cross the Balkans. Irretrievable is the opportunity lost; now one hundred line-of-battle ships on the Euxine could not affect the march of a Russian army to Constantinople. It has no need of the co-operation of a single ship. Its next campaign will commence from the Balkans, fifteen days' march from the capital. Hitherto Russia's greatest difficulty (till now insurmountable) has consisted in getting through Wallachia and Bulgaria. It required a year at least to reduce their strong places, and this delay in an unhealthy climate occasioned a loss on the average of from 50,000 to 100,000 men; add to which the seeds of disease and discouragement sown among the surviving troops. Not one of these obstacles now exist, except the sickly climate, which is of no consequence when troops are not obliged to remain long in it. The fortifications on both sides of the Danube are razed; Varna* is razed, Schumla is degarnished, and over the Balkans, in addition to the Roman pass by Schumla, are two roads, between it and the sea, now practicable for every sort of vehicle. Nor will Turkey, were she inclined and sufficiently rich, be able to restore her fortresses; any indications to that effect will be carefully watched by Russia, and, if persisted in, be made a pretext for war. Thus her frontier—now the Danube instead of the Pruth—is perfectly bare. I say the Danube, for it is idle to suppose that Moldavia and Wallachia, though tributary to the Porte, do not virtually belong to Russia; she will fashion them to her will, enlist their inhabitants by conscription, oblige their provisional government to make roads throughout, and to keep magazines, and all means of transport ready for troops. No one can be

* In the Peace of Adrianople, as published, no mention is made of Varna or Schumla; but by a secret article the works of the former are razed: and from the latter every gun is removed, it having no fortifications to destroy; and the Russians farther insisted that the guns should be transported over the Balkans, whereby to prevent the place being put in a state of defence without great trouble.

duped by the *magnanimity* of the emperor in restoring those provinces to the sultan.

The most onerous part of the emperor's magnanimity, was the seven millions sterling demanded as indemnity for the expenses of the war,—a trifling sum compared with the treasures supposed to be in the seraglio, and which have been described by some travellers with an amusing exactness, considering that they never could have seen them. The supposition is not unreasonable, when we consider that for ages the riches of the empire have flowed into that reservoir, only overflowing on favourites; that Turkey is the appanage of the house of Othman, and that the pashas of the provinces have ever been sponges. True, the basin wherein they have been repeatedly dipped is nearly dry; but where are the squeezings? Converted into jewels, I believe, judging from the profusion displayed; for, in addition to those employed in the decoration of the royal women, the royal horses, and the royal pipes, the ranks of the officers of the nizam dgeditt are marked by crescents, suns, laurels, &c., composed of diamonds, worn on the left breast. Constantinople has always been the great market of jewellery from the west: quantities were brought to it at the commencement of the revolution, property of *émigrés*. The presents alone brought by the Christian ambassadors, generally precious stones, must by this time form a large collection. It is a great pity that Mahmoud did not convert a great portion of this useless wealth to a more available form, (as did one of his predecessors, Mahomet IV., 1688, in as awkward a crisis,) and pay his debts with it, instead of laying an extra taxation, and—cruel measure!—monopolizing the sale of provisions in the large cities, thereby completing the alienation of his impoverished subjects, punished for the obstinacy of their master,—a consideration that should make a conqueror abstain from exacting a tribute, unless the country subdued enjoy a representative government, in which case the inhabitants cannot complain, having agreed to the war, and voted supplies for it. But when an absolute monarch is conquered, the case is quite altered; the people, who have no hand in making war or peace, suffer, while the author of it does not

lose one luxury. In justice, the conqueror should compel him to live as a private person, and take the revenues appropriated to his personal expenditure, till the sum required is paid.

I should now recur to the tragic scenes that were acted in and about Constantinople during the eventful period between the 24th of August and the 14th of September; but previously, I will briefly detail the principal movements of the Russian army in this memorable campaign, the result of which reduced an empire to extremities—paralyzed by a Protean disorganization.

CHAPTER XII.

Passage of the Danube—Varna—Battle of Koulevscha—Schumla—Passage of Kamptchik—Of the Balkans—Battle of Aidos—Bourgas—Selimnia—Adrianople—Pasha of Scutari.

To the unvarying hostile policy of Russia towards her Turkish neighbour—acted on since a century with consummate prudence, its deformity concealed under the mask of religion; dictated by calculating, and supported by hereditary ambition; never allowing its wary course to be interrupted, except when continuance tended to defeat its object, and then in apparent deference to the principles of the balance of power; ever leading to territorial accession, calling for, but never raising the opposition of Europe—two immediate causes may be added as having impelled her legions towards the Danube in 1828; the military change in Turkey, and the battle of Navarine. In the former, Russia apprehended the germs of a new power, which, if suffered to develop itself, might become as formidable as the Janizzaries under the Amuraths and the Bajazets; she thought that the time was approaching when her armies would cease to march against undisciplined hordes, and her steppes to be the granary of Europe, supplanted by the plains of Roumelia; and that then, or never, was the time to crush her rival, while exhausted with internal convulsions. But to ensure rapid success, in default of which, a war in the feverish state of Europe would have been imprudent, liable to be

aborted by foreign interference, something else was wanting. That something was the unexpected destruction of the Ottoman fleet, which gave Russia the unopposed command of the Black Sea. To neglect such an advantage was not in her nature. The emperor swore that justice was his guide, and Europe let him act.

Accordingly began a war, which, if conducted with skill, would have been determined the same year; but the general difficulties of place and climate were underrated, and the minor obstacles, the military resources of the Osmanleys, overrated. Hence the great faults which marked the first campaign, wherein, it is not saying too much, had the Russian army been opposed by any other enemy, or had the Turks even been commanded by a man of talent, it would have been utterly destroyed. Its march as far as Bucharest was rapid. The army consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand men, including sixteen thousand cavalry and eight thousand Cossacks, with a splendid train of artillery, reinforced later in the season by twenty thousand of the guards. The third corps, fifty thousand strong, with the emperor in person, first reached the Danube, opposite Issatscha, the passage of which was facilitated by a dyke, two miles in length, constructed expressly over the morass, and by the aid of a tribe of Cossacks,* (established in the vicinity, who claimed Russian protection,) for which the hetman was created a colonel, and received the cross of St. George. By their boats and address a few battalions were transported to the right bank, the Osmanleys fled from their batteries, a bridge was thrown over, abutting on the dyke, the army crossed, and the fortress of Issatscha, with two pashas, immediately surrendered.

Here the troubles of the Russian army commenced. Disease,

* Another tribe, also, near Babadagh, placed themselves under Russian protection. These defections were of great import to the Russians, since in all preceding wars they had suffered greatly from the opposition of the Cossack tribes on the Danube. In the present war, too, some of the tribes showed fidelity in the Turkish cause; one, particularly, near Rassowa: in revenge, the Russians surrounded it, set fire to the village, and killed every human being. To justify such atrocities, Russia pretends that the Cossacks on the Danube are rebels to her, because, when their original country was conquered by Catherine, their ancestors retreated south, preferring Turkish to Russian domination.

generated in that most malarious spot, Turkish Dobruscha, made rapid havoc; Varna's brick wall checked the imperial guards; and instead of vigorously besieging Silistria, the most important place on the Danube, twenty thousand men were wasted in investing Schumla.

On the other side, Omer Vrione was in force at Dervish Keuy, on the Kampitchik, and the grand vizir had some troops at Aidos. Their junction and march on Varna, an operation dreaded by the Russians, might have raised the siege, on account of the disadvantageous position of the besieging army, which was so completely divided by the extensive morassy lake Dewno, that one part could not have supported the other under fourteen hours' march. The half of the army north of the lake conducted the siege; the other half was intended to hold Omer Vrione in check; and the troops before Schumla, in danger of starvation, depending on convoys from Wallachia for daily bread, prevented Husseyin from coming out. A fine army was thus kept in a ruinous state of inactivity, blockading a few irregular troops in order that Varna might be taken. Its tardy capture was a poor compensation for the immense loss in men and horses that preceded during the rains, and followed in the sudden frost which put a stop to all operations. Thirty thousand horses died in the retreat from the Danube; and, in consequence, the wretched Wallachian peasantry were harnessed in droves, men and women, to draw the artillery. The enfeebled, half-starved division before Schumla, not having this resource, barely succeeded, by the sacrifice of its baggage, in saving its cannon, which must have also been lost had the brave Husseyin, taking advantage of its exhausted state, harassed it in its painful march to the Danube.

The faults of the Turks were equally glaring, and deprived them of brilliant opportunities; though had they been tenfold greater, what could be said? What other could be expected from commanders ignorant of everything relating to modern warfare, who do not know the nature of the ground they act on, who have no books or maps, or place any value on information? The Russian generals, on the contrary, had a perfect knowledge of the country; it might have been supposed of

the art of war, they laid good plans of it, had officers who had been employed for years in examining it, and they were not ignorant of the arts of corruption; several pashas know their gold. Yet, to Russian errors, not to Turkish valour, must be attributed the disasters of this campaign. The desolation and the sickliness of Bulgaria are proverbial; yet the commissariat was shamefully deficient, and the medical department was not equal to many a charlatan establishment. The presence of the emperor embroiled all; added to the parade, but deadened the springs of war—decision and expedition—more necessary against an unskilful foe, since more felt. He was surrounded by a crowd of officers, some of whom had served in the war of 1811, some had read about it, others had thought of the subject—all gave their opinion—all were listened to. The field-marshal, Wittgenstein, became disgusted; Diebitch fell sick; Mentschikof was wounded. Useless precautions were adopted; a mistake which should have been avoided in their old arena. The emperor wished to see a siege, and accordingly Varna, instead of being assaulted,—or left alone, which it might have been, since Kovarna, twenty miles north, served all the purposes of a port,—was besieged *en regle*: though it must be alleged, in excuse for not storming it, that the Russians have great reluctance in attacking the Turks behind stone walls, which, when they have time to screw their courage up to the sticking point, they defend with valour, with cool aim and deadly cut dispute stone by stone. Sabres and pistols are more destructive in the breach than bayonets, and every inhabitant of a Turkish town being habituated from childhood to the use of such arms, takes part in the defence. These considerations, joined to recollections of terrible failures, Rutschuck in 1811, and the recent one against Brailow,* rendered Russian generals cautious.

* The failure of the assault of Rudschuck caused such discouragement among the troops, that the emperor prohibited any more assaults being given. The grand duke Michael directed the siege of Brailow: the assault on it totally failed; all was prepared for making a second, two days after, when it capitulated. The Russian bulletins of this siege allow seven hundred men killed, and fourteen hundred wounded; but Russian statements always require multiplying or dividing, according as they relate to themselves or to the enemy.

However, after all mistakes, all losses, the campaign terminated to the decided advantage of the Russians; and though the bulk of the army retreated over the Danube, advanced posts retained possession of Pravodi, Koslogie, &c., more in ostentation than for any real purpose; the garrisons, being isolated, were exposed to be cut to pieces if the enemy moved.

Wittgenstein retired. Diebitsch took his place, and passed the winter very actively in filling the thinned ranks of the army, and in organizing the Wallachians, who found their protectors very troublesome, and gave proofs of discontent by refusing to cultivate their fields, alleging that they had not been paid for the harvest last gathered. Diebitsch sent officers to make them work, at the same time to seize on all their carts for the transport service, with these remarkable words: "If cattle cannot be found to draw them, you will harness men; if there are not men enough, you will harness women." But as some indocility was still manifested, he summoned the boyars, and reproached them sharply for their lukewarmness in the Russian cause. One prepared to reply. "Hold!" says Diebitsch; "does any one dare to reply to me, the emperor's representative! to hear and to obey is all I require." Where the heavy artillery was cantoned was no forage: the nearest magazines were distant sixty miles, and therefore, wanting means of transport, the general commanding it proposed removing the horses till the spring: on which Diebitsch issued this order to the officer of the district containing the forage: "You will take as many men and as many women as are sufficient, and load them each with as many pounds as they can bear, and employ them in conveying forage to the cantonments of the heavy artillery." My narrator, who was present, and whose brother put the order in execution, told me that half of these bipeds died on the road. After all, what are these atrocities in an army where they are of daily occurrence? Russian officers smile when they hear strangers affix weight to them. Collectively they cannot be blamed, for it is part of their education to undervalue the human species. What are Russian subjects considered, but as being good food for the

cannon? How is a new province valued, but as it is favourable for conscription laws? Trade, manufactures, arts, sciences, the people's happiness, all sink, with the Russian government, before the sublime objects—conquests, or rather the appropriation of neighbouring provinces. "The end sanctifies the means," was Napoleon's motto, but *he* calculated on the tables of glory, and eclipsed the deformities of the game by the halo which he threw round it.

The emperor wisely abstained from sharing the pleasures of the second campaign. He gave Diebitsch *carte blanche*. After a few unimportant affairs in Little Wallachia in repulsing sorties, it really commenced by the commander-in-chief sitting down in person to besiege Silistria. The divisions of Generals Roth and Reidiger took up positions in the triangle formed by Silistria, Schumla, and Varna. To oppose them, about forty thousand troops, two-thirds irregular, the other third little better, were entrenched in Schumla under Redschid Pasha, the newly appointed grand vizir, a man of distinguished personal bravery, and well known by two unsuccessful campaigns against the Greeks. To him was addressed the sultan's laconic message in 1825: "Missolonghi or thy head!" in the same strain as the Comité de Salut Public wrote to General Custines, September, 1793, "*Delivrez Valenciennes ou apportez ici votre tête.*" Less fortunate than the vizir, the general's head rolled on the Place de la Révolution. Time had not matured Redschid's military judgment. He adopted a contrary system to that of his predecessors, whose defensive tactics had been fatal to the Turks, without considering that the spirit of enterprise which would have been prudent against an exhausted, dispirited, retreating army at the commencement of a severe winter, was temerity against fresh troops advancing in the fine season, and anxious to redeem their lost credit. At the same time it must be said, in favour of his ideas, that he had one way to change the war—by proceeding straight to Silistria. A rapid march would have deceived General Roth, and a combined attack with the garrison would have placed Diebitsch in an awkward position. Diebitsch might have been defeated; if so, the divisions of Roth and Reidiger, cut off from the

Danube, must have fallen back on Varna. The different garrisons would then have swelled the vizir's army; the Bosniaks and the Albanians would have joined him on the news; and the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, thus revived, would have so operated as to have driven the Russians beyond the Pruth. Nor is this chimerical; the pasha of Widdin,* the preceding year, nearly produced the same effect. The attempt, however, was not made, therefore conjecture is useless. The vizir's enterprise confined itself to sorties, which ended by his falling into a trap. May 12, he left Schumla with fifteen thousand men, and five days after, under cover of a fog, made an attack on Arnaoutlarken: it nearly proved successful; but the garrison of the village, consisting of two regiments of infantry with a few pieces of artillery, made a fine resistance, and obliged him, after two attempts, to retire into a neighbouring valley. Meanwhile, General Roth arrived with reinforcements; seeing the (natural) disorder of the vizir's troops, he ordered a regiment of cavalry to complete it. The delhis repulsed it in great style, pursued them to their own lines, broke a square of infantry, sabred it, and took two guns and four caissons. General Reuchteurn's lancers restored the order of the day,

* Middle of August, 1828. The pasha of Widdin crossed the Danube with 15,000 men, and attacked General Geismar, who was at Golang with 8000 men. He routed him. Geismar then, abandoning his magazines, retreated on Czoroy, where he entrenched himself. The following day, he was again attacked, and being again beaten, retired to Slatina, in expectation of receiving succour from Count Langeron. The inhabitants of the province, in consternation, tired of the Russians, and afraid of the Turks, fled to the woods, or toward the Austrian frontiers. Sorties from Giurgewo and Rudschuck increased the alarm. But unfortunately the Turks, instead of following up these successes, and marching on Bucharest, by which they would have cut off all supplies from the emperor in Bulgaria, collected the booty—their only object—and retired to their fortresses. After some weeks, Geismar, being reinforced by 2000 cavalry, again advanced to his old scene of action, Czoroy. Here, September 25th, he was attacked by the same pasha of Widdin; the battle was obstinate, and lasted till night, when Geismar gave it up, and changed his ground. He considered himself lost, having only 6000 men left, and being in a funnel, from whence he could not retreat without fighting again. From this dilemma, however, some Bulgarian deserters from the enemy relieved him; they informed him that the Turks, considering the game sure, were, sentries and all, "taking their keyf;" *i.e.*, making themselves happy. Geismar, on this, attacked them at midnight. They made an irregular resistance for two hours, then fled, abandoning tents and baggage. This was the most brilliant affair that took place during the war.

assisted by an explosion of ammunition among the Turks. The grand vizir, then, being totally ignorant of the enemy's force in the neighbourhood, thinking, moreover, that he had achieved a great feat, retired in the night, and the following morning re-entered Schumla with his trophies, singing triumph.

Elated with this success, he left Schumla the second time, with about forty thousand men and fifty cannon, with the intention of bringing Roth to action; but instead of following up this intention, and attacking him where he was, in so unfavourable a position that he could not have saved a regiment, he altered his purpose, and drew off to the right to invest Pravodi, an insignificant place, defended by a redoubt on the hill above it, and garrisoned by five thousand men. To storm this redoubt, and then march into the place, would have been the work of an hour; but instead of so doing, it was cannonaded for three days without effect, and three days longer it might have been cannonaded, had not a Tartar arrived with dispatches from the pasha left in command in Schumla, acquainting Redschid that while he was endeavouring to take Pravodi from the Russians, they might take Schumla from him, as Roth was marching in that direction. This movement was conformable to a plan of Diebitsch, who, as soon as he heard of the vizir's second appearance in the defiles of Pravodi, hoped to draw him into a general battle, by deceiving him as to his own presence and the number of his troops. Trusting to the want of intelligence in a Turkish leader to conceal his operations, he left General Krassofsky in charge of the siege of Silistria, and marched in person to the southward, sending orders at the same time to Generals Roth and Reidiger to meet him with their divisions at the village of Koulevscha.

A low chain of hills projects at right angles from the Balkans, and terminates with an abrupt cliff in the direct line between Schumla and Pravodi. At the foot of this cliff, on the western side, stood Koulevscha, facing Schumla, at the distance of two miles and three-quarters. On the eastern side, the ground is broken into deep ravines, along the most difficult of which an army must pass from Pravodi to gain the plain of Schumla, and also wind round the cliff across the small valley in which

it is embedded, and which embraces it like the conch of a fountain, only wanting a stream from its brow to complete the resemblance.

In this position, on the west side of the Koulevscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then, with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his dispatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

This little affair of Marcoffsky caused the disgrace of General ———, for having acted on his own responsibility, though it certainly brought on the battle, by detaining the bird till the net was spread.

In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kamptchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success; yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley.

The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, "Allah, Allah her," they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open, when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dgeditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhis' horses, as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kamptchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey;—immense in its consequences compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as though the whole Turkish army had been slain. It was morally annihilated. Few, ex-

cepting the delhis, who fled that day, returned to their colours; the remainder spread panic among their countrymen.

The Russians gained the victory—could they do otherwise?—but the honour of the battle was due to the delhis, who, the second time within a month, broke the enemy's squares; a fact which shows either that the Russian infantry is not so good as it has been vaunted, on account of its machine-like qualities—in all respects, since, machine-like, it cannot rectify itself when disordered—and its stoicism, which gave rise to the French proverb, "*Il faut deux coups de bayonette pour tuer un Russe*;" or that Asiatic cavalry is superior to European. Individually, there can be no doubt, the Turks are admirably qualified for cavalry, on account of the perfect command that they have over their steeds, and the severe training* that these undergo, not in relation to war, but simply as riding-horses. Turks make their horses go in the direction they wish under any circumstances; against a wall, a barrel of fire, or a *chevaux de frize*; and this power, joined to a habitude of firing their pistols, and hurling their jerreeds correctly at a gallop, makes them formidable in a charge to any infantry. In addition to such advantage, it must be observed that Turkish cavalry can charge vigorously from one hundred yards, which facility of locomotion is extremely valuable in a broken, cut-up country. Russian officers informed me that their cavalry could not have charged with effect at Koulevscha, the ground being so very unfavourable; and this inability was proved by their not being able, even the Cossacks, to pursue the fugitives. I was afterwards on the spot with Captain Chesney, R.A., a talented officer, and had not the fact been indisputable, we would not

* The training of a horse in Turkey takes place in a paved court, not above fifty yards square. He is rode full butt at the wall on either side, till he can turn on a pivot, or stop at once—the latter art is most difficult. He is then taught to gallop in narrow circles; to start at full speed from a stand-still; not to heed blows from jerreeds, or pistols let off between his ears and before his eyes. In six weeks he is complete; sure-footed as a mule, with the bound of a gazelle; gentle as a lamb, and docile as a spaniel; yet with blood to make his veins swell like ropes, his nostrils expand like globes of fire. As all Turks, for amusement, constantly practise these movements, it follows that every horse in the kingdom is fit for war. Hence the ease in Turkey of forming large bodies of fine cavalry in a short space of time, when the war is popular.

have believed that the delhis had made the charges ascribed to them.

The day after the battle of Koulevscha, Diebitsch sat down before Schumla, which, being ungarrisoned, excepting by its usual inhabitants, who were insufficient to man one-third of the lines—moreover, dispirited by what had passed before their eyes—might have been taken the same day; but his evil genius prevailed, and made him think that a strong garrison remained in the place. Although a brilliant trophy, Schumla would have proved a losing acquisition, as, in that case, the grand vizir, beaten out of his foolish solicitude about it, would have intrenched himself in the mountains, and have guarded all the passes.

He again collected thirty thousand men, chiefly drawn from the posts at the other passes, and sat down in Schumla, expecting to be besieged. But no indication of the sort occurred. Diebitsch, throwing up redoubts to protect his camp, contented himself with repelling the enemy's frequent sorties. One or two redoubts were stormed, on either side, with considerable loss; but the chief amusement lay in some brilliant affairs between the delhis and the Russian lancers, which made the intervening plain a field of arms. It was chivalrous, I have heard Russian officers say, to see the former issue from the gates of the city, and, throwing their lances in the air, charge over the plain like a collected flight of birds, their high caps drooping with their speed, their loose sleeves and horses' tails flying in the air—cross lances, kill, and have killed, a man or two—then halt, wheel, and disperse in a moment, no two together, to avoid their usual salutation of grape, which, on account of their extreme rapidity of movement, rarely touched them. On one of those occasions Redschid headed them, and narrowly escaped being taken, though they were doing little more than playing a jerreed game—a gallop round the ring, a feint charge, and a taunt or two at the lancers, who kept back. Suddenly a masked battery opened, and sent the delhis flying, their heads on their horses' necks, forgetful of their gallant leader. He remained alone, butt to a Cossack captain, who, attracted by the richness of his attire, dashed out of the ranks,

and seized his arm. The suddenness of the action deprived Redschid of his presence of mind, and another minute would have seen a grand vizir prisoner, for the first time, had not an Arab, who had checked his steed in time, galloped up at that critical moment. He shot the Cossack through the body, seized the vizir's bridle, turned, and led him, *ventre à terre*, into the town.

In this position, which wearied the Russians beyond measure, by requiring a constant alertness to meet the night attacks of their irregular foe, some weeks passed; and the rapid mortality among them, caused by fever and want of medical assistance, scarcely counterbalanced by the reinforcements daily arriving from Wallachia, reminded the commander-in-chief that he must cross the mountains, or retreat to a more healthy spot. The former project his generals opposed, alleging insufficient force. But Diebitsch was determined. He knew his resources. He was aware of the disaffection at Constantinople; he was certain of the co-operation of the Christians in Roumelia; and he calculated the demoralizing effects of the late battle as equal to fifty thousand men.

The nicest point was to attain the passes of Kiupri Keuy and Dervish Keuy without exciting suspicions, in the grand vizir, of his real intentions. Much address was not necessary. The Greeks in Schumla, all Russian spies, announced that he was more than ever intent on the defence of that place. Accordingly, as the besieging army, from Silistria,* came up to supply the vacancies, Diebitsch sent off the corps of Roth and Reidiger, on the nights of the 13th and 15th of July respectively, so as to arrive simultaneously at Kiupri Keuy and Dervish Keuy, on the Kamptchik: himself followed on the 17th, with Pahlen's corps, to support either, leaving General Krassovsky to keep the blockade of Schumla, and to amuse the grand vizir; who, still prepossessed with the idea that he, or Schumla, till taken, must be the main object of the war, conceived this flank movement, combined with the arrival of Krassovsky's division, to be

* This place capitulated June 22, 1829, after a gallant defence, at two intervals, of six months. In 1810, Count Langeron took it in seven days.

the prelude of a general attack on Schumla, by turning it from the east. He therefore sent off Tartars to Joussouf Pasha, the commander at Kiupri Keuy, for reinforcements. Joussouf replied, that the enemy were actually in sight, and that he required succour instead; but before this answer reached the vizir, poor Joussouf, with his pair of tails, was prisoner.

The two first corps marched by Dewno, through a deluge of rain, that made their men drop every yard. Their loss, during this forced march, amounted to near ten thousand men: "*Mais il-y-a tant de ces gens là,*" said a Russian aide-de-camp, talking of this at Pera. General Reidiger first crossed the Kamptchik, by throwing a bridge over it in the night, three miles below the works of Kiupri Keuy; he was not opposed. In the morning, the Turks, finding themselves turned, drew up on the heights, and made a show of resistance, but did not wait to receive a charge. Having secured this bloodless, but important conquest, he descended the right bank to Dervish Keuy, where General Roth had taken the enemy's works in flank, in a similar manner, by crossing the stream, unopposed, two miles higher up, and had immediately followed up his advantage, by marching three miles, in a northerly direction, to Dervish Jowan, where Ali Pasha, the commander-in-chief on the Kamptchik, was posted with a considerable force. He completely succeeded. Ali, after a faint resistance, fled, leaving his cannon, a few killed, and two hundred prisoners.

From Dervish Keuy, two roads led over the mountains; one by the coast, the other, transversely, towards Aidos. Vast woods overhung them, by means of which—cutting down the trees across them, and planting batteries in the intervals, so as to enfilade the zigzag paths—the Turks might have made a good resistance, even after their surprise on the Kamptchik. But the panic there sown spread from post to post; and the dust raised by the heads of the Russian columns was, in general, their signal of flight.

By those two roads the divisions passed, the cavalry leading their horses, more for the purpose of being secure from rifle-

men, than from any difficulty of the route. July 20th, General Reidiger reached the highest point* of his march, and the next day descended into the plains of Roumelia; thus completing, without opposition, this ever-memorable passage, which the Russians, in their bulletins, called so glorious for their arms; and which the *Smyrna Gazette*, or *Courier d'Orient*, compared (seriously), in the obstinacy of its defence, to the pass of Thermopylæ. I wonder that the editor's obsequiousness had not extended the comparison, and immortalized the pasha, who should have made a stepping-stone of his body, by clothing him in the garb of Leonidas. To the left the Turks showed equal pusillanimity. They did not offer to dispute General Roth's march till he came within a league of Messembria; a body of five thousand then affected to stand, but did not wait a junction. Messembria immediately surrendered; and Ahiouli followed the example on being summoned; also Bourgas.

The two generals then united, and made dispositions for attacking four pashas, who were encamped on the plain near Aidos, with twenty thousand men, consisting, in part, of numerous fugitives, and actuated, all, by the worst spirit. Their wisest plan would have been to have retreated gradually through Roumelia, taking up every favourable position, and leaving each when about to be attacked. I have heard several Russian generals state their belief, that had this army acted in this manner, the delay thereby occasioned would have been fatal to the success of the campaign, on account of the scarcity of provisions, and the increasing sickness among the Russian troops; added to the confidence which would have gradually taken place, in consequence, among the Turks, reinforced, may be, during their retreat. Unfortunately, the pashas confided in their strength, and, July 25th, drew up their irregular multitude in order of battle. The Russians, of course, had children's play; for there were no delhis opposed to them,

* According to the surveys of the Russian engineers, the height of the Balkan, where the army crossed, is 1800 feet; at the pass of Kasan, twelve hours west of Schumla, 3000 feet; at its greatest elevation, about the neighbourhood of Sophia, barely 6000 feet. What mole-hills to make such a fuss about!

to break their squares, or to charge their artillery. Half an hour decided the affair; when the Turks, throwing away their arms and their upper garments, fled in the direction of Selimnia. Their entire camp, with their cannon and ammunition, fell into the victors' hands. The pashas' tents showed well. Piles of delicious tobacco, cachemires, amber, and other valuable contents of oriental pavilions, became the prize of the fortunate Cossacks who first entered them. In the square of Aidos, through which the fugitives passed, one Osmanley remained, alone, (like Cocles on the bridge,) to oppose the Russian column marching into the town; and, on its approaching within hearing, apostrophized the infidels in no very courteous terms. The column halted in surprise. "Bring that madman here!" said the commanding officer to one of his men. The Osmanley showed that he could act as well as speak: he levelled his piece, and the soldier fell. Another left the ranks: he fired a pistol, and laid him on the ground. Another shared the same fate. He then drew his ataghan, and was rushing on the foremost ranks, when a volley riddled him, and sent his soul to the arms of the expectant houris, which never before received such a hero—one, of a nation, who preferred death to surviving his country's dishonour.

General Diebitsch followed the steps of General Reidiger, greeted by the Bulgarians of the Balkans, to whom he addressed proclamations, telling them that they were freed from the dominion of the grand signior, and annexed for ever to the Russian empire; thus taking from them the option of neutrality. Thousands of these mountaineers laboured, gratis, in clearing the passes of the *matériel* left by the divisions in their rapid march, and in accommodating the roads for the expeditious transport of supplies. The carriages of the general officers were soon enabled to pass the hills at a trot. The commander-in-chief established his quarters at Bourgas for some days, in order to make arrangements with the fleet, in case of a retreat becoming necessary. A regiment of Cossacks were sent up the great Schumla pass to Czalykavak, for the double purpose of raising the Bulgarians and of watching the grand vizir's movements. A detachment was ordered to

march down the coast to Ignada, and another half-way towards Adrianople; both with instructions to elate the Greek population with promises that the country was to be annexed to Russia; and to calm the Mussulmans with assurances that the war was made only on the sultan, who would be compelled to abandon his plans of reform. Diebitsch was excessively anxious to ascertain the state of public feeling in Adrianople, before proceeding further; but the Archbishop of Bourgas conjured him to advance, telling him that all was assured—the Greeks enthusiastic, and the Turks in dismay. “What proof can you give me?” asked the general; “the step is hardy; I must not fail.”—“I will send a person to Adrianople,” replied the archbishop, “who shall report to you the actual state of things.” A Bulgarian of trust was accordingly sent. He was so little suspected, that he obtained a lodging in the pasha’s palace, through the favour of some of the officers whom he knew. Having remained there some days, sounding all parties, he went to Selimnia, to report agreeable intelligence to the general, and to deliver him letters from the Archbishop of Adrianople, who invited him to lose no time in coming while the consternation was fresh.

From Bourgas, the general marched, by Karnabat, on Selimnia, where part of the Turkish army, defeated at Aidos, had rallied. It was also incumbent on him to visit that important town, as being the capital of the Bulgarians of Roumelia, whom it was necessary to draw into revolt. The divisions of his army united, August 13th, before Selimnia; but ere a shot was fired, the Osmanleys were already in full flight, harassed by the Bulgarians, who killed about one hundred, and sacked the dwellings of the Mussulman inhabitants; then, being fairly committed with their old masters, they cordially embraced the cause of the Russians, who, in the first place, armed them, and to whom, in recompence, they were of incalculable benefit. They supplied their new allies (and, as they believed, fellow-subjects) with transport, with provision, with forage, with clothes, with guides, with interpreters, and all gratis. In short, they were an artery of the expedition. The day following, five thousand men were sent up the Kasan pass to expel Suley-

man Pasha, posted at Kasan. Suleyman instantly fled, with his troops, to the north side of the mountains. The detachment weeded the adjacent villages of Turks, armed the Bulgarians, and, leaving parties of Cossacks to organize them, and to prevent the enemy, if possible, from coming over the pass, returned the second day to Selimnia, where all was prepared for striking the grand blow. Nothing hitherto had failed. The Christians were in open revolt, the Mussulmans in dismay; and even the movements of the Turkish chieftains appeared to have been dictated by Diebitsch, so well had they met his views. But before going further, it may not be amiss to state the amount of the army that aimed at the subjection of Turkey. The three divisions which crossed the mountains contained, when Selimnia was taken, about thirty-five thousand men; adding seven thousand men, remaining of those landed at different times at Sizopolis, made the Russian force, in Roumelia, forty-two thousand men. Of these eight or nine thousand were required to occupy the line from the Gulf of Bourgas to Selimnia, in which debouched all the passes, in order to oppose the grand vizir, who, it was naturally expected, would quit Schumla, and cross the mountains after his enemy.

But though so small, the Russian army had the immense advantage of being in a country devoted to its interests.

Diebitsch having directed the general of the Selimnia district to retreat on Bourgas, in case the grand vizir should attack him in too great force to be resisted, commenced his march on Adrianople, August 16. The season was unusually hot, faintly oppressive to those northern soldiers, dressed as they were in thick clothes, and carrying each seven days' provisions,—a requisite precaution in a country without much more cultivation than is necessary for its scattered inhabitants. Their distress was great; yet few died. The prospect of seeing Sophia's fane cheered them on; and the evening of August 19, their fatigue was somewhat compensated by the sight of the minarets of Sultan Selim's mosque in Adrianople. That night they rested under arms on the eminence near the city, where great agitation seemed to prevail by the moving lights and the general murmur; subsiding, however, before

sunrise, at which hour envoys came to the Russian head quarters to gain terms or time. They informed the general that an army was expected from Constantinople to defend the place, and they hoped that he would have the complaisance to wait a few days, if but to show the sultan that it had resisted. Diebitsch refused. The envoys then said that the great and glorious city of Adrianople, having no means of defence, would capitulate, provided private property were respected. Diebitsch agreed. August 20, 1829, the second city—former capital—of the Ottoman empire was peaceably taken possession of. *Te Deum* was sung in the square; a general was appointed commandant, with the pasha under him as civil governor;—the horse-tails under the cane!—guards were established at the mosques, and other places of public resort; and, as a necessary precaution, the Mussulmans were ordered to give in their arms. They submitted to the humiliation without a murmur, except the lady of Osman Pasha, (taken prisoner at Ahiouli.) It was her husband's sabre, she said, left in her care, and she could not give it up without his consent: she retained it. In three days the wonder was over. The mosques filled again, and the people resumed their occupations as though nothing extraordinary had taken place. Yet what had taken place should have made each Turkish mother curse the hour her son was born. Should the race of Othman eventually be obliged to quit Europe, who, with such proof of degeneracy, will feel commiseration for it?—will not rather hail the emancipation of the beautiful countries that have so long withered in its grasp? But let not Russia be the substitute; slavery is as primarily and more artificially woven with her system. Turkey in Europe should be formed into an independent kingdom; and for population, there are hundreds of thousands who would gladly leave the overstocked countries of Christendom for the rich prospects which a good government would hold out in this. Their fusion with the talented Greek, the warlike Albanian, the hardy Bulgarian, and even the Mussulmans, would be the best security against the ambition of Russia: who also on the side of Asia would find the Turks a more formidable enemy, when having only one frontier to

defend. Who should be the king of this new country? There is but one answer: the King of Greece. Brilliant prospect!

And should that personage prove to have talents and judgment, he may look on the throne of Athens as the footstool of the throne of Constantinople. The hand of destiny points that way. Wrenching Greece from Turkey was a mortal stroke to the sultan, because it established a precedent for successful revolt, which will be acted on. His rule in Europe is going, going, going; in a few years it will be time to write—gone. Russia is watching its agony like a vulture hovering over a dying wolf. Let the king of Greece prepare himself, by putting his own kingdom in an efficient state, and by gaining the good will of the Christians of Roumelia, to assist at the death. Let England be ready to assist him; let her prepare the way—it is easy; and then the original intention of the Greek question, which was to render Turkey stronger by lopping off a gangrened member, will be accomplished, though in a different manner from that projected. But this does not signify; we look to the edifice, and mind not its colour. A little gentle violence, in addition to gilding the pill, may be adopted with the family of Othman, if it cannot re-organize European Turkey; which, however, is not probable, because European Turkey will only be regenerated on regenerated Greece, and this cannot well be effected by an Othman; and the injustice, if indeed such be worth thinking of in this partitioning century, will be excused by the consideration, that in forestalling Russia in deciding on the destinies of this fine country, the misery of millions will be prevented. To this arrangement Austria may be induced to lend herself, for the sake of rounding her territory in the basin of the Danube. Wallachia and Moldavia already belong to Russia, therefore nothing need be said of them. We want nothing; may even yield the Ionian Isles to the Greek empire, and, consequently, shall have the merit of acting, in appearance, disinterestedly. It is time to shift the pieces to the other side of the board in the game of the balance of power. We have long enough trifled about this country or that country in the west of Europe having a province more or less, as if any country can touch us

across a barrier of water; and no country but Russia has land-passage to our dominions. It is time seriously to look to Russia, and not let slip the opportunity, now held out to us through emancipated Greece, of making European Turkey a partial counterpoise to her. Russia should be the watchword of the British cabinet. We want a Cato to ring it in the ears of our politicians.

At the same time it is fair to observe, that the weak opposition made by the Osmanleys, in the campaign of 1829, could not be received as a standard, did no other exist, of the weakness of the empire. It had peculiar causes. Let us suppose a civilized Christian country with an absolute monarch; that that monarch at one blow destroys a portion of his regular troops, and disbands the remainder, forbidding them under pain of death to appear; that he commands his subjects to change their usual costume for monks' robes, to shave their heads, and wear night-caps instead of hats. Suppose at that moment, while the attendant disgust is fresh, his empire to be attacked by an enemy morally and physically superior; could it be expected that the people would rally round his throne? The ease with which the allies marched through France was no proof that the French were unable to resist them; it only showed that they were tired of Napoleon and of wars. But that was no excuse for their indifference. Men should support even a devil in preserving their native soil from the pollution of foreign troops.

The Russian army did not enter the city; it bivouacked, not on the high dry ground, but most imprudently on the marshy banks of the Marizza and the Toondja. The advanced guard was pushed on to Luleh Bourgas, and two regiments of cavalry were sent by Demotica, to take Enos, a fortified town on the gulf of the same name. The right of the army thus rested on the Archipelago; the left on the Euxine, at Midia.

As I mentioned in the preceding chapter, envoys came immediately to Adrianople, on the part of the sultan, to treat of peace. Diebitsch had therefore reason to flatter himself that everything would succeed according to his sanguine wishes. But a violent fever among his troops nearly marred his brilliant

success. It was occasioned by sudden repose after violent fatigue, and by their being exposed to marsh miasmata, to heat and dews, unprotected by trees or tents. In a week vast numbers died, and scarcely a man was free from its debilitating effects. There were few medical men with the army, and they had few medicines—*imprimis*, no bark—and, to complete the mischief, there was a scarcity of provisions. The army was so completely cut up, that I have heard several of its officers declare, that the Turks might have annihilated it without much effort; and that, even without opposition, it would have been difficult, almost impossible, to march on Constantinople, over one hundred and fifty miles of country, devoid of forage and supplies; although nothing would have been easier at first, while the impulse was fresh among the troops, with toil to keep off disease. Add to this, Mustapha Pasha, of Scutari, was coming up in the rear with 30,000 Albanians; and though it was not certain that they would fight—their chiefs' loyalty being suspected—it was certain that they would eat everything up,—as sure a mode as with bayonets, of reaching the vitals of the Russians.

Unfortunately the real state of the Russian army was not known at Constantinople, at least not in the right quarter. That the Prussian minister, one of the three mediators between the sultan and the emperor, in constant communication with General Diebitsch, knew it, is positive; that he concealed it from his colleagues, the English and French ambassadors, is equally positive. They believed it to consist of 60,000 men in good condition; had they been aware of the fact, that it did not amount to the half, in a deplorable state, they might not perhaps have counselled the sultan to give his consent to the humiliating peace, which was wrung from him most reluctantly. He knew nothing of the exhaustion of his enemy, but he could not believe that his own resources were so completely paralyzed. It was a *tanto quanto*, which might, if acted on, have made his obstinacy appear reason.

In this trying interval, General Diebitsch maintained a firm countenance, and affected indifference about the procrastination of the envoys. He told them they might do as they pleased,

but that on such a day, if his terms were not subscribed to, he should march. Effectively, as I before said, twenty days after his arrival at Adrianople—a ruinous delay, which showed a great want of calculation on his part, since the same result would have been gained in less time under the walls of Constantinople, whither, had he not halted at Adrianople, he would have led his army in good health, its spring of excitement unrelaxed, backed also by the universal panic, and by the conspiracy among the Janizzaries—he broke into column, and pushed his advanced guard to Chorloo. It had the desired effect. Peace was signed. The same day the pasha of Scutari—a traitor by his inactivity—reached Philippopolis, having previously had an affair of outposts with some troops led by General Geismar against him over the high Balkans. He pitched his camp in the adjacent plain, and during the ensuing three months, assisted the Cossacks in ravaging the villages.

Owing to the distance, hostilities did not cease in Asia until October 10th; on that day Paskewitch wound up a successful campaign with the battle of Beibout, in which two thousand Turks were killed or wounded. The following day one of Diebitsch's aides-de-camp arrived from Constantinople with the news of the peace; an event that would have been known some days earlier, and the blood spilled at Beibout saved, had not the pasha of Trebizonde refused another aide-de-camp, who had left Bourgas by sea, to land in his pashalick.

Thus terminated this eventful war, which in its progress twice overturned the opinions of most politicians. When the first campaign opened, they said that the Russians would be at Constantinople the same year; when the second commenced, judging from the siege of Varna, that they would not cross the Balkans.

Both campaigns were marked by enormous faults: the first failed for want of energy; the second succeeded from want of opposition. "*Nous nous sommes battus avec des invisibles,*" said a Frenchman in the service. The loss in men, cattle, and *matériel* was immense. Fifty-two general officers were known, and 200,000 men were computed, to have fallen in the two

campaigns; not a twentieth part by the enemy. The exact number of the latter, where their lives are held at nought, is difficult to ascertain, but the former is a good index. Generals in modern warfare, like the chiefs of the Huns and the Comans, never go to the other world unaccompanied by a numerous suite.

The event placed Diebitsch* and Paskewitch by the side of Suwarrow in the opinion of their countrymen, and their grateful emperor showered on them equal honours. He created them marshals, gave them the grand cross of St. George, and one million of roubles (40,000*L.*) to each.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hamid Aga—Executions—Turkish Lady—Jew—Sir P. Malcolm—Seraglio—Ball on board Blonde—Turkish Ministers.

I BEFORE mentioned that the sultan dispatched his envoys, August 27, to amuse Diebitsch, while he crushed the conspiracy in his capital.

Mahmoud was, by nature and by long practice, well adapted to appease a revolt; he had often tried the most approved recipe, blood-letting, and always found it efficacious; and on this occasion, though unable to shed the blood of the Russians, he determined not to spare that of his more dangerous foes, his disaffected people.

The first person who fell a sacrifice to the nature of the times was the aga of Buyukderé, a man much loved by all classes, for a mild and just administration, and gentlemanly qualities; he was also nazir (governor) of the outer castles of the Bosphorus. But though thus honoured by his sovereign, he was a Janizzary in principle, and therefore his death became

* Could Diebitsch have rested with his Turkish laurels, he might have died with the reputation of a great general; but they withered by the side of his Polish cypresses. The emperor should not have employed him against the Poles, because his campaigns against an enemy too ignorant to take advantage of his errors, thereby engendering in him a habit of carelessness, rendered him less able to cope with skilful antagonists. By long practice at any game with inferior players, we give those formerly our equals the superiority over us.

imperious; indeed, under the military laws of Europe he would sooner have ascertained the falsity of his prophet's mission, for his actions supported the suspicion that he held treasonable correspondence with the enemy. He also frequently slept away from his post, allured, it was said, by the charms of a Greek lady. Poor Hamid! peace to his errors! I knew him well; a merry, mellow-eyed mortal, who, though a true Osmanley, preferred punch to sherbet, and the daughters of Eve to the Houris in reversion. The evening before his catastrophe we smoked a pipe together, when he little thought that the rustling of Azrael's wings fanned the cool breeze in our faces. Late that night the capitan pasha returned from Constantinople, where he had been assisting at a divan, with the fatal firman in his bosom; and the next morning, the sun just peeping above the Asiatic hills, I saw a barge row swiftly from the flag-ship to the nazir's house, which overhung the water. Suspecting something, I put a question to the officer of the boat, as he passed my window; he shook his head in reply. The nazir was still reposing. "The pasha wants you," was the pithy message. "Why, what can he require?" "You will soon learn; rise." He adjusted his dress, performed his ablutions, prayed, and then, without making any arrangement, stepped into the barge. I was already dressed, and on the quay; passing which, he waved his hand to me, and said something, I thought farewell, so I took a caique and followed. The principal officers of the fleet received him on the quarter-deck; the man whose smiles they courted the day before, on account of his intimacy with the capitan pasha, they received with insults. Hassan, rials bey, gave him a kick. At this he crossed his hands and exclaimed, "I understand." He was then conducted down on the main deck: there his accusation was read to him, enumerating, with other charges, the unjust one of grinding the poor. So false an accusation, without the power of refuting it, must have added a pang to the bitterness of death; that is, if he felt any, for he betrayed no fear, neither probably, with true Ottoman stoicism, would he have said one word, had not the capitan pasha at that moment come out of his cabin to look at his old friend, who, one little spark

yet burning among the embers of hope, cried once "Aman." He might have spared his breath. The pasha answered by a slight wave of the hand, the usual signal in such cases; the guards understood it, and taking the nazir by the arms, led him below to the prison, where two slaves attended. Not thinking for a moment that he was going straight to death, I was about to follow, moved by an impulse of pity, or of curiosity, when the pasha motioned me to come into the cabin. The bowstring soon did its task, and in a few minutes, the receipt, poor Hamid's head (the countenance calm as in sleep) was brought up to be shown to the pasha, before being transmitted to the seraglio. It is startling to see a human head carried in a platter up the ladder, down which you had seen it descend, just before, sentient and well poised on a pair of shoulders; this had an effect even on the cold-blooded Osmanleys, under the half-deck; they involuntarily shuddered, as well they might: the reign of terror was begun, when no man might say that his turn would not come next.

An officer was sent to seal up the nazir's effects, and to seize his secretary; and the pasha, having first breakfasted with as good an appetite as ever, rode to the outer castle of Europe to hold a summary trial on the garrison, which ended by twenty of its members being strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. After this pastime, he took his siesta at the castle, and then, having first installed his kiaja as governor, returned in the evening to Sariery. A moving scene awaited him on landing, in the wife and children of the nazir's secretary, who, with dishevelled hair, and weeping, implored mercy at his feet, for an innocent husband and father. The pasha passed on without deigning to notice them, but the following morning I was happy to find that the man was released, as being innocent of his master's guilt; in other words, that there was neither wealth nor secrets in the case to extract. Poor Hamid! he did not leave much; his favourite female slave was given to one of the capitan pasha's retainers, and his personal chattels were sold by auction.

This was the prelude to the tragedy which impressed blank terror on the citizens of Constantinople, numbers of whom

were, each night, thrown, strangled, into the Propontis; and each day some of the chief conspirators were publicly decapitated *pour encourager les autres*. So completely had the latter reckoned on the arrival of the Russians in the capital, that their unexpected halt at Adrianople deprived them of all presence of mind to concert either means of resistance or of escape: they were therefore cut down like dogs in the caniculæ.

Every street presented horrid spectacles; the bodies stretched on their backs, heads under their right arms, and the *yaftas* (sentences) on their breasts, with stones on them to keep the wind from blowing them away. For variety, the head of an Armenian, suspected of being implicated in the conspiracy, was placed between his legs, looking towards the ignoble part; and the circumstance of being an infidel was strongly and repeatedly dwelt on, with amusing prolixity, in his *yafta*, as a heinous aggravation of the crime of treason against his sovereign lord. Fortunately for him, his punishment was not greater than that of the most orthodox Osmanley. One of the first and most pitiable cases was that of the master of a fashionable *café*, near the fish market, in which the conspirators used to hold their meetings. This poor devil, who probably had no idea that the act of selling coffee to a conspirator made him one, nor conceived it the duty of a correct publican to make a distinction of customers, was buying vegetables at a stall, when he was accosted by the guard; and, having answered the usual interrogatory, "What is your name?" made to kneel, and decapitated on the same spot where he had been providing for his supper, it being conveniently situated for publicity. As a farther example to the fraternity, recording, at the same time, an immemorial eastern custom, his shop was razed to the ground. The people passed these exhibitions with seeming carelessness; a few stopped to read the sentences; but none showed commiseration, or made any remark. None dared—the least display of feeling entailing death; indeed, hardly so much was requisite, since those suspected of thinking, were deemed equally culpable with those who spoke, against the government. The most active search was made for the accused, who, without warning or trial, wherever they were

found, (if a public place, if not, in the nearest,) were instantly beheaded. The process verbal was simple—"Are you so and so, Hassan, or Achmet, or Sadik?"—"True, I am Achmet, what do you want?" "We want your head; kneel down, without disturbance."—"Oh! this is a mistake: you mean that Achmet, or that: I am not the man!" "You are the man: we are looking for a certain Achmet, with a long nose and large eyes; you have a long nose and large eyes, and are called Achmet, therefore must be the man who is convicted of treason against our lord."—"I protest this is a calumnious falsehood! I pray you go elsewhere, I am not the man!" "Hear the blasphemer! not content with conspiring against our lord, he denies his guilt, instead of bowing at once to our lord's clemency! kneel, wretch!"—"By the prophet! by my father's beard! by my soul, I swear I am innocent! this is a mistake!"—thus saying, falls his head. This exposure to an unpleasant *equivoque* renders it fortunate, rather than otherwise, for an Osmanley to have a personal defect, which may obtain for him a surname; as, for example, Selim One-eye, or Mustapha Crook-back, or Avni Club-foot, is not liable to become a head shorter through a mistake.

The sanguinary old seraskier, Khosrew, was put to his old trade, head butcher of sultan Mahmoud's shambles, and did not discredit his former fame; on the contrary, rather added to it, by establishing a torturing shop, for relaxing hard nerves, presiding thereat in person. Little, however, was elicited by this process.* *Espionage* was more successful; on which

* It is just to say that the Osmanleys are not addicted to torture, widely differing therein from the Persians. But when they do set about it, they do it seriously. One of their questions is binding the head with a rope, and drawing it tight until the accused speaks or faints. The discomfort of a tight hat may give one a millionth part of the idea of this frightful torture. Those who undergo it rarely lose the mark of the rope, which remains impressed on the head as though burnt in with a hot iron. As a set-off to their moderation in this respect, the Osmanleys practice mutilations of a hand or foot; the former on burglars, the latter on highwaymen: and a very effectual remedy it proves; but unfortunately, three out of four that undergo it die from want of surgical aid, the operation being generally performed at the same place where the sentence is pronounced, by one of the chavasses present, who draws his ataghan, and lops off the proscribed member. The stump is then smeared with hot tar to staunch the blood. In Constantinople, during 1829-30, was to be seen a Turkish beggar, who

service the sultan's aides-de-camp went about in various disguises. It was a service of danger. I met, one day, Saley Bey, dressed as a galiondji; he would certainly have been assassinated, had he been found out thus prying. They frequented the cafénés, and other places of public assemblage; and woe to the wretch who "had his heart on his tongue, instead of his tongue in his heart:" (Turkish proverb:) their denouncement was certain death; by which scope for private revenge, doubtless, many innocent people were cut off. But this was a natural inconvenience, arising from the complexion of the times. Nor was this rigour confined to one sex; several women who, in the fulness of grief, dared openly to bewail their relations, and to arraign the measures of government, were cast, in sacks, into the sea; and as a farther and more effectual check, combining shame on female loquacity, one was publicly hung, but, with an attention to *bienseance* peculiar to the easterns, enveloped in a sack. About the same time, also, a Hebrew, for having been too intimate with a Turkish lady, was hung at his door, where he writhed and kicked for two hours before the ill-adjusted knot choked him—the stream of the Bosphorus, in the meanwhile, washing away the guilt of his fair accomplice. She almost deserved her fate, for having shown such bad taste. In many shapes death triumphed during this terrible fortnight. Two wretches, convicted of attempting to fire the new seraglio at Beglerbey, on the Bosphorus, were impaled; one still breathed on the following day.

These horrors enabled us to appreciate the most unaccountable part of an Osmanley's character: his great passive courage at so trying a moment, so "sudden a wrench from all that is dear;" the more extraordinary to us, knowing the want of courage displayed by the troops, witnessing the cowardly run-aways from before the Cossacks, part and parcel, countrymen and brethren, of the victims of Mahmoud's rigour. Their noble bearing at the fatal moment was really exalting, and

had been deprived of both his feet by that rude operation. He was in good health, and enforced his arguments by carrying in his hand the skeletons of his poor feet.

ers envy deaths which seemingly cost
 only caused a tone of feeling in the
 tion—far other than what might
 very natural, for tyranny loses the
 shness when it fails to depress the
 consequently acts with tenfold security.
 on the point of being executed would
 making the passions of a crowd than would
 persons quietly suffering the same fate. A
 as a long time in our ears, but a death-blow
 from our eyes. So, we are told, the cries of
 rry (the only person cited as having given way
 on the revolutionary scaffold) produced an un-
 trell of horror in the Parisian mob, and roused it from
 pathy which the courage of the condemned—causing
 ration to usurp the place of pity—had hitherto kept up.
 morning I accidentally became a witness of an execution.
 At the upper end of the street I observed a slight tumult,
 occasioned by an arrest, but not knowing what it related to, I
 did not stir. Presently, the guard moved towards me, and
 halting where I was standing, in the widest part, cleared an
 open space; by which manœuvre, we, the spectators, were so
 closely wedged, that I could not get away, incited thereto by
 the visible and audible discontent of the Osmanleys around
 me at the presence of an infidel. It certainly was mis-
 placed.

Into this place two men stepped from the body of the guard
 —one old, and ugly, and meanly dressed; the other young,
 and handsome, and richly attired in the old costume. The
 office of one of them was not doubtful, by the long ataghan in
 his hand; the other, by his firm step, and the unconcerned air
 with which he glanced around, might have passed for the
 provost marshal, had not his manner soon announced that he
 was destined to act a more important part;—and he knew it,
 for he at once knelt down, without prompting, and suffered his
 thumbs to be tied behind him with a piece of string, that he
 might not involuntarily interfere with the operation. The
 executioner then took off his turban, tied up Mohammed's lock,

and adjusted the denounced head in the most favourable position for displaying his skill, desiring its owner to hold it steady. So peculiarly adapted is the eastern costume, having no collars, to the dispatch of head-cutting, as to make it probable that it was originally adopted by slavish courtiers as symbolic of their necks being always ready. This preparation did not occupy two minutes, during which it was uncertain which of the two showed the greatest coolness. Drawing, then, his ataghan, the executioner held it up in the act to strike, and in this position recited the offence—"conspiracy," &c. It was an awful picture, a moment of breathless excitement to all present excepting the two actors, the one of whom the most interested in the event appearing the most careless. Being close to him, *malgré moi*, I watched him narrowly, but could not perceive the slightest change in his florid countenance, or a tremor in his fine limbs. Both at such a crisis would have been pardonable in the boldest. Having heard his crime, he cried in a firm voice, "O Mohammed, I die innocent; to thee I consign my soul." He repeated these words, with some others to the same purport, when the finisher of the law, impatient, demanded, "Are you ready?" The gallant fellow, with an energy of tone, which showed that his spirit already saw the "dark-eyed girls," promptly answered "Ready." The moment after, his head, struck off by one blow, was rolling in the dust. The blood instantaneously gushed out of the body, the neck slightly palpitated; life vanished with the rapidity of thought. The savage who performed the deed, cleaned his blade on the corpse's clothes, then held it up in the rays of the sun; but seeing some stains on it, again wiped it before re-sheathing it. How willingly, to judge by my own feelings, and the looks of the bystanders, would we have torn the wretch in pieces! He disposed the body *secundum artem*, an assistant washed away the blood, the crowd silently dispersed, and Hassan was left where he fell, to glut the gaze of bipeds and quadrupeds twenty-four hours before being consigned to sinepeds. What a change in five minutes! No sight ever made so painful an impression on my mind. Nor hanging, nor breaking on the wheel, nor impalement, nor any of the ordinary

modes adopted by man to destroy God's image, can produce so disagreeable an effect on the unused spectator. In those, the notes of preparation, and the attendant bustle, gradually attune his feelings to the event; the mere circumstance of there being some apparatus assures him, or at least inclines him to believe, that it is not an ordinary occurrence; and when the curtain drops, there is no direct evidence of aught than a suspension of life. The ghastliness of death is veiled. But in this there is no deception. Here lies the motionless trunk, there rolls the head, as if in mockery of the faith which builds on their re-union; and what increases the pain of the spectator, is the conviction, that the victim, arrested, accused, and executed before him in five minutes, was innocent.

Though appalling to behold, it is preferable for an Osmanley, who, from the time he can link two ideas, has death before his eyes, to take the bitter draught at one gulp, than to savour it for days in the solitude of a prison; but it requires more resolution. With time for reflection, on any trial that he has to undergo, a man may screw up his courage to the sticking-point, and go off the stage with credit, on which, taken unawares, he would have faltered. Many, however, will look on this in a more serious point of view than a display of nerve. The priest may allege the want of time for repentance; but an Osmanley prays every day, from three to five times, and is, therefore, always prepared to meet *his* Mediator. The man of business may exclaim about the settlement of affairs; but the condemned Osmanley has none to settle; the sultan is his heir. The sentimentalist may sigh to think that the sufferer could not take leave of his friends; but the Osmanley has few ties, few of those sympathies which form the links of a family, and unite its members from different parts of the earth. As a lion's cub leaves its den for the forest, so he quits the paternal roof rarely to re-enter it; in a few years his mother, the only bond for him under it, is old or dead, discarded or forgotten; in either case replaced by a young wife, by whom are young children to absorb his father's affections: his sisters have become the inmates of strange harems, where his feet, though not forbidden, are unwelcome; and his brothers, like himself,

are the butts of fortune, or the dependants of a pasha, ready at the dictates of either to slay each other.

This gloomy prospect was somewhat enlivened by the anniversary of the prophet's birth-day, September 9, which was celebrated, as usual, by royal salutes, and by the illumination of the fleet and the mosques. Nevertheless, the canonization of his worshippers continued without intermission, till the news of the peace arrived, when, freed from the great lever of insurrection, Sultan Mahmoud deposed his iron sceptre, having tolerably well succeeded in allaying the feverish disposition of his good citizens, not one of whom dared call his head his own,—no way consoled for the uncertainty of possession, by the certainty of a good berth in Paradise, if lost by the sultan's commands. They were paralyzed, afraid to leave their houses, and for some days Constantinople appeared as a city of the dead. The cafénés, usually filled from morn till night, were empty, the bazaars deserted, and excepting a few Armenians and Jews stealing along under the porticos, scarcely a human being was to be seen in the streets. Even the dogs seemed, by their silence, to partake of the general calamity.

Persons in every rank were infected with the panic, and set about removing the Janizzary marks stamped in with gunpowder on their arms:* among others, to my surprise, I found Mehemet, the captain of the *Selimier*, laid up with a swollen arm, in consequence of having applied blisters for that purpose. As he suffered mentally, as well as bodily, in effacing the cherished ornaments, I remonstrated against his repeating the operation on the other arm, saying, that *he* could not be

* It has always been the practice of the Osmanleys, resident in the large cities, to enrol themselves on the Janizzary lists, not as fighting or factious characters, but to enjoy the credit of the name and the *appui* of their respective *ortas*, the number of which they were obliged to imprint on some conspicuous part of the body, to prevent after evasion of their principles, and to constate their claim. Some of these *ortas* had a prestige from trifles or accidental causes, as crack regiments in Europe; and their rolls swelled to an enormous amount, as high as fifteen or twenty thousand names: not that these numerous hangers-on are to be confounded with the turbulent body so well known.

From this practice arose the custom, among the *delhis* and the Janizzaries, of going to battle with the right arm bare, in order that he who distinguished himself should be known everywhere by his marks.

suspected. "You do not know," he replied; "past services are soon forgotten, and these few lines may prevail against a life of fidelity. Mashallah," he continued, with a wince at the pain, "our lord is a great man; is he not?" another wince and a sigh, looking at his untouched arm, "they must come out." Dr. Capponi was kind enough to take him in hand, and relieved him of the obnoxious evidence with comparative ease; but large scars remained to denote the cloven foot.

The Constantinopolitans, however, soon began to recover from their stupor, and to relapse into their usual lethargy, apparently as indifferent as heretofore to the operations of Destiny. At the same time, it was easy to perceive that a great change had come over them in the short space of a month; that they were no longer buoyed up with the idea of being invincible, of being the first people on earth, in whose favour Allah would cause an infidel army, which dared approach Stamboul, to vanish in smoke; that they were sunk as low in their own opinion as they before stood high; and that, seeing no outlet from the abyss in which fate had cast them, they deemed it useless to make any efforts; replying to exhortations to improve themselves by study and by example,—“It is of no use, we have too much to learn!” They only prayed to be permitted to live and die in peace—to enjoy their bone without fighting for it—nor longer thought of glory or revenge. So disastrous was the moral effect, a hundred fold that of the physical, produced by the peace of Adrianople.

Peace, at the same time, brought with it novelties to divert their sadness. One morning, an English admiral's flag was seen flying in the Bosphorus, for the first time since the Flood; and Sir P. Malcolm, who had come up from the Dardanelles in his tender, gave publicity to his arrival by saluting the capitan pasha with nineteen guns from the *Blonde*, which were returned by an equal number. The sultan was pleased; and believing him to be the capitan pasha of England, therefore third man in the British empire, as his capitan pasha was in the Ottoman empire, felt somewhat flattered; as he, no doubt, considered that the worthy admiral's visit of curiosity was influenced by a desire to see his radiant countenance. He honoured him

with a private audience for half an hour; conversed, it was said, very sensibly, on various subjects, and showed his judgment, at parting, by giving him a snuff-box set in brilliants. His selictar, taking the hint, entertained him, together with the ambassador, at a kiosk, a few miles from Pera, terminating the repast, a *l'Osmanlie*, with presents; and then the capitan pasha, to whom it especially belonged to do the honours to a brother admiral, took his turn, and received him with distinguished honours. He saluted him with nineteen guns, as well on entering as on leaving the *Selimier*, whose crew exercised at quarters before him, in a style to elicit his approbation of their *address* and *discipline*. In all respects, the pasha behaved with winning courtesy. Besides displaying his best assortment of amber mouth-pieces, his most elaborately fillagreed coffee-cups, various preserves, and perfumed sherbets, he also, following a good example, bestowed gifts on the admiral—a sabre, and two cashmere shawls; for which, in return, the admiral presented him with the *Blonde's* life-buoy, wanted for one of his frigates, which was then preparing to convey an ambassador extraordinary, Halil Pasha, to Odessa; not from any fear of his excellency falling overboard, but to show off before the Russians with so clever a thing hanging to the stern. Not long, however, did the Osmanleys keep it, for it was soon voted a bore by them as being an excuse for holding loose. In the frigate's return voyage a man fell overboard: it was accordingly let go; but as he never reappeared on the surface, it was not deemed worth the while to lower a boat to pick up the buoy, which was left to go its own course, and will, no doubt, if found on any of the wild coast of Asia Minor, be regarded as a valuable trophy, (in the same manner as the Cornishmen once took a hencoop, drifted on shore from a wreck, for a musical instrument,) and be transmitted by the finder as an heir-loom, if not suspended in a mosque.

In addition to these distinctions, all very flattering excepting the presents, (for presents, in Turkey, if not required by others of equal value, are looked on as acts of grace which a superior accords to an inferior,) the admiral's wish, expressed through the ambassador, to see the seraglio, was complied with.

The number of the suite not being limited, I gladly availed myself of the permission to accompany them; although I do not mean that as an excuse for inflicting a minute description of what, though called a palace, more resembles a city, such as a painter might sketch in a fanciful mood. Built on the site of one, (Byzance,) it contains, in its circuit, gardens, fountains, groves, circuses, mosques, palaces, altogether strangely intermingling, yet harmonizing,—European elegance by Asiatic luxury, the light by the sombre, the trivial by the magnificent,—and offering, in their labyrinths, every convenience for the pleasures of the most luxurious court, and the accommodation of four thousand retainers, besides the women.

The original plan consists in four spacious courts, surrounded by buildings, connecting with each other by high gates, and running in an oblong square nearly across the area; the remainder of which is laid out in pleasure grounds, or filled up by kiosks, the fancies of different sultans, which communicate with the main edifice one way, and command views, the other, of the finest scenery in the world. By the most modern of these kiosks we began our excursion, entering it through a massy, gilded gate in the sea wall. It was built by the present sultan, and is no less distinguished for size than splendour, furnished in a style half French, half Oriental; the former shown in cut-glass chandeliers, mirrors, musical clocks, ivory ships, mosaic tables, and other trifles; the latter in velvet-coloured divans, piles of brocaded cushions, highly-wrought mats, and frescoes on the wainscotings. The baths were perfect specimens of their kind, almost too beautiful for use, composed of variegated marbles, wherein rous and verd antique were lavished. The Gothic, richly-fretted, marble chimney-pieces, in the winter cabinets, were also highly ornamental, and excited a wish for fire. In one of these cabinets were arranged the sultan's personal arms, consisting of Damascus sabres, French pistols, Persian hangars, all of exquisite workmanship, and set in jewels. By them lay a small assortment of korans and sunnas, beautifully written, and highly emblazoned.

Leaving this kiosk, we traversed the courts of the main

fabric to the imperial gate, or sublime porte,* which gives entrance to the first court from the city. In the porch-way are niches for the heads of distinguished criminals. The first court contains the mint, the armoury, the imperial stables, and apartments of the kishlar aga, besides others, all of ordinary appearance outside, and presenting, we are told, nothing remarkable inside: but we were not invited to judge for ourselves; a subject of disappointment, since it is well known that the armoury contains many suits of Grecian armour, with other memorials of the empire.

The second court is handsomer, set off by a fountain in the middle, with trees planted round it. The kitchens are on one side, occupying the entire length, of stupendous proportions, the roof supported by lofty pillars, and surmounted by ten domes which are distinctly seen from the sea, and generally assigned to a different kind of building, since few persons place Ottoman gourmandise in so exalted a station as to require the most noble edifice in the seraglio for its service. It speaks high for civilization. We found it in full activity; not less than a hundred dinners were preparing, each at a yawning cavern of flames and smoke that might have graced Vulcan's workshop, and hosts of lackeys were going or returning with full or empty dishes. The cooks, clean-fingered nimble gentry, dressed in white, like their Romish brethren, were exceedingly polite, and brought us at each compartment pezimets and other dainties, farther induced thereto by the presence of our ciceroni, who, no less a personage than the chief artiste, did the honours of his jurisdiction with an air and manner that would have gained him the cordon bleu had he lived in France in the reign of Louis XV.

* Over it is an inscription, in Arabic, of which the following is a translation:—"By the assistance of God, and his good pleasure, the lord of the two continents and seas; the shadow of God among men, and among angels; the favourite of God in the East and in the West; the monarch of the terraqueous globe; the conqueror of the city of Constantinople;—that is, the victorious emperor Mehemet, son of the emperor Amurath, and grandson of the emperor Mehemet, laid the foundation of this august building, united the parts solidly together, for the preservation of quiet and tranquillity. May the Almighty perpetuate his empire, and exalt it above the lucid stars of the firmament."

He terminated his attentions by exhibiting to us, with an assurance beforehand of exciting our wonder, the dried, almost mummied, body of a merman, which, he told us, had been caught in the Bosphorus a century back; he did not know with what bait, but he knew that no other had been caught since. As we were not bound to take this assertion on credit, we put our heads down—our hands were kept off—to examine it, and soon discovered that this merman was nothing more nor less than a large fish, somewhat mis-shapen, called palamithe, to whose shoulders some adventurer, with great dexterity, had joined a human head, and thus imposed it on Turkish credulity. However, we did not express this opinion, for charity's sake, but left them to enjoy their error, and roll up again in fine cloths the precious monster, which, in the absence of a professor of natural history on the seraglio establishment, has always been in the care of the reigning cook, he being considered, after the hekim bashi, the most scientific person in the empire; and if, before, a doubt on the authenticity of the merman was considered blameable in any sceptical, free-thinking page, or eunuch, it will now amount to heresy,—now that it has been seen and approved of by an elchi, a capitan pasha, and a host of bey zades and bim bashis (our party) of England.

Opposite to the kitchens—in conformity with the good rule that weighty deliberation should immediately succeed, or be succeeded by dinner—we saw the divan, or the privy council chamber. It is of an oblong form, covered by two domes, and paved with fine marbles, divided by a low marble balustrade into two squares. In place of the usual luxurious couch, a marble bench runs round three sides, a kind of seat pleasantly cool in summer, unpleasantly so in winter, always disagreeably hard, but at the same time possessing the advantage of being preventive of long debates. The sultan rarely assists in person, but from his apartments a passage leads to a narrow niche, on one side of the hall, where, unseen, he can hear what passes.

Thus far any person may penetrate on business, but the third court is the *sanctum sanctorum*, trodden by few excepting the white eunuchs, a considerable number of whom were loiter-

ing about the entrance of it, and raised our attention, as much as any other appendage of this empire of jealousy, by their complete and abhorrent ugliness, more than sufficient, we thought, to disgust the Odaliskes with every thing in the shape of man. Dull and spiritless, although young, with the yellow shrivelled appearance of decrepit old age, these white weeds of humanity gathered round us with childish curiosity as we entered the "gate of happiness," and in cracked tones complimented us on our arrival in *their* world; wherein, caused by the gothic overhanging style of architecture, reigned an air of gloomy magnificence, well corresponding with the mystery attached to it and heightened to us by the idea, which one could not help entertaining, that we were gazed on, as a menagerie of strange and rare animals from distant parts, by myriads of bright eyes from the lattices. A rich marble colonnade runs round this court, connecting its various offices;—the treasury, the great baths, the hall of the sandjack scherrif, the apartments of the sultanas, of the princes of the blood, and the eunuchial quarters. Detached in the area stand two separate buildings of an original structure, somewhat between the Chinese and the Swiss, but pretty withal, shaded by deep porticos supported by porphyry columns. One of them, near the gate of happiness, to which it leads by a covered gallery, is the audience chamber, where ambassadors, until 1829, had the felicity of waiting on the prophet's vicegerent; a singular monument of distrust:—it was evidently built to prevent the possibility of a sultan being assassinated by the representative of the "most powerful of the kings of the adorers of Jesus," who stood before him pinioned. In size it is not too large for a dungeon, and in gloom it is not inferior; one door gives admittance, and one window, heavily barred, barely enough light to distinguish a person's features in it.

From this, having first discussed chibouques, coffee, sherbets, and conserves, prepared for us, we were conducted with some ceremony to the other detached edifice, commonly called the imperial library, and regarded by the Osmanleys, I know not why, with as great a respect as St. Sophia and other great trophies of their conquest. No reason can be assigned for

their predilection in its favour, since it boasts of no relics of the former lords of Constantinople, and contains only about fifteen hundred Arabic and Turkish volumes on history and theology, not being near so good a collection as exists in three or four of the libraries attached to the principal mosques. Not a ray of light breaks the darkness, not a Grecian character adorns its shelves, not a trace of antiquity supports the long fondly cherished opinion of the learned respecting its contents. The librarian assured us that he had not one *infidel book* in his care; he appeared hurt at the suspicion, and invited us to remove our doubts by examining the cobweb repositories. But this would have been a dirty job; so we even took his word for his proud poverty of treasures. In recompence, he showed us, as the pride of his heart, on a long scroll, the portraits of the sultans;—all—whether the fierce conqueror, or the wise Solyman, or the effeminate Ibrahim, or the boyish Osman (represented beardless)—equally badly executed, showing how completely the art has been at a stand, and also showing that the Othmans, notwithstanding the religious prohibition, have not been free from the kingly vanity of transmitting their looks to posterity—a curious fact now, that the present sultan has been so highly panegyricized for having had the civilization to disregard the Koran, and have his likeness taken. The difference is, that his predecessors were content with native artists; he has chosen a Frank one;* for two excellent reasons, first, that he is superior, second, that his features will thereby have more publicity.

In glancing over the portraits of this long line of sovereigns, one dwells on that of Mahomet IV., and endeavours to trace some feature that may indicate the rarest of royal virtues, particularly his, gratitude, owing to an exercise of which the wheel of Ottoman greatness turned down the hill, and in its first progress dragged him from the throne. The example deserves to be recorded. He came to the throne at seven years old, between when and fourteen three grand vizirs were put to

* A correct likeness of Sultan Mahmoud II. was taken in the beginning of 1830 by Signor Gobbi, an *attaché* of the Sardinian embassy. The sultan munificently rewarded him with a snuff-box set with diamonds.

death through the intrigues of his grandmother, Sultana Kioseme, she having retained the management of affairs. Mahomet Kuprogli, being then elevated to the rank, with great prudence immediately freed the young sultan from the tutelage of the women, and conducted him to the war in Dalmatia. He died at Adrianople, and was succeeded in the grand vizirship by his son, Achmet, who also died a few years after, at Constantinople, leaving, as well as his father, a great name in Ottoman history. To mark his sense of his services, the sultan not only left his son Mustapha all his riches, but appointed him grand vizir; and on the rank being modestly refused by the young man on the plea of his inexperience, gave it to his nearest relative, Cara Mustapha, observing, that any member of the family of Kuprogli must be worthy of it. Cara Mustapha belied the compliment. By his counsel, against the opinion of the scheick islam, who declared it unholy, predicting that divine vengeance would follow the infraction of treaties, the Porte for the first time—never since repeated—encouraged revolt in a foreign country; listened to the propositions of young Tekeli; and in alliance with him declared war unjustly against Germany; in which war Vienna was not taken, owing to the avarice of Cara Mustapha, and in which, by his imbecility, the finest Turkish army ever seen was totally routed by Sobieski on the ever memorable 2nd Sept., 1683, from which epoch dates the decline of Turkey. The author of the calamity, Cara Mustapha, received in recompence the bow-string, to which he readily submitted his neck, thus confirming what he used to say in the days of his splendour, that he only wanted that martyrdom to complete his happiness. The deposition of Mahomet IV. followed, with complete anarchy throughout the empire, which was reduced to extremities, threatened by the victorious Germans, and only saved by his successor giving the seal of grand vizir to Mustapha Kuprogli, the same who had before refused it. He proved an equally great man with his father and grandfather: he restored the Turkish affairs as well as could be: and was finally killed by a musket-shot in a battle against the imperial army under the walls of Peterwaradin, to the consternation of all Turkey. Turkey that

day lost her last able minister. No man has been found since with probity, disinterestedness, talent, and courage—all are necessary, to rule his own passions, a despotic sultan, and a fanatic nation; to lead a petticoat cabinet, and conduct armies,—a capacity that was eminently possessed by the three Kuproglis, who certainly merit a rank among the great geniuses that grace history's scroll, and present an unexampled chain of great hereditary talent.

To return to the seraglio; after our disappointment in the imperial library, we descended to the fourth and last court, in which was nothing remarkable, except a marble column, seventy feet high. The inscription was nearly effaced, but its Corinthian capital was perfect, and reflected credit on its masters, for having so well preserved a remnant of the first Constantine's magnificence.

We were next conducted through the sultan's gardens, laid out with taste, but wanting that day their most beautiful flowers, across a spacious circus for the jerreed exercise, to the water gate, where a crowd of retainers were assembled to see the exit of the travelling menagerie. We delayed a few minutes to converse with two regular mutes; they were boys about fourteen years old, very genteel, and good-looking, whereby we were completely undeceived in regard of their species, having previously understood that a mute was a kind of animal between a dwarf and a monkey. The little urchins were exceedingly amused, and laughed and conversed about us with great rapidity, making most expressive language with their eyes and fingers. Their quick wit is proverbial in Turkey, and in the secret deliberations in the seraglio, where they alone are allowed to be present as domestics, nothing escapes their intelligence. One of them is noted for having saved the celebrated grand vizir, Kuprogli, whose death-warrant, owing to the intrigues of the validé sultana and the kishlar aga, to whom his economy of the public money had rendered him odious, was signed by the weak Achmet. A mute gave him notice of the plot; and thus timely warned, Kuprogli, who was then at Adrianople with the army, was enabled to receive the messenger of death with smiles, and to turn the tables.

The kishlar aga was in consequence exiled, and his secretary strangled.

Here finished our visit to the seraglio. The same evening Sir P. Malcolm sailed for the Dardanelles. We, who remained at Pera, had occasion, soon afterwards, to behold the Osmanleys in a very unusual position; viz., mixing with European society with a degree of versatility and condescension so unexpected, that the dragomans, a race peculiarly unsusceptible and difficult to beguile into a display of feelings, gave way for the first time in their lives to expressions of astonishment, and declared that nothing more could surprise them. The object was a *ballo*, the name which the Osmanleys have since adopted, as vernacular, to signify the simultaneous movement of numerous pairs of legs to music, on board the *Blonde*, which was fitted up for the occasion with a taste and splendour rarely equalled in the British navy, where such things, too, are well understood. Sir R. Gordon was the giver of this fête in celebration of the peace, and the Turkish ministers were asked to meet the Frank society; a novel combination, which greatly amused the most of us, in anticipation, but rather ruffled the composure of the true believers, and of the fair Europeans in general. The ladies took it into their heads that they were only invited to dance for the amusement of the Osmanleys—a gratuitous calumny on our worthy ambassador—and declared, whether or no, that considering the estimation in which Mussulmans held women, it was indelicate to exhibit before them at all. They were perfectly correct in their opinion; but when the moment came, these, and all such idle considerations, gave way to the pleasure of a ball on board ship. On the other hand, there were a few prejudices to vanquish, and the sultan's leave to be obtained. He, however, so far from refusing it, would gladly have assisted in his own sacred person, had not state etiquette prevented. The most difficult man to persuade to soil himself by so close an approach to Christian debauchery was the reis effendi; but when he found that his brother ministers were going, and that the sultan wished it, consented. "Wonderful! if they go, why should not I go? Inshallah! I will go." Heavy rains retarded some days this grand expe-

riment on Turkish morality, and undid the frigate's canopying more than once. At length, the heavens cleared, also long faces, and by nine o'clock, P. M., the distinguished three-tailed, and two-tailed, and no-tailed, company assembled beneath the ensigns of England, of Turkey, and of Russia; the two latter amicably joining, and forming, it might have been supposed, a galling sight for the Osmanleys, as well as the word peace, which was multiplied in transparencies round the quarter-deck. If it was so, they concealed their feelings; looked at both with their usual apathy, and leant, as might be, on the arms of some of Diebitsch's aides-de-camp present. Aft the mizen mast a superb divan was arranged where their excellencies the pashas sat by their excellencies the ambassadors—cashmeres vying with stars. The ladies were ranged opposite, prim and prude, to be eyed by these terrible four-wived fellows, who made themselves as perfectly at home as in their own harems, smoking chibouques, and caressing their stockingless feet, which for greater ease they took out of their slippers and put on the sofa, according to custom; they probably would have liked the fair Franks to have rendered them the titillating process on the cranium, that minor yet cherished luxury of the harem,—though, if they had the wish, it was not expressed. Coffee was sipped, tea drunk, and the dancing then commenced between the fore and main masts. The music was excellent, and a gentle breeze brought waves of perfume from a bosquet on the forecastle. The Osmanleys left their sofas and their pipes to gloat their eyes on the mazes of the waltzers, and, but for their pelisses, might have joined them. The old capidgi bashi was in a state of ravishment, which the sameness of his harem had failed to produce. "Wonderful!" he emphatically exclaimed; "I have lived fifty-seven years and seen nothing like this; now that I have seen a *ballo* I will die content." The capitan pasha was more moderate; he sat himself down to learn ecarté, and succeeded in losing his money. His brother pasha, the little, lame, round-backed, sanguinary seraskier, Khosrew, he whom we so lately saw chief head-cutter and limb-racker in Constantinople, was as merry as a buffo. He looked everywhere, and caressed everybody; took all his ac-

quaintances by the ear, and tapped their cheeks: his countrymen, however, seemed to bear his advances like those of a serpent, nor could we, little as we cared for him, view them without disgust. There were also present the sultan's two favourites, the Selictar Pasha, and the secretary, Mustapha Effendi, both comely men about thirty; the former by birth a Candiote Greek, the latter an Anatolian, who, when a boy, was employed in a *cafenéh* at the village of Ghiok, on the Bosphorus. The sultan riding through the village one day, was struck with his physiognomy, and had him transplanted to the *seraglio*, where his supple and compliant manners completed the conquest which his beauty had begun. Both had great power over their master's mind, and without their favour few places were long tenable. "How many guns would you give to the capitan pasha?" hastily asked Mustapha Effendi of the captain of a French man-of-war in the harbour. "Nineteen," the captain answered, "as high admiral." "Imbecille," replied the little favourite; "and you only give *me* seven. I who can make and unmake seven capitan pashas in a week!" he turned off, and sulkily stepped into his boat.

An important personage on board was Halil Pasha; and an equally striking example of the fortune which often follows slavery in Turkey. By birth a Circassian, he was purchased in the slave market of Constantinople by Khosrew Pasha, who, it is worthy of remark, was bought in the same market. Having no sons, he finished by adopting the young Halil as the "son of his soul," a common practice in the East, and raised him to the highest offices of the state. He commanded a division in the war, and in the campaign of 1828 distinguished himself by a charge of cavalry against the Russian hussars, near Kustendgi. At this period he was about to proceed to St. Petersburg as ambassador extraordinary, with rich and rare gifts, (cloaks, with diamond embroidered collars, saddles covered with jewels, shawls fringed with pearls, and amulets of a thousand years date,) to endeavour to soften the terms of the peace. The hand of the sultan's daughter, a *hour* of eighteen, was destined for him at his return. This good fortune of his adopted son gladdened the *seraskier*, and he could not help

speaking of it to a Frank in a manner which develops a point in Eastern character. "It is wonderful," said the old man; "at length Halil is going. God is great. I purchased him; now behold him an eltchi. Ah! he was a sweet child, a charming boy; he cost me fifteen hundred piastres." "Only fifteen hundred!" replied the Frank; "that was not dear for such merit: surely your excellency cost more?" "I," said the seraskier, "that is quite another thing, truly; I was worth more; I cost my master two thousand five hundred piastres." This conversation shows what fallacious ideas people entertain of slavery in the East, where it is regarded with pride rather than with shame; and is an argument against the general assertion of anti-slavites, that slavery is everywhere disgraceful and inhuman. Here was seen one of the first men of the empire referring with pleasure to epochs which we might suppose he would wish to bury in oblivion.

In addition to pashas and their trains, the deck was graced with some bim bashis, aides-de-camp of the sultan, dressed in gold-laced hussar uniforms, among whom I must not pass over the young Avni Bey—the Hamlet of the Turkish court, the mirror of the new modes. Had his head been covered with hair instead of a fez, he might have passed for a Frank: his clothes were well made, his neckcloth, the first ever worn by a Turk, neatly tied, and his pumps and silk stockings fitted him. This aptitude in taking up Frank customs had gained him the sultan's favour, and had caused him to be appointed mehminder (complimenter) to Sir Robert Gordon on his arrival. He dined once with a large party at the ambassador's table, and conducted himself, notwithstanding the strangeness of the scene, with perfect ease and good breeding, graces which came natural to him from the self-command and indifference to external objects—the *nihil admirari*—acquired by a Turkish education. He made a graceful bow, between the dignified inclination of the Osmanley, and the quick violent stoop (as if trying to crack one's breeches) of the French, and with a good master he would have danced: as it was he attempted a waltz once or twice, (quadrilles he called insipid), but could never get out of the middle of the room. But with all his

talents he was very stupid at languages; for, though mixing a good deal with the Pereotes, and often on board the Blonde, whose officers took much notice of him, he never got farther than "*comment vous portez vous?—assez bien—jolie fille,*" and in English, "Abaft there! give me some wine." *

The entertainment went off admirably, as may be supposed, with so much variety and novelty. Even the fair prudes became disposed to take the circumstance of having bearded spectators as a joke, and did not show off the less because avidly gazed on. Supper was announced. Each noble Osmanley then took a lady under his arm, and led her down on the main deck, where it was served in perfect style, with a liberality which did honour to the representative of a great nation. The *coup d'œil* was good: knives and cutlasses, forks and tomahawks, spoons and sponges, glasses and rammers, bottles and guns, napkins and *aprons*, flags and flounces, sparkling eyes and sparkling liquors, were all together in a narrow space, relieving, not perplexing. Champagne flowed like fountains, other liquids like rivers. The Osmanleys laid aside their gravity, and dispensed for that night with the orthodox use of their fingers, though we feared that sundry manslaughters would have taken place in consequence of their awkwardness with those "accursed contrivances," knives and forks. There was never a more jovial or a more noisy banquet. They pledged the sovereigns of Europe, they pledged the ambassadresses, and they pledged each other in repeated bumpers, and talked much nonsense. The ladies fortunately did not understand Turkish. Some of them, it must be said, by repeated doses, were brought very near the verge of inebriety. Nourrey Bey, (the Capitan Pasha's khasnadar, captain of the Scherif resan, to whom I have before alluded,) drank immoderately, partly from complaisance, and partly from good taste. At length, he told me, putting down his glass, filled

* Avni Bey was afterwards banished to Nicomedia for insulting some Greek ladies. He also liked this part of Frank customs. At Nicomedia, he would have been forgotten by the sultan, had not Count Orloff received two swords from the emperor, to give to any two of the sultan's suite he pleased; in consequence, he was recalled to receive one.

alternately with champagne and porter, and taking my hand, that he could drink no more; I believed him, for he had already swallowed what no one but an habitual water-drinker could have done without being speechless; but, pointing to a young belle, he discreetly expressed another idea, in a tone which showed that he thought he was in the right sphere. I endeavoured, infinitely amused, to make him comprehend the difference between dancing ladies and "dancing girls." He smiled incredulously, and stroked his beard, then said, "Very good; you Franks are right to keep them for yourselves." This calumnious opinion, derived from seeing them waltz, was not confined to honest Nourrey. More than one other grave effendi thought there would be no harm in making proposals to ladies, who, they saw, allowed themselves to be embraced in public. The warmth of the Seraskier's language to a beauty obliged her to appeal to an ambassador, who gently remonstrated with the old sinner. However, nothing unpleasant occurred: they were all attentively polite, and after supper consented to lower themselves, by walking a polonaise with the ladies. They then took leave, having thus, in a few hours, made three giant strides in civilization; danced with females, drank publicly, and gamed; and were so much pleased, that the capitan pasha expressed his intention of giving a ball on board the *Selimier*, and the seraskier pasha of having one at his palace: of course neither one or the other took place.

The reis effendi alone, of the Ottoman grandees on board, did not lose sight of his character, and by this keeping raised himself in the esteem of everybody. True to his creed, he drank no fermented liquors, yet with good breeding only alleged in excuse that they disagreed with his health, (his soul's health, he meant). He took no pleasure in the *fête*, probably thinking that such a peace as that just concluded was no subject of rejoicing for an Osmanley. The word "peace," placed in transparencies in various languages, in the quarter-deck ports, appeared to him so many duplicates of shame; and the union of the Russian and Turkish banners over his head, as a bitter mockery. The last heritage of the unfortunate is pride: their sovereign may be

overthrown, and their country subjugated; but *that* is not subject to a conqueror's will: with it their enemies will esteem them, without it their friends will despise them.

In every respect that sudden and deep plunge of the Ottoman ministers into public debauchery was ill-judged. It showed that they were readier to copy the vices than the virtues of Christendom,—to commence where they should leave off; it gave the Tories—and the Tories in Turkey compose the majority—a powerful moral argument against a reform, the chief feature of which appeared to be contempt of their prophet's wisest law—sobriety; and it afforded all Turks, who still regard the Koran as an inspired volume, a further plea for considering the sultan and his ministers as little removed from infidels.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sevastopol—Arsenal—Quarantine—Dniester—Odessa—Plague—Danube
—Squall—Varna—Gulf of Bourgas—Sizopolis—Ignada—Bosphorus
—Count Orloff.

THE Blonde soon replaced her divans and figured boards with guns and boats, and in a few days (the early part of November) proceeded into the Black Sea. I sailed in her by the kind invitation of her captain and officers. The moon was well up when we weighed anchor from Buyukderé, and made the night scene beautifully varying, as the frigate, under all sail, spread to a gentle southerly breeze, glided past the forts and batteries, on either hand, the interest being heightened by the consideration that she was the first English ship of war that had thus far followed the Argo's track. To commemorate the auspicious event the main-brace was spliced (a dram given to each man.)

A north-east gale came on the following day, and drove us within sight of the mountains of Anatolia. While it lasted, we remarked that the sea ran very long, considering the small size of its bed. It made, however, little impression on the Blonde, the most gallant lover that its dark bosom ever had heaved under;

and on the fourth morning, we made Cape Aia, the magnificent cliff which marks the south-west end of the Crimea, fourteen hundred feet high, generally visible from ten to fifteen leagues, and in clear weather, as far as twenty-five leagues. Near it, to the north-west, forming with it the romantic harbour of Balaklava, is Cape Phelient, low and bluff, and remarkable from the land behind it rising in three steps. To the north of it is Cape Kherson, the index of Sevastopol, with a light house on it, near one hundred feet high. Two other light-houses serve as leading marks into the harbour, but of them and the dangers of the navigation I need say nothing; when a British fleet is sent to attack Sevastopol, Captain Lyons, or any of the officers of the Blonde, will be found capable of leading it in.

Verily, Norwegian fishermen, when they gazed on what they thought the demon ship, were not more astonished than was the Russian squadron in Sevastopol at the apparition of the Blonde.* The outer ship bid us anchor and not pass her. We complied. Next came an officer, plumed, and booted, and buttoned, alongside, to know what was the ship, whence she came, what her cargo, with similar sapient questions, as though her ensign and pennant, with other obvious signs, were not admissible evidence of her nation and quality. He was answered in general terms, that the frigate being on a cruize for the health of the crew, her captain did not deem it complimentary to the admiral to pass the port without entering. Admiral Greig, the commander-in-chief, was not there, having gone a few days previous to Nicolaef, on the Bog, but at the mizen of a first-rate was the flag of a rear-admiral. The rear-

* By the sensation of jealousy occasioned at St. Petersburg by an English frigate having cruized on the Euxine, it appears that Russia considers it as much hers as the Caspian: with as much right to prohibit strange ships of war from navigating it. She ought to be better taught. The following is one of the articles of the peace of Tourkmanchai, signed February 1828, between Russia and Persia. "In regard of vessels of war, those under the Russian flag having the right, *ab antiquo*, of navigating the Caspian Sea, it follows that this right is theirs exclusively. Therefore it is reserved and assured to them now, with the full understanding, that no other power can have vessels of war on the Caspian." If Russia be allowed to make another war like the last in Turkey, she will dictate a similar article for the Euxine.

admiral would rather have dispensed with the compliment. He scarcely knew what to do: he could not turn us away, yet Sevastopol was forbidden water to strange ships. Our story he did not credit; the compliment involved a plot to him; and he considered it an absurd pretence, a frigate cruising on the Black Sea in the winter for the health of her crew, an exercise, in his opinion, (Russian as he was,) well calculated to kill one half, and give the other half rheumatism. He arrived at the conclusion that she came for the purpose of surveying Sevastopol, and he thought to frustrate it by surrounding us with the barriers of quarantine. It was with difficulty that permission was granted us to row up the harbour, and then in a way that evinced distrust, for it specified that one boat only should go, with not more than two sitters in the stern sheets, and that it should be accompanied by the admiral's aid-de-camp in another boat. This was mortifying, considering that no spying intention existed on our part, simply rational curiosity. However, we got over the difficulty about sitters, weathered the admiral, and gratified ourselves by dressing as Jacks and taking the oars of the gig.

We rowed about the harbour under a sharp snow-storm, during two or three hours, to the impatience of the aid-de-camp, who must have thought us a very ill-disciplined boat's crew, and on excellent speaking terms with our captain; at the same time he was civil, and told us all that he knew.

The great harbour is a fine sheet of water, three and a-half miles by one, due east and west, with good bottom all over, from twelve fathoms to four fathoms. The northern shore is broken into bays, separated by three abrupt points, formed by loose stones, each fortified by batteries pointing seawards, respectively eighteen, twenty-one, seven guns. A low beach confines it to the east, intersected by a rivulet, and backed by a range of high hills. On the southern shore are two creeks, which tend to render Sevastopol one of the finest harbours of the world. The inner creek penetrates considerably inland, by three-quarters of a mile wide, with depth for first-rates. On one side of it is the dockyard, extensive, but ill supplied,

from the system of speculation carried on by the naval officers.* It has no docks. The other creek, between it and the harbour's mouth, serves for the repairs of small craft.

A small hill separates these creeks, on which the town is loosely scattered,—a few, good government-houses, with green roofs, the remainder huts. At its sea-base are two lines of batteries, mounting thirty-four guns: near the small creek is another of seventeen guns; between which and the entrance of the harbour, on the brow of a cliff, are two double-tier batteries of twenty-one, twenty-seven guns; and on the rocky points forming the entrance, are also batteries of thirty-three, twenty-six guns, making on the whole two hundred and four pieces of cannon that could bear successively on ships entering Sevastopol. But when we saw them they were in a bad state, and chiefly mounted *en barbette*, which affords a poor chance against ships' broadsides. Indeed, everything in this great dépôt—second in Russia—indicated its distance from the capital, a circumstance, in countries where the press is not free, which singularly assists the depredations of *employés*.

Admiral Greig's want of energy during the Turkish war had not preconceived us in his favour, and the sight of his fleet completely removed any idea we might have had of his professional talents. His fleet was bad, even after the Turkish fleet. Could a stranger have seen the two fleets together (without their colours), he would have decided that the Russian fleet was the Turkish, and *vice versa*. The ships were of an old construction, filthy, shamefully rigged, and scarcely fit for service. We gathered an idea of their interior discipline from the chief medical officer of the naval department. He asked the *Blonde's* surgeon how many sick he had on board. "One," was the reply. "One!" repeated the Russian, with astonishment; "by what miracle do you manage, cruising, too, in the worst season of the year

* To such an extent did the officers of the Black Sea fleet carry the system of selling their ships' stores, that the government were at length obliged, as the only means, to prohibit merchant vessels from lying in the harbour; the merchant captains being the chief customers of the imperial captains. The same habit exists in the Baltic, but to a less extent. It is considered a punishment to be sent from the Baltic fleet to serve on the Euxine.

(November)? Our fleet never leaves harbour for six weeks in the summer, then goes no further than sixty miles, but it returns, having lost several men, with a full sick list." The condition of the Russian sailors on the Euxine is too shameful to be easily credited. When I say that they are abandoned, when ill, like dogs, I do not express their misery, unless the dogs of Constantinople are to be understood. At the quarantine ground, we observed several holes cut in the earth, communicating with caves seven feet by three; the snow falling thick at the time, they were nearly filled. Their regularity denoted that they were not there by accident, or kept open for no purpose. What could they be for? we thought. One said they were to keep sails in; another, to keep oars; a third, rope; but we agreed, on consideration, that any article of that kind would spoil in them, and therefore they could only be for grapnels, or such like articles. Soft-hearted Britons! Reader, those holes or caves, as you will, lined with the damp earth, floored with the damp earth, ceiled with the damp earth, were for the reception of isolated cases of plague among the sailors. Wrapped in sail cloth, the wretch is laid there to feel—what must he feel!—to curse—can he do otherwise? his masters. Food is given to him twice a day, till he miraculously recover, or speedily die. From such a life death must be welcome.

The quarantine harbour is a creek outside the port. We found in it a brig, with plague on board, a cutter, and a lugger; three merchantmen, and a Turkish coaster wind-bound. The establishment was wretched, consisting of about half a dozen small houses, without windows, for the accommodation of the détenus. Captain Alexander, of the Sixteenth Lancers, and a Danish naval lieutenant were there, performing their quarantine from Roumelia. They looked well, but very cold. People in this quarantine are imposed on, since supplying necessities to it is a monopoly granted to one person: provisions, however, are so cheap in Russia, that, though charged double, one could not

* The following summer, 1830, the sailors of the fleet at Sevastopol avenged in part their trampled-on humanity; they rose and murdered their brutal surgeons:—at least, so it was currently reported. Contrast their victims with the surgeons of the British navy, for whom the tars would almost cut their own throats.

grumble. Beef was a penny a pound, and the best we ever tasted out of England; though it may be, that our excellent appetites, occasioned by the sudden increase of cold, was one cause of its goodness. We saw some of the inhabitants; they were stout, but not good-looking. What we saw of the country—certainly not improved by being covered with snow—did not lead us to agree with Clarke, who calls it a Paradise. He came to it from Russia; we from Turkey, whose Eden-like scenes must not be profaned by being compared with the harsh outlining of the Crimea, which, at the same time, has some novel points; the hills are singularly pitched by nature, ranges of them terminate in steps, the great feature of Tartary scenery, as well cut and apparently as artificial, as though fashioned by Cyclopean labourers. The Crimea has little wood. None could be brought for the frigate; she was obliged to be supplied from the government stores.

We remained only three days at Sevastopol, and then sailed, to the joy of the rear-admiral; he *kindly* recommended Captain Lyons not to stay out long at sea, for fear of accidents. From a distance, Cape Aia showed uncommonly fine; as also the range of mountains inland. We did not see Koslof, in running along the land, as we expected, though it is said to be remarkable for a large mosque. We saw, at the distance of twenty miles, the light-house on Cape Tarkham, which at night shines brilliantly, as do all the excellent light-houses, kept up by the Russian government, on the coasts of the Crimea, and of Bessarabia, to the great comfort of navigators. They may be said, after the English, to be the only good lights in the world; and they render unimportant the error existing in this part of the chart of the Euxine, which places Bessarabia too close to the Crimea.

In the morning, we made the extensive lagoons to the southward of the Dniester; and, shortly after, the low island which forms the two mouths of the river. The country about it is a flat, marshy waste. Thirty miles off shore we had twenty-five fathoms; four miles off shore, from six to eleven fathoms. As we advanced north, the face of the country changed to the vast, woodless steppes. Several towers were erected along the

cliffs; one, white, close to a large building, with a green cupola, and some trees, (rare objects,) was the light-house of Odessa, though ten miles distant from it, on account of the cape, whereon it stands, somewhat projecting. We observed the face of great part of the intervening cliff and shore to be laid out, with great expense and labour, in gardens, ornamented with marble statues and urns, which appeared exceedingly cold and out of place in this frigid clime. They were the property of a Polish nobleman, one of the richest subjects of the emperor.

The frigate sailed close by them; and, in the afternoon, anchored in Odessa roadstead. About twenty vessels only were lying there. The mole, on the contrary, was quite full, chiefly of Genoese vessels. Three or four hundred Genoese vessels annually come to Odessa for corn—for corn! while Sardinia, one of ancient Rome's granaries, within a day's sail of Genoa, lies uncultivated! They were loading in a hurry, for fear of being frozen in—a circumstance to be expected earlier than usual, as the winter had already commenced with severity.* There are two moles at Odessa, one of which, destined for vessels in pratique, is little used, on account of the absurd regulation that obliges every vessel to undergo the same process, be the plague actually on board or not. Greater part of the vessels, therefore, prefer remaining under the yellow flag their whole stay, which generally amounts to three or four months; and may, if they are frozen in, extend to double that time. In consequence, the lazaretto is on a superb scale, containing cafés, restaurateurs, and billiards, to assist the captains and mates in spending their cash. At the barrier we met two English merchants, the only ones in the place. They were decorated with badges, which we might have taken, considering their plurality and ease of attainment, for Russian orders, had they not been made of tin. The plague was in a few houses; and therefore, as a precautionary measure, none of the inhabitants were allowed to walk about the streets, excepting those

* The great cold in this low latitude is extraordinary; every year the space between Odessa and Kherson is thickly frozen over; and in 1824-25 the sea was covered with a crust as far as the Danube; in the same winter part of Constantinople harbour was frozen.

who obtained similar badges from the governor. One of these gentlemen informed us, that during the war, one hundred and seventy vessels, of all nations, among them twelve English, were employed in the transport service; yet the Turkish ministers, often for a paltry bribe, suffered neutrals to pass into the Black Sea, well knowing how they would be employed. The Russian government paid well.

The few vessels actually belonging to Russia, scarcely any in comparison with those of other nations that trade on the Black Sea, does not say much for the commercial spirit of the Russians. This losing balance, however, so detrimental to the country, is not, I have been informed, so much owing to the want of individual enterprise, as to the obstacles which the government throws in the way of seamen entering on board merchant-ships; either requiring them for the navy, or apprehensive that they may, if in the habit of visiting foreign parts, imbibe strange ideas about the rights of man, and so forth; perhaps may not be inclined to return home. The latter supposition is probable, considering the unhappy state of a great portion of the Russians,—their liability to a merciless conscription: many of Diebitsch's army deserted, and remained in Turkey; I met several of them after the peace.

This great mart of southern Russia is seen to advantage from the sea; it has fine buildings along the cliffs, in the manner of Brighton. It owes much to the Duke de Richelieu, who may be said to have been the most fortunate of the French emigrés, and who enjoyed the complete confidence of Alexander. He slept only four hours at night, and studied a great deal; but he never arrived to speak Russian fluently. He loved Odessa, as being his creation; and to such an extent carried his paternal solicitude, that at the commencement of a great plague in the town, he turned all the Jews (some thousands) into the country, little caring whether they spread the disease, before drawing the cordon sanitaire, lest, in a scarcity of provisions that might happen, they should become a tax on the inhabitants. He quitted it at the general peace, to return to France. The governor, Count Woronzow, was very civil to us. His aide-de-camp came alongside, to compliment the captain, on his

part, and to regret that the frigate did not take pratique, when he might be personally attentive. He sent some English newspapers on board, and Gaultier's chart of the Euxine.

After twenty-four hours' stay at Odessa, we again weighed, the wind at north, and steered through a thick fog, keeping to the southward and eastward, the coast being too little known to hug it during the night. In the morning we made Yelan Adasi, (Serpents' Isle,) a truncated block, twenty miles from the Danube, and invisible from it: rounding it, pretty close to, we hauled up west towards the river which we had curiosity to view. The frigate approached within six miles of the lofty Pharos that marks the centre branch, then hove-to, in shallow, discoloured, almost fresh water. This principal entrance, Kili Bogasi, of the Danube, is obstructed by a bar, which would oblige deep vessels, were there any in the trade, to partly unlade, in order to pass it. Inside the bar are six fathoms, and thence the navigation is uninterrupted as far as Ishmael, one hundred miles up, where are two fathoms. Little trouble and expense would remove this bar, with other hindrances occurring above Ishmael. Should the inhabitants of the provinces, now emancipated from Turkish misrule, be ever freed from the chilling influence of Russian military protection, or should Russia consider their advantage hers, attention will necessarily be paid to this source of wealth. Hungary, Servia, Moldavia, and Wallachia are situated to profit by it; and by this increased intercourse, the Mussulmans on the right bank will improve. In that case, instead of the few huts, now adjoining the lighthouse, we may see a flourishing town, depôt of the products of the rich countries in the course of the Danube and of the manufactures of Europe, which the increasing civilization of those countries will demand, and for which the Danube is the natural channel. It will rival Odessa as a corn-mart, and eclipse it in other respects, from its superior position.

The country adjoining the Danube is, like that of the Dniester, muddy, marshy, misty, one of fever's head-quarters. We had not been ten minutes off it when a violent snow-squall hid the dreary prospect. We bore up. The night following was extremely rude, and morning rose with an unpleasant coun-

tenance. The snow was flaking, the wind was gusting violently, yet seeming to sport and reserve its strength for a better occasion; wild, ragged, horse-tailed clouds were dashing from the horizon to the zenith, as though for amusement, and thick vapour flew along the surface of the water in broad curls; altogether denoting a regular Black Sea squall, one of which we had not yet been favoured with. To add to the interest of the scene, a thick mist one moment hid the frigate's extremities, and the next a dazzling gleam, darting across it, showed us rocky cliffs jutting apparently close to us; while, holding the same course with ourselves, other vessels under one sail, like wild birds on the wing, were plunging through, and dancing over the boiling waves. Suddenly, while we were preparing to gain an offing, a magician waved his rod. With a flap the atmosphere shook off its incubuses, the clouds disappeared, the snow ceased, the wind fell, and three miles distant, north-west, we saw Cape Calaghriah, in a masquerade dress,—the snow having interlined its red strata. A tumulus on the hills to the west, and a solitary mosque, were the only visible signs that man frequented this inclement coast,—in the latitude of Leghorn with the rigour of Shetland. We entered the smooth water under its lee, and after running about twenty miles came to, in a safe anchorage, two miles off Varna.*

This city has had a place in history since 1444, when Ladislaus, King of Hungary, was defeated and killed near it by Amurath II., who commemorated his victory, and expressed his gratitude to heaven, by erecting on the field of battle a pyramidal column—levelled a century afterwards by the Imperialists. It has since been reputed for its military position, long considered one of the keys of the Balkans;—its commercial importance as being the outlet for the produce of Bulgaria, thence shipped for Constantinople; and for an extensive fishery. But all these advantages have passed away on the wings of the Russian eagle—everywhere the harbinger of

* Varna is situated on an abrupt point in a bay within a large bay of which Cape Calaghriah forms the north-east point. The road is sheltered from all winds except between south-south-east and east-north-east. Vessels ride with safety the whole winter.

ruin. Its numerous mosques and churches have at length attained a point of coincidence—they crumble in unison; and of its three thousand houses, scarcely as many hundreds remain entire. At the same time Varna's celebrity has widely increased; from being local is become European, and firmly rests on the fine defence made by its garrison in 1828,—a defence which, looking at the place, appeared to us fabulous. Its fortifications consisted of a low double wall and a narrow ditch, with about sixty pieces of cannon in all. Two of its sides are washed, one by the sea, the other by a small creek in which large boats may anchor. Into the bottom of this creek trickles the rivulet Desineh. On the north side the ground slopes till it commands the works, and on the west is a large morassy lake, which proved its chief defence against the operations of the last siege, which should not have been carried on on that side. An assault would have carried it in a day, but the Russians were too frightened by the recent check at Brailoff to attempt one. Finally, Prince Mentschikoff and Admiral Greig arrived with the fleet to second the Imperial Guard. Eight line of battle ships, among them two first-rates, sailed round the bay in order of battle, and on arriving opposite this mockery of a fortress, discharged their broadsides to the admiration of the emperor and his court. Three times this magnificent spectacle was repeated, and three times the emperor and his court expected the place to disappear in the smoke. The ships were too far; a couple of frigates, lightened and taken in close, would have levelled it in a few hours. Russian patience, however, and the talents of Count Woronzow, who took the command after Prince Mentschikoff was wounded, at length caused its surrender; no ways accelerated by the evasion of Yussuf Pasha, whose cause I will take up to clear him of the charge of cowardice and treachery alleged against him. Yussuf possessed large estates in Macedonia, descended to him from his father, which in his hands became unusually productive. His chiftliks were well maintained, his peasantry were happy, and though not a *reformer*, he was at least half a century before his countrymen in useful civilization. But, as I have had occasion to observe with others, he had two crimes; he

knew his great-grandfather, and he was wealthy, independent of the sultan. The sultan had also pressing occasion for money to prosecute the war. Yussuf was one of the first beys called on for his quota. He obeyed, and marched to Varna with six thousand Albanians, raised at his own expense. He was scarcely there when he received a galling insult from the Porte, by a governor being placed over him; no other than the capitan pasha, Mehemet Izzet, as brave a man as ever lived, at the same time as cruel a one. I afterwards knew two of his officers who were with him at Varna. Considering that he owned the garrison, Yussuf had a right to complain that the command of the town was not entrusted to him. He submitted, however, with respect, but kept on his guard against the treachery which he had reason to apprehend, since the gaze of a despot was on him; and his suspicions were justified by his receiving dispatches a month after from his capi-tchoadar, acquainting him that a firman was sent to the capitan pasha to cut off his head. Yussuf, thus situated, in reach of a proverbially artful man, had no other means of keeping his life than by open mutiny, or by accepting Russian protection. A middle course might have been fatal to him. To conciliate his duty, however, as far as possible with self-preservation, he deferred his project till the tardy preparations of the besiegers were completed, and then, having sent his secretary the day before to feel the way, went on board the *Ville de Paris*, Admiral Greig's ship, and surrendered himself prisoner. The next day, his flight being known, his Albanians refused to serve under the orders of any one else. The place was therefore quietly taken possession of, and the capitan pasha, with two hundred followers, in reward for his gallantry, allowed to retire honourably; but it is just to repeat that the place was positively untenable, and had been so long before Yussuf quitted it.*

It was the grave of the Russians from first to last. From

* His flight was turned to the same account as his death would have been; and to compensate for not showing his head at the seraglio, his name was anathematized in the mosques. His property was confiscated, a thing to be expected; but, not content with this, the satellites of the Porte broke open his harem, and despoiled his wife of her jewels and rich garments. This unprecedented violence created great and universal horror,

the time they came into it plague never left it. The governor informed Captain Lyons that in the preceding ten months, from January 1829, fifteen thousand troops had died in Varna alone; in consequence, the garrison was living in tents pitched in the snow on the elevated ground outside. I should have preferred staying in the town with the chance of contagion; the thermometer was at 18° Fah., and the camp in want of the common necessaries of life, principally spirits. It is almost incredible the way in which a civilized and victorious army was compelled to pass the severe winter of 1829-30. In other parts, as well, the same misery existed; it is no wonder that they died.

Varna formed so considerable an episode of the war, that I may relate an anecdote concerning it.

When the first news of its capture reached Warsaw, a German trader ventured to doubt its truth, in a large coffee-house, where the company were discussing on the subject, and said that it wanted confirmation. He was scarcely out of his bed the next morning when a police-officer came into his room without ceremony, and informed him that the grand duke wanted to see him. "Why—what—" exclaimed the terrified German, "what have I done?" "You will soon know," replied the satellite. With unpleasant forebodings, the poor man arrayed himself in his best, and obeyed the summons. "So," says Constantine to him, "you do not believe that the emperor's army has taken Varna—what do you know about Varna that makes you doubt of its fall?" "Please your highness, I am a poor ignorant man;—I merely thought—" "You thought; then, sir, you must learn to think right." "Pardon, your highness—I meant no harm." "There is no harm done; do not be afraid.—Hold," continued Constantine, seeing the German about to prostrate himself—"a courier is this moment going to Varna, you will go in his kibitka and clear up your doubts." Away they go, click clack, day and

for such is the inviolability of the harem, that the rich Osmanleys are in the habit of loading their wives with jewels and shawls as a certain provision for them under all chances. After the peace, Yussuf was pardoned through Russian influence. He returned to Constantinople, and his son was made captain in a regiment of Nizam Dgeditt. But his once high cultivated lands, near Seres, were waste, and his tenantry dispersed.

night, the poor German in a mortal fright, under the idea that he is on the road to Siberia. They arrive at Varna, and the courier addresses his companion for the first time since they left Warsaw. "Sir, this town is Varna; you will have the goodness to put the question to anybody you like, and convince yourself. Now, sir, you see these troops—look at them well—examine the uniforms. Are you satisfied that they are Russian troops?" "I am perfectly satisfied," answered the German. "Then, sir," replied his companion, "you have no further business here. In a quarter of an hour another courier will start for Warsaw; you will return in his kибитка, and report yourself to the grand duke." Away he goes again, jolt, jolt, in fear of dislocating half his bones, for being free, this journey, from mental anxiety about Siberia, he had leisure to observe that he was made of flesh and nerves. Constantine welcomed him with a horse-laugh. "Now," he said, "you will go to that café, where you were the last evening you were in Warsaw, and acquaint the company that the Russians *are* in Varna."

After being detained some days at Varna by a heavy gale of wind, we ran down towards the Gulf of Bourgas, along a fine mountainous coast, the track of one division of the Russian army. We saw one village, and the mouth of the Kamptchik. Then rounding, close to Cape Emineh, the bold termination of the Balkans, and the northern point of the gulf, we approached Messembria, a town strongly situated on a low rocky isthmus, joined to the main by a long spit of sand. Four miles S.W. of it, we passed Ahiouli, another town situated in precisely the same way; and after experiencing some difficulty in picking our way among some shoals, of which our pilot knew nothing, reached Bourgas, at the bottom of the gulf, a town of about the same size as Messembria and Ahiouli, and similarly situated; farther remarkable for one very tall minaret, and one very dumpy one. It became the head quarters of Marshal Diebitsch during the winter. We anchored three miles off the town, not far from a Russian brig of war, whose commander had a good plan of the gulf, but would only allow it to be glanced at.

The gulf of Bourgas is a splendid thing in naval, military, and picturesque points of view. It may be described in a few

words. Twenty miles in depth east-north-east, west-south-west, with good anchorage all over, in not more than fourteen fathoms, it is overlooked by the Balkans, and bordered by a luxuriant country. Its northern side presents three positions—Messembria, Ahoul, Bourgas—capable of being rendered impregnable: its extremity is equivalent to a harbour, being protected by shoals from the reach of the sea; and on its southern shore are two excellent ports, Carnizavolovsky and Sizopolis. Near Carnizavolovsky is a remarkable rock, the tomb of a Bulgarian hero, named Marcus, and his horse. According to tradition, he was to rise on the arrival of the yellow-haired race: it came, but he remained quiet. In Bourgas gulf the fleets of the world might ride. Sevastopol is not to be compared with it. If the Porte were awake to its interest, it would make of it a great naval depôt, protected by adequate works, in order that it might become in war time the rendezvous of the fleet. The fleet would then be in a most advantageously offensive attitude, with the power of acting with any wind; whereas in the Bosphorus, its usual rendezvous, it may be, and often is, neutralized by the north-east wind three months together.

From Bourgas, we ran down the following morning the south side of the gulf to Sizopolis. The harbour is formed by a cape and two islands, is land-locked and commodious, with sufficient depth close to the shore. Two Russian line-of-battle ships, and a frigate, one of the former bearing a vice-admiral's flag, were lying in it. The town covered the point; it had no fortifications, but on a hill commanding it was a redoubt, thrown up by the Russians when they took the place, February, 1829. The Turks made no attempt to drive them from it, although the enemy for the first fortnight had only a few hundred men. They neglected it till the hundreds became thousands; they then thought of it, but did nothing; thus furnishing a great example of the evil of procrastination, since the position of this important post, with ten thousand men, and magazines, waiting him, enabled Diebitsch to cross the Balkans fearlessly. We saluted the vice-admiral, and hove-to a couple of hours, while Captain Lyons visited him; then stood out to sea between the

town and the largest island, a narrow passage with five and a half fathoms in the centre.

From Sizopolis to Ignada the coast is mountainous, and finely wooded. Mount Papias, near the former, is a conspicuous object. Along it, notwithstanding the natural difficulties, a Russian column penetrated without encountering any opposition from the enemy, who neglected to avail himself of most favourable positions,—that is, if any enemy were there. A Turkish army was supposed by the seraskier to be *somewhere* in that direction, but it does not follow that there was one; it certainly did not show itself. Cape Ignada, in bad weather, is capable of affording good protection, of which merchant vessels would do well to avail themselves more than they do; wrecks would thereby be avoided. A clump of trees on it marks it clearly from every view. From Media, a bay twenty miles south of Ignada, to the Bosphorus, the coast is low, bleak, reddish cliff, with sandbanks off it, which render it difficult to approach. Between the banks and the shore is good anchorage, which might be serviceable at times were the passages marked by bearings.

Light airs enabled us to appreciate the force of the current in this part of the Euxine. It swept us to the eastward and southward with a rapidity past our belief, insomuch that when we approached the mouth of the Bosphorus, which showed every plain, we doubted its identity, our reckoning, with all due allowances for the stream, making us considerably to the northward, and looked to another opening for it, some miles to the left, thence named the false Boghaz.* The bearing of the true Boghaz, however, at the moment being about south-west,

* Many wrecks in the Black Sea are occasioned by vessels running for the false Boghaz, which, it being to leeward of the true one in a bight, prevents dull sailors from getting off shore. It is, however, astonishing that this error should be committed, or be considered easy to fall into by anybody who has made the voyage once. Nature marked the entrance of the Bosphorus as clearly as if to provide against the casualty. To the right of it, the coast of Roumelia is uninteresting, chequered with red patches; to the left, that of Anatolia, is mountainous and picturesque. These are general marks; but Mount Maltepe and two knolls (the Brothers) in Anatolia are the peculiar indices of the Bosphorus, further distinguishable by a high mountain to the left over Point Kili, the site of the false Boghaz.

enabled us to see the ruined Genoese castle under the Giant's Mountain, inside the strait, and that settled the point. We accordingly made sail with a gentle breeze, that afforded us leisure to dwell on, in perfection, one of Nature's finest pictures,—the entrance of the Bosphorus from the Euxine; and in the evening, November 26, anchored in Buyukderé bay, after a very pleasant voyage of about three weeks, which had annoyed the Russians, puzzled the Perecotes, interested us, and shown that the dangers ascribed to the Euxine are more imaginary than real; that its bad reputation is more owing to the ignorance of its ordinary navigators than to any peculiar malignity. Its fogs and currents are amply compensated by many good anchorages, and by there being few hidden dangers. After all, ten or fifteen is the amount of vessels lost in it on the average, in the course of the year; absolutely nothing, compared with the hundreds which annually strew the English coast.

The day after the frigate's arrival at Buyukderé, the sultan's steamer came up from Rodosto, and anchored before the Russian palace. Count Orloff, the ambassador extraordinary, was on board. That same evening at the Baroness Hubsch's one of the ladies suddenly cried out, "There is an earthquake!" Three shocks, which had taken place during the summer, rendered the fair alarmist's nerves very sensitive to any tremour of the house, and justified the crimson cheeks of her hearers. The rooms certainly trembled, the doors flew open, in the way that doors and windows do fly open in earthquakes, and—I grieve the catastrophe is not more moving—in stalked Count Orloff, glittering with gold lace, and covered with decorations, the whole breadth of his coat, from the neck to the waist. The absurdity was naïvely explained,—that the martial strides of himself and companion had equalled the minor operations of an earthquake,—and received smilingly by his excellency, a tall, stout, gentlemanly personage. He made himself agreeable, reviewed the conduct of the Turkish chieftains with that proud sort of forbearance so easy in a victor—often extolled as magnanimity, though in reality a delicate species of self-commendation,—and regretted not being in time to see Halil Pasha, who had sailed on the 17th instant, since they had been immediately

opposed in 1828. He discoursed with an air of military frankness on politics; took us to St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna; said a word on Diebitsch's talents, and many on those of the emperor. In short, he appeared to me a very proper selection to please the Osmanleys; handsome, good-mannered, with an open address; above all, a military man. He soon became a luminary that made his brother-ministers very inferior stars. He was *the* person at Pera during his stay. The streets were thronged with his Cossack and Circassian followers; and he had ships of war at his command in the Bosphorus, and in the Golden Horn. He might, indeed, as every Russian ambassador henceforth will, consider himself in the light of ambassador at the court of a tributary prince, or crowned vassal of his sovereign.

It is a curious fact, that while thus great at Constantinople, his brother was an exile in Siberia, for having been mixed up with the conspiracy which took place at Nicholas's accession.

CHAPTER XV.

Rodosto — Post-horses — Haide-bouroun — Tartars — Ouzoun Kiupri — Lodging — Marizza — Adrianople — Russian hospital — Arhmanch — Hass Keuy — Bulgarian village — Philippopolis — Greek house — Charlatan — Bishop.

THE commencement of December 1829, I left Constantinople on a tour over the theatre of war in Roumelia. Mr. Mellish, of the foreign office, left it at the same time to return to England, his duties in the East being terminated. I proposed availing myself of his company as far as Philippopolis: then, turning to the right, to traverse the Russian cantonments, and cross the Balkans to Schumla.

We got a lift in the *Blonde* as far as Rodosto, and landed there early one morning with some difficulty, on account of the surf on the beach. Two hours after, we were toiling over a hilly, clayey district, whence, looking back, we saw our swift conveyance of the preceding day fleeing towards the Hellespont before the N.E. gale which was cutting us to the quick.

She soon disappeared in the shade of the isle of Marmora. Many were our denunciations during the first day against Turkish post-horses, nondescript animals, which by long practice acquire the difficult art of stumbling in all directions, and picking themselves up again without sustaining any injury. The rider also becomes in a short time an adept at keeping on ; if he do not, he is to be pitied, especially in the winter time, because then, laden with the necessary precaution against cold, he feels on the ground like a dismounted cuirassier, and finds it as difficult to regain his seat. In the first place the saddle will probably turn round on the lean carcass of his steed, an accident not easily remedied with benumbed fingers ; in the second place, it may happen that when, after repeated trials he succeeds in getting his right leg over, the Tartar boot belonging to it remains embedded in a stratum of mud, erect as a column, and filling with snow or any other gift from heaven. But this is only one, a minor one, of the inconveniences attending Eastern travelling, of which, to avoid repetition, I will give a reasonable list.

1. After making a complaint to a Pasha of an inferior officer, with the intention of getting him reprimanded, or, at most, bastinadoed, to have his head brought in to you on a wooden dish, with a polite message to know if you are satisfied.

2. Crossing a bridge, to find yourself suddenly projected several yards, and on rising, if your neck be not broken, to see the animal dead lame in consequence of having stepped into an aperture, caused by vacant plank, and concealed by the snow.

3. When six hours from any village, your guide, on whom you may have had occasion to exercise your tongue or whip, takes the sulks, and leaves you to find your own way.

4. Travelling of a dark night, your sumpter horse slips off the path into a ravine, breaks his back, and scrunches your baggage.

5. After a long cold journey, to find the walls of the khan streaming with wet, wherein you get a room with paper windows, and no doors ; you endeavour to make a fire, but the wood is green, and when at length you have blown it up with your mouth, you are sick, and cannot eat pilaff.

6. On rising from the floor of a coffee-house where you have rolled all night, to find several holes burnt in your clothes by the embers of the company's pipes.

7. On arriving late at a hamlet just occupied by irregular troops, to have the option of a pigsty, or the only spare house, —where the plague happens to be.

8. Crossing a river, to find your horse trying to swim, your guide having missed the ford. To the misery of feeling your nether garments freezing to your skin, you add the reflection that there is not a dry shred in your baggage.

Such, and such like, inconveniences will attend every man in a few months' travelling in Turkey, excepting the first, which however has happened. In return he enjoys novelty, and that feeling of complete independence which this kind of life generates.

The first evening, after riding nine hours, we halted at a village, Haide-bourouderes. We spread our carpet for the night on the bench of a *cafeneh*,* and obtained a supper of pilaff, cabobs, pancakes, and honey, from the adjoining cabobgi-dukiane (cook's-shop). To this, by no means bad fare, our Tartar added excellent *café au lait*, for making which he was celebrated on the road: his name was Veli, a good specimen of the finest race of men in Turkey, of whose kind of life to judge fairly, a stranger at Constantinople should go occasionally to Scutari, to see one start for, or return from a long journey. In the former case, a Tartar is the picture of animation, his face transparently clear, just from under the barber's hands; his shining beard and moustaches trimmed to a hair; his high calpack put on with a touch of dandyism, covered by a flowered handkerchief to tie under his chin in case the wind prove high; his long fur riding-cloak, of red or other gay-coloured cloth, with unsewed sleeves brushing his horse's back; his capacious trousers and huge boots, scrupulously clean; his brass shovel-stirrups, bright as friction can

* The coffee-houses in Turkey are the resting-places of benighted travellers, of houseless poor, of all in short who choose.

The poor that sleep on the benches pay nothing, and have the chance of getting a bit of supper from richer occupants. This practice of the publicans is extremely creditable to them.

make them; his black, polished leather saddle set off by silver-hilted pistols, and by the amber mouthpiece of his chibouque,—altogether a gay and gallant cavalier. In the latter case, his mother would not recognise him: pale, haggard, and dirty, he falls rather than gets off his horse, and throws himself on the ground in pain, unable even to light a pipe,—an object of utter distress. Even on a journey, while fresh horses are preparing, the Tartars throw themselves down, and can scarcely lift their heads to remount. They clothe exceedingly, and never alter their dress, on the banks of the Danube, or on the scorching plains of Syria. They usually wear over their shirt a long robe of silk, a waistcoat of cloth, a jacket of cloth, a jacket lined with fox's fur, an overall jacket with open sleeves, at times a pelisse, drawers, shelwar (enormous cloth trousers), woollen leggings, and heavy boots. To these must be added, sashes of a bulk and size to us insupportable, their pistols, ataghan, towels, handkerchiefs, tobacco-purse, the three last contained in his bosom. In short, a mounted Tartar is a magazine, and the ease with which he supports such a weight reduces our surprise at the Crusaders having been able to bear their armour. The Tartars preserve their health by it; for in Turkey, warm clothing is as necessary in summer as in winter, on account of the frequency of *mal-aria* and keen winds. Europeans in these climes get fevers by dressing too lightly; but there is a medium between our clothing and a Tartar's.

Tartars in their long journeys drink a great deal of brandy and coffee, and take quantities of snuff. Their chief difficulty consists in keeping awake. The Surrogee (post-boy) is often obliged to ride by their side to keep them from falling off for the first hour after changing horses, the half-hour which that takes giving them time to get into a deep sleep.

The Tartars at St. Jean d'Acre are the most esteemed at present in Turkey. They usually perform the journey to Constantinople in twelve days and nights, which, considering that as far as Antiochia it is mountainous, is very quick. There is an elderly Tartar now at Constantinople, who used to be employed during the war by the English embassy, to convey letters to Bagdad (*en route* to India). He often performed it

in fourteen days. The same distance was rode once by a Tartar in nine days. It appears incredible, when the actual distance is considered—the mountains, the rivers in it, and the total want of roads, and of relays at less intervals than from ten to twenty hours; but the fact is recorded in the archives of the empire.*

Tartars are well paid. The Devlet (government) Tartars in particular make a great deal of money, since the Pasha or other great officer to whom they are sent, makes them presents according to the news. A Tartar who takes intelligence to a Pasha of a son being born to the Sultan, may expect eight or ten purses: on such occasions three or four Tartars go on the same errand,—woe to the horses! for it is a race the whole way. They make money also by conveying private letters and remittances, in which service their fidelity is at all proof; and should any money be lost, it is made up to the owner by the body corporate.

In every Pashalick is a regular establishment of Tartars, commanded by a Tartar Aga, who regulates the journeys. They are everywhere greatly considered; and, when hard pressed, may command any horses, even to the Pasha's, in a town where they pass.

Tartars prefer accompanying travellers and merchants, since they are well remunerated by them, and carry on a little traffic: moreover, slow travelling and long halts, suit a Turk's love of indolence, which no habits of activity can conquer. When a Tartar arrives from a journey, he literally sits down till called upon to mount again. He is a stupid fellow who does not, in the course of fifteen or twenty years, make a provision for his

* A great feat in riding is performed every year on the return of the caravan from Mecca. When eight days' march from Damascus, the Pasha escorting it sends a Tchoadar mounted on a fleet dromedary with the news to the second Pasha, who commands in Damascus during his absence. His arrival fills the inhabitants with joy, and they commence costly preparations to welcome the Hadgis. The bearer of the news is loaded with presents, and having reposed one night, mounts on horseback to bear letters, announcing the safe return of the caravan, to the Sultan, who rewards him according to the speed he has made. In 1829 he died two hours after his arrival at Constantinople. In 1830 he was stopped a day's journey from Damascus by Bedouins, and robbed of his letters; in consequence, he had to send back a servant for others.

after-life. Many die in the noviciate, or are obliged to give it up from sickness. Those, however, who become inured to the life, enjoy good health, and attain old age.

To our journey.—At three A. M., Veli again put before us *café au lait* with toast, by way of breakfast. The hard bench was not provocative of a second nap, and we were in our saddles by four o'clock; thus early, with the intention of reaching Adrianople that night. But on our reaching Ouzoun Kiupri at noon, the postmaster was busy billeting a large detachment of troops from Schumla, returning into Asia: as he could not therefore attend to us, we were detained for horses upwards of four hours, and when we got them their appearance denoted that they were just off a journey. We left the place by a stone bridge of about one hundred arches, spanning the wide bed of the narrow river Erkeneh, tributary of the Marizza; and, after wading three hours through deep mud, sought shelter from the piercing cold in a Bulgarian hamlet, every house of which had just been occupied by Turkish soldiery, excepting one, where lay a child with a bad fever. This was offered to us, but, deeming filth better than disease, we preferred creeping under an adjoining shed, where a wood fire kept us partly warm, and completely blinded. Our host and hostess, the parents of the sick child, as well as of three sturdy boys, were unremitting in their attentions: they gave us a very good soup, a dish of fried meat (perhaps from the next dead horse), eggs, and in all showed such a perfect disposition to oblige us, that we gave them a gratification in the morning with more pleasure than we would have paid for the accommodation of an hotel.

A couple of miles brought us to the Marizza, to a gay scene for the sportman's craft. It was frozen over, and covered with flights of wild fowl; and here and there, where the ice was broken by the pressure of a wedged-up boat, magnificent fish-eagles stood watching for prey. The morning was exhilarating, and our nags, notwithstanding they had passed the night in the snow, trotted cheerfully along the bank, which was strewn with dead horses, indices of the march of a Russian column from Demotica. Presently our baggage-horses, which were frisking and galloping in front

without restraint, took it into their heads to cross an arm of the river. I shall not attempt to describe our agony while the passage was effecting, as we expected every moment to see them come up on their sides and go through the ice, when adieu the Cashmere shawls and embroidered garments in my companion's portmanteau. However, they not only got over safe, but back too; Turkish horses having very much the property of cats in keeping on their legs.

A bend of the river brought us into the plain of Adrianople, over which we had an unbounded view, broken only by the four minarets of sultan Selim's mosque, seen, from their angular position respecting us, in one line, at twelve miles' distance. We passed several villages, all bearing marks of Russian devastation, and towards noon, by by-paths, along ditches, through gardens and willow plantations, entered the second city of the empire, which till within three weeks had been the headquarters of Marshal Diebitsch. He left in Nov. 20th, having lost by disease 12,000 men since his arrival, August 20th. He might have left it earlier, thereby saving several thousand lives, had he not deemed it necessary to wait for the keys of Giurgewo, which its pasha, Kutchuk Achmet, refused for a long time to deliver up, saying, that *he* had not been taken, and that he considered the peace as disgraceful,—a peace that might have been made to save the empire, but not to save Constantinople. In the Russian hospital remained 8000 men, not more than 1500 of whom were left alive: horrible to relate, they died chiefly of absolute want. In that severe winter 1829-30, the streets of Adrianople feet deep in snow, these poor fellows lay on the floor of the vast wooden barracks (converted into a hospital) without beds or bedding; although the bazaars would have furnished enough for 20,000 men. On some days they had not even fire to cook their soup, while the icy gales from the Euxine sung through the crevices of their cage (the barracks could be called no other), which was so slight that it vibrated to people's footsteps. It is said that the emperor shed tears, on hearing, in part, of the distresses of his brave, victorious army. He had better have sent roubles. A company of galley slaves never suffered more cruel neglect than these

troops: their diseases arose partly from the water they drank: spirits and wine were dirt cheap at Adrianople; yet, not even a drop was served out per diem.

After two pleasant days under the hospitable roof of the English consul, Peter Duveluz, Esq., to whom and to his amiable, accomplished lady, all travellers who pass that way are deeply indebted, we continued our journey. Our road, or rather direction, was along the left bank of the Marizza, over a luxuriant plain with scarce a trace of cultivation, the absence of which marks nearly every part of the rich country contained between the Balkans, the Macedonian mountains, the Black Sea, and the Propontis; a tract unequalled in the world for natural advantages, possessing a soil capable of producing, almost without labour, nearly all the fruits of the earth, with internal navigation for transporting them. The Marizza and the Toondja intersect it, one from the N.W., and the other from the north, and uniting at Adrianople, flow into the port of Enos; a dozen minor streams, capable of being rendered navigable for barges, are tributary to them. With such resources, Roumelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of Italy, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of the continued depopulation. I have often asked my guides, while passing one, concerning its origin, or the name of the town that gave its inhabitants. "Kim bilir?" (who knows?)—or "Allah bilir," (God knows,) was ever the careless answer,—an expression in the mouth of a Turk which means that the subject it refers to is considered by him as being either above man's understanding, or as beyond all date. The living, too, are far apart: a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The causes of this depopulation are to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans, too evident to be mistaken, but among them I cannot reckon polygamy as one; for in Turkey, as in all other countries, there is a plurality of women sufficient for the few men who

are able or willing to have a large assortment of such delicate ware. A reason may be assigned in the seclusion of the Mohammedan women, which, by keeping young people from falling in love, prevents marriages among the lower classes. A poor devil with head and heart free, thinks twice before doubling his embarrassments.

Our route, as on the other side of Adrianople, was thickly strewed with Russian cavalry horses, which fell, exhausted by fatigue, in the severe march of the army to the northward a few weeks since. We perceived at the same time the truth of the adage, "it is a bad wind that blows nobody good," in every high-fed cur that thrust his head out of the interior of a carcass to bark at us. Very regular was the discipline among these sagacious animals. Three were attached to each horse: one gorged inside while two watched outside: and they guarded their property with great rancour, violently attacking any other dog that dared to approach it, though only with the humble intention of smelling. The instinct of the dogs in Turkey is so remarkable, as to warrant the belief that an emigration of them took place from Constantinople* after the war,

* The dogs of Constantinople belong to everybody and to nobody, the streets are their homes; their appearance is between a wolf and a jackal. It is astonishing how they continue their species, exposed to a rigorous winter and the casualties of a large city. They are littered and reared in the streets. In the summer several die of thirst, but none have ever been known to go mad. Though a worrying nuisance to walkers, their general utility is obvious, for as the Turks throw the leavings of their kitchens out-of-doors, the streets would very soon be impassable but for the scavenger-like propensities of the dogs and the storks, assisted occasionally by vultures. As they subsist entirely on charity and what they pick up, instinct teaches them the necessity of a division of labour; and therefore, in the same manner as a well-regulated society of beggars has separate walks for its members, they divide the city and its suburbs into districts. Were a dog found in a strange quarter he would infallibly be torn to pieces by the resident dogs; and so well are they aware of this, that no argument, not even a bone of roast meat, will induce a dog to follow a person beyond his district; a singular and authenticated fact. We caressed, for experiment, one of these animals, whose post, with many others, was near the Mevlevi Khan; we daily fed him till he became fat and sleek, and carried his tail high, and was no longer to be recognised for his former self. With his physical, his moral qualities improved. He lost his curishness, and when his patrons approached, expressed gratitude by licking their hands, &c.; yet he would never follow them beyond an imaginary limit, either way, where he would stop, wag his tail, and look wistfully after them till they were out of sight, then return to his post. Once only I saw him overstep his limit:

in consequence of its becoming known that the line of the Russian march was supplied with horse-flesh. It is certain that a sensible diminution of those animals took place in Stamboul about that period. Might not a vulture have conveyed the news to his fellow-labourers in a field of battle's gleanings?

At the village of Mustapha Pasha we crossed on a stone bridge to the right bank of the Marizza, and entered on an execrable route, which kept our horses in a labouring walk. That night we slept at Ebebjik, in a Turkish *cafeneh*, the heat of which proved extremely unpleasant for the first half-hour, after having been exposed the whole day to severe cold: from 28° to 72° is a sudden change. However, I recommend every traveller in the winter, to pass the nights in the *cafenehs* in preference to accepting the quarters his *firman* entitles him to, and he will travel all over Turkey, sleeping always on the boards, without catching a cold, or feeling a pain in a limb: whereas, if he put up in a chilly wooden house, he will have both in a week. The healthiness of this practice I affirm from experience, and support by the practice of the Russian peasantry, who, on coming in from their out-door labour, their beards masses of ice, strip and lie over a large oven till they break out in perspiration. They never have rheumatism, the scourge of the lower classes in England.

The next morning, in three hours we reached Arhmaneh, a village, with signs of former importance, in a vast burial-ground, and a large *khan* of curious construction, with a cupola *à la Chinoise*, built, we are told, above 200 years since, by Sei Ayoush, Grand Vizir of Amurath. In those times, when wars with Germany were common, all this track must have been of great resort, requiring spacious *khans* and cemeteries.

We left it by a stone bridge over a rivulet, and having surmounted with toil a boggy upland, wound along the sides of a

he was very hungry, and we were alluring him with tempting food; but he had not exceeded twenty yards when he recollected himself, and ran hastily back. I cannot say if any order of precedence is observed in gaining the best stations, as near a butcher's shop, or a *khan*.

picturesque and rocky glen, at the bottom of which lay a frozen stream, tributary of the Marizza; a little further on, we passed some water-mills, and some fine flocks of sheep and goats, the first evident signs of returning confidence that we had seen. It came dark while we were yet a considerable distance from Hass Keuy, where we were to pass the night, and the tracks being obliterated by the snow, we much feared not being able to find it: but, after retracing our steps, and winding in the same circles several times with increasing impatience and ill-humour, the welcome bark of dogs, more delightful music at that moment than an opera overture, directed us. "Some use, these animals, after all," we said, on alighting at a very good khan, of which the Khandgi, being a friend of our tartar, Veli, invited us to take up our lodging with him. The offer was gladly accepted, for his apartment was carpeted, and on one side of it an enormous chimney was blazing with nearly a cart-load of wood. There were other comforts, too, attending this arrangement. In the first place, we had room to expand our limbs, and to enjoy ewers of water, and clean towels: in the next place, our supper was more *recherché* than usual, though our host did not partake of it, he having already supped. He was a particularly handsome man, with the most perfect beard I ever witnessed; it would have been a crime to cut it off. He sat on a little carpet on one side of the fire, we spread ours on the other side, and Veli completed the square. Thus we smoked and sipped coffee till sleep wooed us, when, arranging pillows of what there were, we lay down in the same relative position. The servants crept into the area, their heels into the fire, the crackling of which was soon varied by sundry-toned snores. It is pleasant, rather than otherwise, thus travelling, not to be able to undress; one is always ready to sleep or to rise. Whether horses are announced at two A.M. or two P.M., it is the same thing—the servants are always up, coffee is prepared in a minute, and the chibouque as soon replenished: stand up and give a good shake, your toilet is done; draw on your Tartar boots, and throw your capote around you, you can face the bleak N.E.: and, regarding the cleanliness of this mode

of proceeding, when you halt for a day or two, take a Turkish bath, a process able to purify years of filth, and leave the subject cleaner than ever.

When daylight broke, the two mosques of Hass Keuy were long behind us. Our road this day was more interesting; occasionally through a low range of hills we saw Mount Rhodope, before us the Balkans; and the plains to the eastward were studded with isolated hills, singularly shaped, certainly not artificial, and not quite small enough for aerolites. After riding eight hours and passing three Christian villages, we stopped at a fourth to bait, with little expectation however of finding anything, as the country between Adrianople and Philippopolis had been, the last three months, the foraging scenes of Cossacks from the former, and of Albanians from the latter, to supply their respective armies.* But we were mistaken. The Bulgarian cottage where we alighted was clean and comfortable, though the floor was mud and the walls plaster: a cheerful fire was sparkling, by which, spreading a clean rug beside it, the matron invited us to sit. She then prepared us a repast of fried eggs and toast, with milk and wine, alleging Lent as a reason for not giving us a slice of pork. Her sons and husband were out at work, but her daughters were with her; two very pretty girls, loaded with silver bracelets and buckles, with their long hair braided—quite the national costume. The plenty visible astonished us, as it well might, considering what I above observed; it could only be accounted for by the talent possessed by the villagers throughout Turkey, of hiding everything instantaneously on the approach of a marauding party, and changing an air of comfort into one of utter misery. Of this art we had a specimen the same evening to our cost. We had intended sleeping at Philippopolis, but soon found that that would be very difficult, on account of the jaded state of our horses. We therefore drew up at a small hamlet of three or

* When Turkish troops are on the march, the Christian villages suffer much less from them than the Turkish villages, since their wine and their pigs are sacred from plunder. Any traveller in Turkey, in the track of troops, must have observed this. In the former he will be sure of getting a slice of pork and a jug of wine. In the latter he must often content himself with a draught from the fountain.

four houses, half unroofed, on the road-side, to make a shift till morning; but this habitation, wretched as it was, was already occupied by a Pasha, with a large *suite, en route* from Schumla to Adrianople. His Selictar, an Albanian youth, splendidly dressed, one of the handsomest I ever saw, even of that handsome race, came out and informed us there was no room, at the same time begged us, in his master's name, to alight and take coffee: but, as the sun was already on the mountains, and the temperature several degrees below freezing, we declined the civility, and proceeded towards a village which, we were told, lay two miles off the high-road. Its pillars of smoke guided us from a distance; all at once they vanished, and when we arrived at their bases, the village was deserted; not a human form or voice was seen or heard, not a dog growled, or pig grunted. Yet there were certain signs of recent habitation, even supposing that our eyes had been deceived about the smoke. Where were the bipeds? Far from understanding the cause, we were about retiring, after losing half an hour in looking for somebody, doubtful where to go, when it struck us that it lay in our Turkish costume, by which we had been taken for part of the Pasha's retinue in the neighbouring hamlet, come to collect provender for their own and their master's supper. Veli knew this reason before, but his pride kept him silent. We returned to the charge, anxious to redeem our credit, as well as to get out of the cold, and hoped to succeed by knocking at every door and telling who we were. We spoke to the stones. Veli soon got into a terrible passion at being so slighted. He swore by Allah, by Mohammed, by his father's beard, by his own head, and threatened the bastinado on man, woman, and child—in vain; and thus we might have continued till morning—we soothing, he swearing—had not a slight wreath of smoke, escaping from a half-stifled fire, betrayed the inmates of one cottage, who then yielded to Veli's direct imprecations—he swore he would set fire to the house—and opened the door. What a scene! men, women, and children, half smothered, and grim with smoke—the first salaaming, the second scolding, the last squalling, turned out to know our will, and swear, in their

turn, by the Virgin and all the Apostles, that they had not heard us till that moment; that, poor innocent people, they had been fast asleep! A sow, dogs, pigs, and poultry followed them out of the smoke. Presently came up the Kiaja, and the Tchorbagi of the village, protesting to the truth of the same lie, that our worthy presence was only that minute known. Veli waxed more wroth, was about to lay club-law on the one, and told the other he would get him decapitated. "God is great! is this the way to treat two Bejzades travelling with our Lord's firmans under *my* protection? Please God, I will tell the Pasha of Philippopolis to-morrow, the Grand Vizir when I see him, the Eltchi when I return to Pera, and——" he would have gone on for an hour had we not stopped him. We saw that if we stayed, there would be nothing but hot water on both sides, and we feared that Veli, though really very good-natured, might get outrageous; so we remounted, and rode two hours further, to a menzil-khan (post-house). The little cafeneh belonging to it was crowded to excess, and we were about to be rejected, when two Turks very civilly turned out into the stable, and gave us their places. Veli also took up his lodging with the horses, and made himself quite comfortable, as indeed a Turk always does in every situation,—equally contented, apparently, on a divan, with lamb and pilaff, or under a shed with onions and nuts. He got a pan of charcoal beside him, smoked his pipe, and curled his moustaches, and looked as pleased as though nothing had occurred for a week to cross his temper.

We passed an indifferent night, as may be supposed, sharing a bench eight feet by four, with five others. But any thought of the annoyance vanished when the first view of Philippopolis burst on us as we rode from the khan in the morning, enlivened by an atmosphere buoyant as angels' spirits, and so clear that the outlining of the mountain scenery was traced on the blue sky as delicately as though done with a fine pencil. We were approaching the N.W. angle of the vast plain of Roumelia, still so vast that our prospect was bounded to the south and the east by the horizon: to the north, hoary-headed Hæmus met us in his greatest elevation, thence drooping

towards the Euxine ; and Rhodope's clustered brows and picturesque peaks, merging with the clouds in the S.W., was our western limit. These two ranges nearly unite, and form "the iron portals of Trajan," which as viewed from our direction were exceedingly grand, appearing the entrance to a mighty avenue of mountains leading into Servia, its extremity lost in haze. Before us, at the distance of two miles and a half, in the way of the iron portals, apparently at their threshold, defining by comparison their dimensions—a point for the mind to rest on, and thence grasp the surrounding objects—rose from the earth a finely-carved insulated rock, cleft by an earthquake in three crags, and frowning over the waste of snow, like a volcanic island over the ocean. The Marizza, silver-striping the plain as far as the eye could reach, gleaming among clusters of snow-heaps, which in spring would turn out to be villages, wound by it ; and resting at its base, washed by the river, or clinging up its eastern side, was the city of Philippopolis. The minarets of twenty mosques, springing like needles in the frosted air, added grace to the picture, while ruins, crowning the highest crag, gave it the finishing touch of antiquity.

Having stayed some minutes to admire the scene, we continued, over the site of the Pasha of Scutari's camp, disturbing legions of dogs and vultures, harmoniously raking together. We passed the entombed remains of 5000 of his Albanians, who died there in the space of three months, and entered the city through the great cemetery, which, from its enormous headstones, might be aptly termed the Giants' Cemetery. The streets were saddle-deep in mud, and misery was prevalent. In one corner lay an Arab tainted with plague, covered with a rug, and abandoned to his fate, simply because he was an Arab.* We threw him money, but I believe it would have been more charity to have given him poison.

* "He is an Arab to my sight." I saw an illustration of this verse at Buyukderé in the case of a drowned man, whom the surgeon of the *Blonde* failed of recovering because the people round were dilatory in getting warm water and clothing. "Shame," I exclaimed, "thus to let a countryman perish." "Countryman !" answered an old Osmanley, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Arab der" (he is an Arab).

After one or two wrong turnings, we reached the Pasha's seraglio, where we were to show our firmans in order to obtain quarters. His Excellency was sitting at an open window admiring his horses, which, saddled and bridled to the number of sixty, were being paraded by the grooms round the court.

He sent an officer to conduct us to a principal Greek house in the upper part of the town. To our astonishment, a scene awaited us similar with that of the preceding evening, though we had taken the precaution to give our costume a Christian-like air, by changing our fezes for foraging-caps. The lady of the mansion, seeing only the Turks with us, barricaded her doors, and from an upper window refused us admittance, saying that her house had already had more than its share of Turks quartered on it, and that they might go elsewhere this time. The officer was too proud to explain; he insisted that the door should be opened, or he would force it. A large crowd in consequence assembled, and various opinions were given by one and the other, according as the spokesman was Mussulman or Christian. We cut the matter short by addressing the fair keeper of the fortress, and desiring her to look out of the window at us. She did so, and uttered an exclamation of joy. The doors were immediately opened, and she came with all her servants to welcome us, and to make apologies for the delay occasioned by her ignorance of our being Franks. What a triumph! Veli was so ashamed at this second adventure, that he did not get over it all day. The house which had fallen to our lot, was excellent, spacious, and well furnished, belonging to a merchant engaged in trade at Vienna, where he then was. Notwithstanding the complaints of his wife about having had a party of Albanians quartered on her, an evil shared in common with every other inhabitant, Mussulman as well as Christian, it seemed to us that her guests must have conducted themselves extremely well, since they had injured nothing. But Philippopolis* being in the great thoroughfare

* This city has about 22,000 inhabitants; one-third are Mussulmen. The remainder are Greeks, excepting a few Armenians and Jews. It has extensive manufactures of soap and leather. Rice is the great produce of the country. Its climate is mild, being sheltered by the Balkan from the Black

to Servia, and to Bosnia, and to Upper Albania, and therefore often exposed to the passage of troops, the inhabitants are very sore on this subject, as on an old grievance; each considers himself particularly imposed on in the distribution of billets, and endeavours to throw the burden off himself on to another. They flattered themselves that they had escaped the immediate evils of the war; but the Arnaut undeceived them; he came and encamped as in a hostile country. The Sultan, alarmed at his long continuance after the war, repeatedly ordered him to lead his army back. Mustapha pleaded that he had no money to pay his men. "Pay them," replied the Sultan, "by levying contributions on the town and villages." To do this, however, the Pasha did not require an order, as he had already predisposed that as his own perquisite. His demand on the treasury of Constantinople was another thing; and, in order to succeed, he quartered his army, about 20,000 men, on the town, when the severity of the winter obliged him to strike his tents. He remained there twenty days; during which he received a sum of money from Constantinople, and this, though not equal to his expectations, added to the murmurs of his men to return to their hills, proved conclusive. He eased the Philippopolitans of their loose cash, then wished them good morning; and did the same on his way home, by Tartar Bazardjik and Sophia.*

We were visited by the principal Greek inhabitants, to whom the arrival of Franks was (as in every town) a joyful occurrence, as thereby they obtain news. They asked many questions about the Morea, and when they were satisfied of its certain independence, broke out into enthusiastic eulogiums of England and France. Their praises were thrown away on us, as we were well aware that they would be turned into

Sea winds. The Marizza rarely freezes near it. At Adrianople, on the contrary, it freezes every winter, often as far down as Enos. The fig and the cypress come to perfection at Philippopolis, which they do not at Adrianople.

* I have already mentioned this chieftain. In the summer of 1830 he broke into open rebellion, in consequence of the Sultan requiring him to submit to his reform. The Grand Vizir routed his forces, and he fled back to Scutari.

expressions of hatred, were we their masters. We further gratified their pride by showing them a passport and some coins of Capo d'Istria, which so exalted them that they began handling our arms with boyish delight. One comely young man buckled on a sabre, drew it several times with increasing satisfaction, and made a pass or two at the wainscoting. Had there been a cat in the room, he would certainly have tried his valour on it. They spoke bitterly of the conduct of the Russians, in having proclaimed that they came to take possession of the country; receiving, in consequence, every assistance from the Greek inhabitants, and abandoning them afterwards to the warrantable distrust of the Osmanleys. We told them that they should have known by that time the nature of Russia's promises, which ever made Grecian blood flow solely for her own interest. "True," they answered; "sixty years of fatal experience should have taught us the truth; but hope is ever new, and this time even the Osmanleys thought that the fair-haired Muscovites were come to rule over the country. Instead, they leave us, and the emperor shows his pity for our false position by obliging the Sultan to pay a large indemnity, which must come in great part from the pockets of his Christian subjects." This touch at the emperor was just; but the weight of the indemnity fell equally, if not more heavy, upon the Mussulmans, since the Sultan feared to oppress the Greeks too openly, when he saw that Europe took so lively an interest in their welfare.

Some of the Greeks here spoke German tolerably. The most useful European language in Turkey is Spanish. All the Jews talk it, impurely certainly, but quite well enough for interpretation; indeed, their Spanish, such as it is, is their household language, Hebrew being considered classical. Moreover, Spanish is the chief ingredient of the lingua Franca.

At our levee assisted a Charlatan, *soi disant* Hekim Bashi of the city. He spoke French very well, though not a Frenchman, having served l'Empereur (as Commissary's fifteenth clerk, I suppose). At the peace he sought means of livelihood at Algiers, but not finding any there, came to Constantinople, where, with others, he established a brewery. That speculation

failed, according to him, from the bad taste of the Mussulmans in preferring their Boza; according to others, from the laxative qualities of his beer. Finally—the usual refuge for destitute Franks in Turkey—he styled himself M.D., and settled in Philippopolis; where, to commence fair, he took a Greek wife. He stated his name to be Smidth, of Dutch extraction; but before our dinner was over, at which he remained to assist, half per invite, half per hanging on, his affection for us so wonderfully increased, that he vowed he was born in England. His name was a witness in his favour. However, he was useful as a Ciceroni, and served to amuse me after the departure of my friend, Mellish, the next day, for Tartar Bazardjik, on his route to Belgrade. I remained longer, in hopes of procuring a Tartar to accompany me to Schumla; but as my intended route lay through the Russian cantonments, the pasha told me it could not be. A Yasakgi, however, should escort me, he said, as far as the lines, when the Cossacks would take charge of me. In the meantime I saw what was to be seen in and about the city, and, for variety, got good humouredly pelted once with snow-balls by Turkish schoolboys. Two Roman gates still existed, and my Ciceroni showed off, he thought, his antiquarian lore, by pointing out to me a house as Philip's of Macedon. I did not think it worth while to lower his consequence by telling him the error he had committed, misled by the name of the place. The Mussulmans inhabited the lower part of the city, the Christians the upper part, according to the usual practice in Turkish towns, in order to prevent the latter from holding communication with the enemy in case of a siege. Philippopolis is subject to earthquakes; yet, on the highest crag, almost inaccessible, were three cannons, for the ostensible purpose of commanding the place in case of an insurrection. In theory they answered the end proposed; in practice they could not have been sufficiently depressed to touch a single house. A fine view, scarcely ever seen by one of the natives, rewarded my trouble of climbing to them. These cannons were considered as the palladium of the liberties of the city, and when the sultan sent orders to have them transported to Schumla,

at the commencement of the war, the inhabitants refused to part with them. On another commanding spot was a large clock, an indulgence enjoyed by the Christians in nearly all the towns of northern European Turkey. Standing by this very clock, the Charlatan, who had hitherto eat with me, asked me to dine with him. I unwittingly accepted the invitation, not reflecting on the uncertainty of pot-luck with a man whose features were given to length. I instantly saw my mistake, for he grew troubled, having only made the invitation to have it refused. However, the deed was done, and we descended the rock in silence; he probably meditating how to avoid the impending exposure, I consoling myself with the prospect of seeing his ménage, which as yet had been as secluded from me as though it were a harem. We soon reached the house, lifted up the latch without speaking, hit my head against the low door-way, and in the little parlour surprised his lady, who, starting up, displeased at our abrupt intrusion, opened her ruby lips in the act of levelling Ionic slang at her lord: but, on seeing a perfect stranger, smoothed them into a smile, and disappeared to arrange her toilet. Another professor was in the room; after a formal introduction, Charlatan whispered contemptuously, "He is also a tailor." "Proof of talent," I replied. "By no means," continued Charlatan; "do not imagine that because he calls himself a doctor, he knows any thing of our abstruse science; a grave air and the Hekim's cap impose on any Turk." I sat down on the sofa, after a time, gnawing with hunger, for I had been running about all day, and the sun had already given the mountain snow a vermillion tinge. Charlatan seeing me fixed became fidgety; he brought me a chibouque, and a half-torn Journal de Medicine, containing an article on the digestive organs,—no chance, I thought, of exercising mine. I discussed the tobacco leisurely, and the book page by page, but still no signs of eating, not even a napkin. I began to think that I had committed a real error, and how to extricate myself without offending good breeding, when Charlatan relieved my suspense by confessing *que ce n'était pas sa faute, mais—sacre carême—la maudite religion Grecque ne permettait pas de manger de*

la viande que deux cent jours de l'an enfin il n-y-avait rien à manger. I thought as much, and was debating what to do next, when, at that awkward moment, two servants came in bearing trays covered with good things; gifts of a fair Asmodeus, my kind hostess, who not seeing me return to dinner, conjectured that I had gone chez Mr. Smidth: she also conjectured the denouement there; and therefore, without any apologies—certainly never less necessary—sent this seasonable reinforcement to his kitchen. This quite changed the face of affairs, from despondency to confidence. Mr. Smidth had been too long in France not to be able to take it as an excellent joke, as it really was, and did the honours of the table à merveille. After dinner his brother quack discreetly vanished; his pretty wife then threw aside her Grecian reserve, sung sweet airs, and talked agreeable nonsense all the evening, while her worse half got d—d d—k on my cognac. When I left him at midnight, a Bey's domestic was over his prostrate form, endeavouring to rouse him into consciousness that he might go and see the Bey's child, supposed to be dying, if not already dead.

I did not leave Philippopolis without visiting the archbishop (Niceforas). He rebuked me for not having made his house my home, and his chaplain expressed surprise that I could not translate a chapter of ancient Greek for him out of a book which he showed me, and which he could not do himself. Our conversation soon turned on the usual topic, the distresses of the Greeks, the manner in which they were placed and insulted. It was certainly ludicrous to sit in the company of portly priests, on elegant silk divans, smoking from porcelain narghilers, sipping coffee from China cups with filagreed silver saucers, and talk of misery;—knowing also the undeniable fact, that the best house in every Turkish town, after the governor's, belongs to a Greek; that the Greek men are universally well-dressed, the Greek women richly ornamented; and that the Greek merchants journey with a luxury to which few Osmanleys pretend. But it is the fashion to paint the Greeks wretched: they made their own story, and Philhellenism amplified it. The archbishop told me that he had three

hundred villages in his diocese, which was one of the most extensive in Turkey. I do not suppose that he was proportionally rich, for the Greeks, though extremely bigoted and devoted to their clergy, pay them very ill. It is true that Mahomet II. established a tariff in their favour; but it soon fell into disuse, and the Greek clergy have naturally been averse to making the Porte arbiters on one subject, lest it should take it as a precedent for interfering on others. In addition to their spiritual functions, the Greek bishops have always been judges in causes between Greek and Greek, unless the litigants preferred Turkish justice, which, strange as it may seem, often happened.

The more we examine the conduct of the early Ottoman conquerors, the more we are convinced that religious tolerance is the rock on which they split in Europe. They should either have extirpated the Greek religion, which has ever been a cancer to the Mussulman power, as they could have done, or they should have made its professors dependent on the government for salaries, whereby they would have ceased to have cared so much for the affection of the people. Amurath II. adopted the former plan in Albania. He succeeded; the Christians that are now there are later settlers. After all, conversion by the sword, though it sound very horrid, is as good as any other way, certainly more efficacious. There may be doubts of the sincerity of the forced proselytes, but their children are certain to be born in the faith; and this assurance in the converters, of saving generations in future, counterbalances the injustice of making one generation forswear itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

Hadgi Toozoon—Tchapan—Bastinade—Eski Saray—Adra Bey—Mustapha—Cossack Captain—Yeni Saara—General Reuchteurn—Russ Colonel—Selimnia—General Montresor—Poniatowsky—Wolk Llanevsky—Russ Army.

THE next morning, Hadgi Toozoon (Yasakgi), destined by the Pasha to act for me as a Tartar, came to my house with horses;

the weather was beautiful, I therefore took leave of my fair hostess and her fairer daughter, who had succeeded in dismissing the gazelle-like shyness which made her conceal herself the first day, and left the city at a gallop. Hadgi Toofoon was a merry fellow, too merry, for he frequently applied a spirit flask to his lips,—a very unbecoming practice for one who had visited Mecca; but I suppose he thought that that duty, performed, was absolution for sins to come as well as for sins past. A short way from Philippopolis we stopped to admire some Osmanleys imitating the jerreed game. Couching their pistols in the absence of reeds, they galloped and whirled on the sheet ice with as much confidence as though on grass. One horse at length failed in recovering himself after a fearful slide, and indicated a tremendous fall. The rider no-ways daunted, used his reins and stirrups with great address, eliciting universal approbation, till finding all his efforts of no use—go he must, he fired his pistol in the air, that it might hurt no one, jumped nimbly off, and with his hands eased the animal down on its side! it was an admirable specimen of horsemanship.

In crossing the river, a little farther on, we made a mistake and got up to the swimming mark—all the Hadgi's fault—and in consequence, wet—my baggage soaked—we arrived late at Tchapan, a large Bulgarian village. The good people of the house assigned me by the Ayan, received the stranger with pleasure, for he was now entering a part of the country where his religion was a bond of friendship, so different from the Greek inhabited cities, now, as ever, focuses of religious intolerance. Two Osmanleys were seated by the fire-place: they rose and salaamed me, repeating the Russian word *dobree*; then took my wet clothes, and brought me wine. I thought I was dreaming, to receive such unpaid civilities from true believers, of no mean condition either, to judge by their muslin turbans and silver-hilted arms. The enigma was explained on the entrance of Hadgi Toofoon, who had remained outside to look to the horses. They asked him if Effendi was not a great Russian. He replied in the negative that Effendi was only an Englishman. I could not refrain from smiling at their mistake, at the same time disgusted at their servility to a race

they should rather have trampled on than courted. They repeated the question to make sure, and then, ashamed of having exposed their meanness, slunk away, and did not return.

After an excellent supper, the pilaff seasoned to a grain of pepper, I laid down to sleep, wrapped in my host's fur pelisse, while my things were drying; but my eyes were soon re-opened by an altercation in which the Hadgi's voice predominated. He had been Christian enough, during my short nap, to get intoxicated; and was now, Turk-like, endeavouring to turn my host and his two daughters into the street, where the snow was falling deep. Jumping up, I pulled him away from the door, which was already half open, shut it, and placed my back against it. He began swearing; and the good people, fearing that ill consequences would ensue, begged that I would let them go out, to restore quiet. I could not thus repay their hospitality, nor, had I been so inclined, should I have had time, for the Hadgi speedily settled the dispute by drawing out a pistol. He presented it at me, and—it flashed in the pan. This sobered him; at the same time my Surrogee, crouched in a corner, jumped up and assisted me to take his remaining arms from him. He offered no resistance; on the contrary, was all penitence. He reflected that according to the Turkish law he was liable to death for what he had done, and he begged forgiveness. I did not think it right to let him off; so in the morning took him before the Ayan, who, with great civility, had him seized up in my presence, and fifty blows applied to the soles of his feet. He bore the severe pain very well; and when over, slid away on his breech, for he could not walk.* I offered him his backscheish: he took it, and said, Oughrola (*bon voyage*). This incident rather tired me of Turkish guards: after all they are of no great service to a traveller, except in getting on tired horses, at which they are unrivalled. Beasts apparently unable to crawl for ten minutes longer, they induce by the magic of their whip and voice into a hobbling

* The operation is performed by two Chavasses armed with long white sticks, thick as a man's thumb. The sticks are changed every twenty blows. The sufferer often faints before the fiftieth blow—the punishment goes on. He recovers, to faint again and again till the dose is administered. Five hundred strokes are next to death.

canter; not very agreeable certainly, but very valuable when the minarets of the nearest village are gleaming in the setting sun, yet two hours distant. Besides this talent they have, in common with all Turks, the happy knack of making any horse go in a sort of amble, called chack-bin: it is very easy, and a horse covers with it four and a half miles an hour. In vain the Frank changes horses with his Tartar or his Surrogee, he remains the last; while flogging and spurring, obliged occasionally to trot, to overtake them, they jog on without effort, smoking their pipes, and the difference of fatigue in man and horse at the end of the day, is evident. It can only be obtained by riding with large Turkish shovel-stirrups, an equable titillation of which kept up in the horse's flanks produces the chack-bin. We always ride on European saddles; therefore, we fail: one's heel is not enough, and a spur is too much,—*le juste milieu* lies in the shovel-stirrups.

The Hadgi being thus disposed of, I left Tchapan, and entered a highly cultivated tract, called the Garden of Roumelia, renowned for its flowers and its fruits, and its wines. It extends along the foot of the Balkans forty miles: the cultivators are Bulgarians, who make a good thing by sending their roses to Adrianople, where the best attar is distilled. The air of prosperity was quite refreshing, and the contented appearance of the peasantry, who saluted me as I rode quietly through their vineyards and rose plantations—the former planted low and shrubby, as in France—showed me that they were under a wise master, one who knew that the interests of the landlord and of the tenants are inseparable. This enlightened Osmanley, Hadgi Fayret Effendi, was Ayan of the neighbouring town of Eski Saara, and hereditary possessor of large estates. Fortunately, his retired situation, off the great roads, had hitherto preserved him from the sultan's reforming rage; and, still more fortunately, the Russians did not come far enough to make his people revolt, consume their produce, and then abandon them. I saw him that evening, when I reached Eski Saara. He received me very politely; and a dazzling white beard, of unusual luxuriance, added greatly to the respect I already entertained for him. He made some demur about providing me with

horses to proceed the next day to the Russian outposts, about twelve miles distant; his attendants also evinced considerable uneasiness, as it was necessary that one should accompany me, in order to ensure the horses being permitted to return. In the meantime, he assigned me excellent quarters in a Bulgarian house; where I had scarcely supped, when several of the notables came in to visit me. As usual, in all Bulgarian places, the conversation turned on the ill conduct of the Russians, who had excited their countrymen to rebel with false promises, and were now about to abandon them: having got every thing out of them they could, and impoverished them. This was the language held where the Russians had not been, and I had soon occasion to know that it was considerably short of the truth.

Later in the evening an Osmanley, a friend of the house, came in. He sat down as humble as a Raya, and took the chibouque, immediately presented to him, begging me to take a few whiffs from it first, by way of good fellowship. He then asked me if Mussulmans would be allowed to reside in the Morea: "Certainly," I told him, "but under the Greeks." At this he sighed. "I lived there fourteen years, and left two children when I quitted it in the suite of Kourshid Pasha. I love the country, and should wish to return to it: will the Greek government," he added, "allow us to enjoy our religion?" "Assuredly," I said. "Ah!" he continued, "this is no country now for us; we are the prey to suspicion. Our sultan is now as much hated as he should be loved." Having heard the same expressions of dislike to the sultan elsewhere, I was not surprised at what this man said.

It was noon the following day, before I received any intelligence from the Ayan about my progressing. I was going to him, when one of his officers, an old gentleman named Mustapha, came and intimated to me most sulkily, with no more words than were barely necessary, that he was to take me to Yeni Saara. "Good," I said; "let us go!" This quiet Turkish reply set his tongue going. "Let us go!" he repeated emphatically, and then went on grumbling about Franks, and about Moscofs,—about what business they had there,—why they could not go another road,—why they travelled at

all,—why they could not stay at home,—et cetera. I saw it was no use to interfere, so I let his bile work off, which it did in about an hour and a half, when he fetched some good horses from the Ayan's own stables.

We had not ridden above two hours and a half, in perfect silence, when Mustapha pulled up at a wretched village, Adra Bey, and proposed alighting to take a pipe. I agreed, to please him, though wishing to push on, as the Russian lines were not above two miles farther. We had not half consumed our peace-offering when my baggage was brought in. I looked at Mustapha—Mustapha looked at me. "What is this?" I said: "We sleep here," he replied. "Sleep here!" I exclaimed, looking at the wretched habitation, which, as the village had been sacked by Cossacks, was stripped to the very doors. "Yes: here we will give you a good supper." "You old impostor," I said, "is this why we dismounted—why do we not go on?—what shall I do here?" "Do! sit down and smoke your pipe." I began to get warm, particularly as I remembered the trimming he had given me at Eski Saara; and I gave him, in consequence, my whole vocabulary of abuse,—a man never talks a language so well as when he is in a rage or in love,—and finished by swearing by the prophets and saints of both religions, that I would go on. "God is great," said Mustapha; "we will not leave this place to-day." "Please God," I replied, "we will reach Yeni Saara to-night." "Bakalum" (we will see), said Mustapha, and resumed his pipe. It requires a person to have been in an altercation with an Osmanley, exposed to his common-place replies, intermixed with the regular proportion of inshallahs, mashallahs, and bakalums, to understand the complete rage which it generates. Menacing to take him by the beard, I cried; "*You stay where you like, I will go on. Surrogee, bring out the horses.*" But the Surrogee, instead of obeying me, looked for further orders from his superior; who quietly said: "Leave them alone; the Beyzade is mad." This quite transported me; my hand mechanically rested on my sash—which trifling action had the effect of disturbing the equanimity of my tormentor, and of restoring mine. He changed his tone, and coming up to me, begged that I would

wait till the morning, as he was sickly, and did not like passing the night among strangers. He was an old man, and that was enough. Moreover, I could not help esteeming what I now saw to be his real motive, a dislike to be with the Russians more than possible.

The next morning, having no temptation on the hard floor to be indolent, we were on horseback betimes, and jogging on, a market-woman's sort of a trot, our heads buried in our capotes, soon reached a wild common, where our reverie was disturbed by four strange-looking fellows, on rough horses, with long ragged lances and uncouth beards, who addressed us in a language of which I had not any idea—Cossack. Getting no answer, they conducted us to a small village in the middle of the common, where their captain was quartered, with 100 irregular Cossacks,—disagreeable acquaintances to make on a high road. He was shaved, and therefore more Christian-like than his men. He invited me into his apartment, slighting my companion; but as I considered Mustapha now under my protection, I took him with me. It was rich to behold his superlative air of disdain as he threw himself down in one corner and lit his chibouque, in the clouds from which he soon shrouded himself from his hateful hosts. The captain and I could do no more than bow and look interesting at each other; for though he knew the Russian in addition to his own language, I did not. We telegraphed to no purpose, mutually convinced of each other's stupidity. The only two signs intelligible to me were, that I could not continue my journey, and an invitation to eat: to the latter I agreed. He produced some salt pork and some vile rum, for breakfast; in discussing which dainties, we made use of the same knife, the same platter, and the same cup: Mustapha all the time regarding us with holy horror, and deeming us probably as swinish as the swine before us.

At length a Bulgarian was found who could talk Russian as well as Turkish, and we commenced business; but our path was strewn with difficulties. In the first place the captain was not quite aware that there was a country named England; and my passport, being in French, was of no service in supporting my

word that there was. There might be, he said; but—he had heard of France and Germany; but—he had never heard of England,—that England in whose sway the sun never sets! Alas my country! I thought, is it possible that thy name—familiar where the Arab wanders, the Indian scalps, the African gambols, the cannibal feasts:—thy fame—rivalling that of Rome and Carthage combined—has not reached the banks of the Don. Are there individuals ignorant of that glorious isle—abode of freedom, marvel of history, mother of empires—whose ensign floats triumphant on every wave,—whose conquests are graven on every shore,—whose language connects distant worlds! I was never more astonished. The captain, however, consented to waive the question of my nationality: the General, he said, would be able to read my passport, and that would do,—but I could not prosecute my journey without being disarmed, as he had strict orders not to permit any stranger to enter the lines armed. He added, that my sword and pistols should be forwarded to Selimnia, where they would be delivered to me on my arrival. This arrangement I opposed; not that I cared about parting with my incumbrances, but I was an English officer; and in explaining this reason for my objection, I turned up the cuff of my capote, and showed the buttons of a half uniform, which I wore. All Russian subjects have an instinctive respect, mingled with fear, for uniforms; nor was my Captain an exception. His address instantly increased tenfold in civility, and he begged that I would at least allow the Cossacks, who were to escort me to Yeni Saara, the head quarters of his General, a few miles off, to carry my arms, instead of sending them to Selimnia. This mode, which he intended as complimentary, appeared to me infinitely worse, as it would be like conducting me as a prisoner, not escorting me, and I absolutely refused to agree to it. The Captain was exceedingly embarrassed: he did not like to turn me back; nor did he like to let me proceed armed, in opposition to his orders. I ventured to assure him that such an order could not apply to the Franks, and that I would justify him to his General, who would certainly be displeased on knowing that any of his officers had deprived me of my sword.

He saw the justice of my observation, as well as my obstinacy, and retired to deliberate with his subalterns. Mustapha, who had been an attentive listener to our conversation, now rose. "Very good," he said, "do not give them up." Poor fellow! he thought that if I kept my arms he should be allowed to retain his, and his spirits greatly revived. In an hour the Captain returned to us, and said, that I might proceed in my own way; in the interval he had sent despatches to Selimnia, and to Yeni Saara, to acquaint the respective Generals of what had taken place. Now came a scene.—Mustapha was peremptorily ordered to give up his arms. "No," he replied, "the Beyzade keeps his: I will keep mine." His reasoning was ineffectual; nor could I intercede in his behalf, though I sincerely felt for him, thus compelled at his age to part with his beloved weapons. It would be necessary to have worn the same ataghan and the same pistols for twenty years or more—to have slept beside them, to have regarded them daily with pride—to appreciate his anguish. He drew them slowly from his sash, one after the other, as lingeringly as a mother parting from her babes, and dropped them one by one on the straw palliasse, muttering, "dogs!" The unfeeling Cossacks laughed at him.

In an hour we reached Yeni Saara. General Reuchteurn was at dinner; who dared to disturb him! no one that I could find; on the contrary, I was desired to kick my heels in the court till he had done. I did so for about ten minutes: when, calculating the hours that might elapse in eating, and in drinking, and in gaming, I put myself in the train of a dish, and gained the room where he was at table with a dozen officers. All jumped up at the strange apparition, and stared at my still more strange appearance, in a costume half European, half Asiatic. I explained in a few words, and in another minute found myself seated at the General's right hand, with a plate of excellent soup, Russian patties, and a bottle of French wine before me,—luxuries as agreeable as unexpected. My adventure at the outpost amused, and also surprised them; for the Cossacks were not fellows to disobey orders. However, the General said that he was very glad it had so turned out; adding, that

the order was only intended to apply to the natives, though no exception had been made in favour of Franks, it not being supposed that any would come in that direction. I put in a good word for Mustapha, who was accordingly desired to make himself at home. But the old man would not accept of any civilities: he got an assurance that his arms should be restored to him at the outpost, then wished me well, and started. The General and his two Aids-de-camp spoke French fluently, an accomplishment not possessed by the rest of the company. He was pleased with my arrival, in order to gain information of the affairs of the world, of which he was two months in arrear; for, not even a Petersburg Gazette, scanty as it is, often reached this sequestered spot: even then it could not give much information. "Is this account true?" said an officer to me, afterwards, putting one into my hands, containing a summary of the victories obtained over the Turks in the campaign of 1829. It concluded by stating, that the Pasha of Scutari had advanced with his Albanian army to Demotica, by which movement he surrounded and put the Russian army in a most critical position, whence it was only extricated by the address of Diebitsch, who compelled the Pasha to abandon his advantage and retire. "True! General," I replied; "why do you ask *me*?—*you*, who were at Adrianople, must know as well as I, that the Pasha of Scutari never came beyond Philippopolis, one hundred miles from Demotica." "So I imagined," he answered; "you see how they impose on the ignorant. This bulletin is already believed throughout Russia, and will be soon believed in this very army." In the same manner it is certain that half the bulletins were fabricated and credited. Was not General Berthier's history of Napoleon's Syrian campaign (the most flagrant tissue of falsehoods ever published under an honourable name) firmly believed by the whole world, except the English, till subsequent memoirs exposed it?

The General invited me to spread my carpet in his own room, where was a stove—a luxury introduced by the Russians into all their quarters, and fully valued by any one who has been doomed to shiver through the night in a straggling, wooden, long-passaged, rattling-windowed, no-doored seraglio:

and thus,—the General on a sofa, myself on a shake-down of straw beside him,—we became as good comrades in a few hours as though we had been acquainted for years; to which also, a predisposition existed on his part, owing to his admiration for the English nation, evinced in the choice of his Aids-de-camp, who were both of English extraction, Captain O'Connor and Captain Levitt.

The servants brought us pipes, after we had lain down, by way of opiates; and on awaking in the morning, the same unmeaning countenance was peering at me with another long pipe, ready to thrust into my mouth. The General was already arousing himself by a similar appliance. Though I had been sometime in the East, I was not so great an adept at smoking as to relish it so late and so early. The excessive drinking of the Russians was likewise trying to my politeness; but the weather being cold, I stood it pretty well,—the more obligatory on me, as *we* also have a name for hard drinking, a name which is now certainly incorrect. Their filth, in which they rival the Jews, is a much more peculiar national trait. What I saw in their cantonments is perfectly indescribable. General Reuchteurn's establishment was one of the cleanest, inasmuch as he had a hair brush and a wash-hand basin, and some towels: yet he only made use of one room for everything—eating and sleeping—having fifty rooms at his disposal, the state of some of which indicated too clearly that his people were above the common decencies of mankind; no from want of conveniences, since in that respect the Turks are as scrupulous as we are. The General opened a door to show me a handsome saloon, as he said. He hastily shut it, exclaiming: "Disgusting,"—"ditto," I. No person changed his linen, at least, so I judged from appearances, and from the circumstance of being informed, on desiring to have mine washed, that such a thing was out of the question. This defect alone brought the Russians into great disrepute with the Christians of Turkey, who, in the virtue of cleanliness, imitate their Mussulman-masters. The General at the same time was a perfect gentleman, with a frank and chivalrous character, that made him adored in the army, and allowed him to discourse with me on

the late campaign, with an openness I was little prepared to expect. But then he was not a Russian. He was a native of Courland, brought up with principles of freedom which enabled him to distinguish between rational government and military despotism.

He mounted me on a fine Arabian, a present from Mustapha, Pasha of Scutari (presents by-the-by which were irksome to the Russian officers, since they felt obliged to return others equal in value), and we rode to a neighbouring village to review a regiment of Lancers. The horses were recovering from their late starvation; but the men bore the impress of the Adrianople fever, and appeared fitter for a hospital than for service. The Colonel (a native Russian), detained us to dinner. It was a complete Russian military one, spread out in the Colonel's sleeping-room, which was heated to the temperature of an oven. He, professing to be unwell, reclined on his bed, smoking a meerschaum: while we, that is, the General, Captain O'Connor, and myself, sat down to the table; on which, to do justice to our host's hospitality, was plenty of good things, with variety of wines and spirits. Two officers of the regiment—a captain and lieutenant, waited on us. I was perfectly scandalized, and when one of them came to help me to wine, rose to make room for him at the table. He bowed. The general then requested them to be seated; but as their colonel did not second him, they excused themselves and remained standing. We returned home in a Kibitka drawn by four little Tartar horses, which equipage was the greatest curiosity that I had seen on the Turkish plains, being so much at variance with the native arabas. The general seemed to think that our dinner required explanation, and told me that colonels had that kind of power over their officers, without subjection to interference from higher authority;—that formerly, it was quite the thing thus to do honour to a general, however he, if civilised, might dislike it; but that now it was never seen, except in the case of a rude boor like the colonel in question. "Fortunately," he added, "few of the superior officers are Russians, therefore the practice is fast disappearing. At my table you see, on the contrary, non-commissioned officers sit down with me." This

was the fact, in the case of a young man whose parents had been exiled, and who was in consequence brought up at a military colony. Though debarred from ever getting a commission, his worthy general made his situation as light as possible, and treated him as a gentleman. Our team nearly upset us over a rude bridge without parapets, and indeed kept us rather nervous the whole way, galloping over the roadless plain which encircles Yeni Saara. From its tall belfry, as we drew near, a Bulgarian gave a signal, and instantly two Cossacks dashed out at speed, passed us, towards some persons at a distance, who turned out to be only peasants coming from work. This vigilance was observed in consequence of a rumour, quite unfounded, and purposely set afloat, in order to excuse rigour, that the Mussulmans in the district were preparing for a rising. On alighting at the house, we saw an example of the incredible drunkenness of the lower class of Russians, in the person of the Maitre d'Hôtel. We had been talking on the subject that morning, in consequence of his having been incapable the preceding evening of fulfilling his duties. "I is no use," observed the general, "having him licked; he has already received more blows than would suffice to dust a carpet manufactory; yet he is never sober one twenty-four hours; nor do I think it possible to keep him so. However, let us try, for curiosity; we will lock everything up, and leave orders that he is not to go out, nor any one to come to him." *Detto, fatto.* Notwithstanding which, we found him stretched in a state of glorious insensibility. "Astonishing!" we said; the general, at the same time, being half pleased at the truth of his prediction, although totally unable to make out by what miracle he had got the liquor. An hour afterwards, I missed a bottle of cognac from my saddle-bags. The next morning, on being questioned, he swore that he had not swallowed a drop, and appealed to the state of the cupboards, to the sentries, in support of the truth, that he had only been in a sound sleep. Of course I said not a word about the secret, for fear of the unmerciful drubbing that the fellow would have had.

We attended the auction of a deceased colonel's effects, among which I remarked twelve horses and two carriages.

The former, partly Russian, partly Asiatic, sold well, particularly the Russian, as being better qualified for supporting fatigue. Russian superior officers (the inferior are wretchedly off) have not great emoluments in specie, but in attendants and horses they are princely.* General Reuchteurn's stud consisted of about twenty horses.

One day we devoted to sporting: we coursed some hours with four Angora greyhounds, with indifferent success, owing to a fog; then dismounting, proceeded with our guns into the covered country, where, however, notwithstanding the exertions of a party in beating for game, we did not meet with much better luck, for there were too many sportsmen about. Shooting was as much a business as an amusement, and parties of soldiers were continually occupied at it to supply the officers' tables, there being little besides game to eat. Scarcely a head of cattle or a sheep was left in Roumelia, a fact which showed the destitution of that rich country; that it had little more than sufficient for the ordinary inhabitants, since a small army eat everything up in a few months.

I would willingly have accepted my host's invitation to prolong my stay; military life on a war-footing was pleasant to one who had never seen it, though sufficiently disagreeable to the actors, to judge by their grumbling; but the season was fast advancing, and might render the mountain passes difficult; so, therefore, after three days, I pricked over the plain for Selimnia, twenty miles distant. The swollen state of the Toondja detained us a long time on its right bank searching for a ford, and when we found one, all the address of the Cossacks with me was scarcely sufficient to get us safely over, the stream being so rapid, that it was necessary for them to plant their lances in the bottom in order to stem it, keeping me above them in one line. The pitch darkness, therefore, when we reached the cluster of hills in which the town is situated, caused us infinite trouble in finding our road; it made us nearly tumble down one preci-

* The most lucrative post in the army is that of colonel, as he clothes and provisions his regiment, often to the detriment of the men. Many flagrant cases I heard from good authority, not worth while mentioning. It is said that the emperor is about, if he can, to abolish this pernicious system. It is time. The Russian soldier is much to be pitied.

pice, stumble up another, and run against sundry walls and trees, till at last the Cossacks, with all their mole-like qualities, confessed themselves puzzled, and dismounted to feel the way with their lances. At length we reached the suburb, where, however, far from ending them, our difficulties multiplied; for the natural streams, running through every street, were increased, by the heavy rain falling, to rivers; not a light nor a person was to be discerned; and the din of numerous cascades drowned our halloes. A sentry or two, whom we floundered against, could give us no information regarding the direction of the government-house. "They are *Russians*," muttered the Cossacks. In this manner we wandered upwards of an hour, without the slightest prospect of gaining a clue to the labyrinth, when we met a Cossack, who instantly put us in the right road. The governor, General Montresor, received me with singular kindness. Having sent in word, to his request that I would come into his presence, that I was drenched, and would rather shift first, he came out exclaiming, "Whoever heard of a sailor standing on ceremony. Come in, mine is the only warm room in the house." I required no pressing; and the officers of his staff showed, by their welcome, that the intrusion of a stranger, wet and dirty, was not annoying. Two soldiers laid hold of me per order. In one minute they divested me of my clothing; it was no use being shy; and in another I found myself wrapped in a fur pelisse, my feet thrust into fur boots, sipping a glass of exquisite tea, for the preparation of which an urn was hissing on the table, and in the discussion of it, mellowed with rum, the party was engaged at my entrance. Such an introduction is worth years of common acquaintance, and by the time that tea was replaced by supper, we were intimate. To Englishmen the subjects of despotic governments open freely. I have observed it everywhere. They have faith in us; we speak our minds, and the example is contagious; for frankness is the most congenial disposition of the soul, and the more winning the rarer it is encountered. It is a perfect treat in countries where thought is chained on certain subjects, to hear a man talk as

unreservedly of his own government as of any other. Who has not felt this in passing from Italy into France?

My new friends were naturally inquisitive about Constantinople, and as they were also unacquainted with the events of the busy world during the last three months, my arrival afforded them considerable gratification. We did not leave the supper table till three A.M. I then stretched myself on a heap of carpets by the side of the stove, never out day or night, keeping the room at the comfortable temperature of 70°, and slept till seven, when *café au lait* was brought in to aid our waking. At ten we breakfasted *à la fourchette*, whetting our appetites with raki. Dinner was served at two o'clock, preceded as usual by raki and spiced patties. Tea-punch occupied us from eight till half-past ten, and then supper closed the labours of the day. I never saw so much eating and drinking, and thought that Russian digestive organs, to be able to undergo such work every day, must be differently constructed from ours.

The ignorance of the officers, as I observed above, of everything passing out of the pale of their cantonments, was not surprising, considering the total want of all means of information in them; but their questions, relative to their own army, perfectly astonished me. I thought they were joking when they asked me about the strength, the state of regiments, the existence of officers, &c. By no means; kept in perfect ignorance about subjects on which I, as a traveller, could not avoid being conversant, they knew not in one station of the army what was passing at another, and the death of a general officer would scarcely have transpired ten miles off. The *estafettes* carried no private letters; certainly none would be written for the inspection of the Commander-in-Chief. At the capture of Adrianople, 1829, two artillery officers met, who had served together in the same battery at the battle of Borodino, 1812; each believed that the other had been killed there, till this accidental meeting undeceived them. A slight want of an army list.*

* To further show the mis-information of Russian officers—Count Orloff, talking of the practicability of taking the castles of the Dardanelles in the

The opinion that I gathered generally of Diebitsch, making certain allowance for the bias which men always have for a commander who has led them to victory, although by blundering, was not favourable to his military talents. We are apt to look only to results. He was universally blamed for carelessness of the lives of his men, sacrificing them in unhealthy encampments, wearing them by fatiguing reviews and long marches, and not checking the dishonesty of the commissariat department. These, coming from Russian officers, who are all more or less guilty of neglecting their men, were heavy charges against him. His decision in crossing the Balkans, against the opinions of all the generals, they dwelt on with rapture. Yet this firmness he carried into things of no moment; it was therefore often injurious: *e. g.*, the day fixed on for the march of the army from Adrianople to its winter quarters was terrible; cold and wet; on which the generals of division waited on the marshal, to know if the movement could not be deferred till the following day, when the storm might cease. "My orders are given," he replied; "march!" In consequence, one-third of the already exhausted horses were left on the road during the first twenty-four hours.

He was very hard with his officers, not keeping his cane at times from their shoulders, or caring about degrading them to the ranks; the latter punishment only to be understood by those who know the wretched condition of a Russian soldier. At Adrianople, Prince ———, who had been a major only a month before, was seen carrying a musket. The marshal was

rear, told Sir R. Gordon at Pera, that some days after the cessation of hostilities, a foraging party of Cossacks stormed one of them, and drove the garrison out; but was hastily dislodged by an explosion of gunpowder, which killed some of the party. The incorrectness of this statement is authentic. The same action was, however, related to me by General Montresor, but on a different scene—near Selybria. He added that, having taken place after hostilities had ceased, the party was punished, *pro forma*, but rewarded for gallantry with Crosses of St. George. This also was wrong, as I can vouch by the warranty of my eyes and ears. That something of the kind took place, is probable; but where, is uncertain and inconsequential. It shows how little credit should be given to the statement of Russian officers, unless they are eye witnesses of what they relate. Here are two generals giving opposite reports of the same affair, which, though trifling, was made much of, and cited on every occasion as a proof of Russian bravery.

a *bon-vivant*, often exaggerated into a glutton, and, not a drunkard, but a muddler; propensities, added to a Sancho Panza figure, which rendered a sudden death probable any day. Withal, he had an amiable quality. The Emperor, after the peace, sent him a snuff-box, with his (Diebitsch's) portrait on it. The likeness was flattering; observing which, he said, "I must send this to my wife, to let her see how the campaign has improved me." "She has no need of it," said the gentleman who related this anecdote to me, "to think him handsome, for she loves him." He was then at Bourgas; I did not proceed to it, though I had had the intention, on perceiving that it would not be agreeable. Indeed, his dislike of the English was previously known to me, and had shown itself at Adrianople, by great want of attention towards Lord Dunlop and Major Keppel, who stayed there about a month. It was yet further manifested, as I shall have occasion to relate. But, independent of his personal attraction, I had no occasion to visit Bourgas, Selimnia being, from its position and superior accommodations, the chief quarters of the army.

The number of soldiers in the streets made it exceedingly annoying for an English officer to walk about them. My hand might as well have been tied to my cap. No sooner does a Russian private catch a glimpse of an officer, though a quarter of a mile off, than he draws up, unbonnets, raining or snowing, as may be, and remains statue-like till he passes. It was intimated to me that touching my hat was *unnecessary*. I understood the hint; the comparison thereby drawn might have been prejudicial: it proved very advantageous to me, and caused the men to regard me with pleasure. Nearly all the artillery, best part of a Russian army, was at Selimnia; among which the Cossack brigade was distinguished for neatness and celerity of movement. In everything the Cossacks were superior to the other troops, which could only be attributed to their energies being unbent by that equalizing machine of mental depression—Russian discipline. Ever fertile in resources—whether exploring roads, cutting off convoys, gaining information, finding water, &c., the army, of which they may be termed the eyes, could not march without them; and part

of the disasters of the campaign of 1828 was ascribed to the experiment, then made for the first time, of giving the outpost duty to the troops of the line—an experiment not repeated.

The Staff Corps was there, engaged in reducing plans of the country, which were executed in a beautiful style, and with wonderful precision in the details, as far as a casual observation would allow me to judge; for I was barely permitted to look at them, much less to take down a note. What absurd jealousy! as if the possession or non-possession of plans can influence an army which is strong enough to invade an enemy's country. Several superior officers were also there, on leave from the different quarters, and daily crowded the General's table. About a dozen generally sat down, all proper men, and able to speak French. This circumstance may seem too trivial for remark, but in Russia it is a strong sign of a gentleman. Few who are ignorant of it advance. If you see a very old Russian officer in the back ground, be sure he cannot speak French. At Yamboli I had the honour one evening of playing at whist with three Generals, the senior of whom was very young; the others, double his age, spoke nothing but Russian, and that I was told was the reason of their ill luck. The distinction, therefore, is more than elegant. Russian military etiquette is well known as graduating in its scale all social precedence: the ensign being placed before the greatest noble, if not military, or wearing military orders; and a family which suffers three generations to pass without having one of its members in the army, loses caste. A plain English gentleman, therefore, (may be, an M.P., with wealth to buy a principality) may find himself scurvily treated, out of St. Petersburg, if he do not assume a military title. In my case, General Montresor—but then it must be recollected that he is a Pole—disregarded my low rank (that of Captain in the army), and gave me the stranger's prerogative—his right hand; except one day that Major——dined with us. Not knowing his importance, I was surprised to find myself placed according to my rank; nevertheless, I eat with as good an appetite, and found him a very good fellow. After dinner I was let into the secret, by being told, as an apology, not at all required, that he was one

of Marshal Diebitsch's Aids-de-camp; at the same time was further informed, that it was not prudent to slight such gentlemen.

Among the favoured guests was Captain Poniatowsky, cousin of the Prince of that name, of Ister celebrity, and brother of one of the richest subjects of the emperor; otherwise, by no means remarkable. Also, another Pole, Captain Wolk Llanevsky, of the lancers; a delightful young man, quite a treasure where he was. He had been in the Imperial Guard, and was renowned at St. Petersburg for his good looks, his talents, and a host of *et ceteras*; but he marred his prospects on that grand military stage by writing verses on his commanding officer. They created a sensation, were universally read, admired (might have been imitated); and there the effect would have stopped, for General —, not to increase the ridicule, wisely inclined to say nothing about them, in hopes that they would be forgotten after a butterfly progress; but unfortunately the satire included his lady—a Potiphar, who had found a Joseph in the author. To have remained quiet under this would have proved her more or less than woman. She interested the empress in her behalf, who spoke to the emperor; she incited her patient husband, who then made it a serious affair. Veterans declared that such licence, if tolerated, would prove subversive of military discipline; young officers, who envied Llanevsky his *bonnes fortunes*, thought he might employ himself more advantageously than in criticising his superiors, *i. e.* that he would be better in Siberia, and all together induced the emperor to mark his displeasure by removing the poet from the guard. But elsewhere this did him no harm. At Selimnia he was fêted by all ranks, and was an inmate of the general's house, though not on his staff. He was enthusiastic about Scott and Byron—who is not? “Do not call him Scott,” said he to me one day.—“What then?”—“Walter Scott; scot in Russian means ass.”—“Then,” I replied, “you should change your *nom d’âne*.” Amiable Llanevsky! he was sadly ennuied in a Turkish town, without his favourite resources, love and literature; with few persons to speak to possessed of any ideas beyond army regulations,

and so forth. He was the liberal of our set, and gladly took advantage of my presence to indulge in the rare topics, freedom and constitutions. General Montresor always laughed at him; for he was a good fellow, though an Ultra-Czarist, defending ukases, conscription laws, and all the abominations of despotism. He would not understand the blessing of being an English gentleman. "What are your advantages," he said, one day, "compared with mine? with my general's uniform on, I go from one end of Russia to the other, treated as a prince; every noble is flattered if I make his house my home; every peasant is glad to put his shoulder to my carriage-wheel; every lady is proud of my attentions."—"True," I replied, "but the duration of such enjoyments does not depend on yourself. A stroke of the emperor's pen may tear the epaulettes from your shoulders, subject your back to the cane, send you to Siberia: on the faith of a vile suborner, your name may be branded, your family degraded, your estates given to a courtesan,—and all without your being able to say a word in your defence." "Hold!" he cried; then, after a pause, "*Mais, que voulez vous*, we are brought up in this life, and get used to it: if we have a bright side of a picture to look on, why need we care about the reverse?" There was philosophy in what he said—and only philosophy, for it was easy to discover that his heart belied his lips; and that though he spoke thus before a stranger—also through *amour propre*—he thought otherwise. Could he avoid doing so, man of talent and a Pole as he was! Every class of officers was disgusted with their military life, which they described to me as unremittingly irksome; leave of absence was out of the question. An officer from Finland might be for fifteen years in Bessarabia, and *vice versa*. In a general view, also, they talked to me of the army as of an evil of uncommon magnitude;—too numerous for the population of Russia, and too expensive for her resources, although the expense, proportionately, is scarcely one-twentieth that of an English army. The condemnation of a million of men to celibacy completely arrests the population of the country. I do not mean to say that Russia has a million of men under arms, but the continued conscription necessary to supply the

deficiency of about 50,000 men who die annually on the average (leaving the killed out of the question) makes it up. This frightful mortality is not the consequence of any predisposition to die, still less of hard drinking, the Russian soldier having only one shilling and sixpence a month pay, with rations of bread and salt: but from want of cleanliness, of necessaries, and principally of good food, which renders them unable to support long fatigue; also from the absence of medical men and medicine, by which slight disorders prove fatal. Of the latter defect, the following circumstance is a valid proof. General Montresor's brother, a young officer of lancers, was residing in his house at the time I was, on sick leave from his regiment at Aidos. He was wasting away from the effects of the Adrianople fever, although it was evident that proper treatment would restore him in a few weeks. The general was greatly distressed, he being his only brother, and imparted his uneasiness to me one day, concluding by saying, "There is not a doctor in the army." All in my power to do I did, which was to note down the young man's case, and to offer to lay the same before a medical person at Pera, on my return. It was gratefully accepted: but what a state of things! The army at that time south of the Balkans was 15,000 strong, yet one of its superior generals was obliged to depend on the casualty of a traveller returning to Constantinople (an uncertain journey, which might be delayed by accidents), to get a few medicines for his brother.* The penury of the Russian government renders its armies quickly inefficient in countries not civilized, where they must depend on their own resources. We have seen how the army that reached Adrianople suffered from the common casualties of heat and rain in a fine temperate climate; yet there are people who think seriously of a Russian army being capable, even now, of marching to India. *Russia may in time grow to India, and will do so easily, if we allow her to continue extending her Persian frontier;*

* Dr. Capponi, of the *Blonde*, prescribed for him on my return to Pera. I directly forwarded the necessary medicines, and two months after had the satisfaction of knowing that young Montresor had perfectly recovered. But, alas! his restorer had himself paid the debt of nature—was then immersed in the deep Bosphorus.

but at present, if 200,000 men left *her* frontiers, not 2000 would reach *ours*. The Russian officers, with all their boasting of what they had done, and what they could do, treated this as visionary, at least for the next twenty or thirty years. By that time they hoped to have Persia organised, and cultivated, and intersected with roads; the Persians their vassals, and their resources theirs; an amalgamation of interests, which will be facilitated by the lukewarmness of the Persians touching religion. The death of the Schah, too, by lighting civil war among his sons, will give Russia a pretext for occupying Persia, in order to place Abbas Mirza, to whom she has guaranteed it, on the musnud. Will not Abbas Mirza be her humble vassal? Will she withdraw her troops? They related to me that the Emperor Paul, when inclined to second Napoleon in his designs against England, actually ordered Platoff to march to India with 50,000 Cossacks. Platoff prepared to obey, as he would have done an order to march to a hotter place; but at the end of three days it got among his men where they were going—to some unknown hot place, at an unknown distance. They accordingly mutinied; not against their leader, but against their destination, and would not proceed a step beyond Astrachan. Platoff, finding his authority ineffectual, dispatched a courier to the emperor with the intelligence, and waited with some anxiety for the answer; but he was shortly relieved by the arrival of another courier, crying, "Long live Alexander." The madman's death put an end to this mad freak.

Before, however, the obstacles of clime and distance, which now screen Hindostan from the basilisk gaze of Russia's ambition, be overcome, and she be enabled to plant military colonies on the right bank of the Indus, let us hope that her greatness will be reduced by the same instrument which raised it—the army. When we consider how it is raised; that the conscripts are, in all cases, obliged to be marked, in many instances shackled, to ensure their joining their regiments, when they bid an eternal farewell to home and happiness; that their term of service is twenty-three years (which few survive), during which they exist under the worst of treatment—

rebellion in a week. *Sans les coups de baton*, they would not stand *les coups de fusil*." How mortifying to human pride to think that a stick can produce the effect of honour and patriotism !

CHAPTER XVII.

Kasan Pass—Bach Keuy—Bulgarians—Kasan—Osman Bazar—Jhumha—Schumla—Prince Madatoff—Greek Priest—Koulevscha—Yeni Bazar—Pasha—Greek Archbishop—Osman Bagar—Mountains—Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—Selybria—Constantinople—Pera.

To be taken for a bore in society, and cut, is bad ; to be taken for a boar on the mountains, and shot, is worse. News that the latter had taken place in the person of a Russian corporal was brought to General Montresor the morning of Dec. 30th, 1829, the very morning I had fixed on for crossing the mountains. He carelessly commented on it, and informed me that the same outrage had been committed several times by Bulgarian banditti. In one case the assassin had been taken ; and stated in his defence, that while hunting he mistook the rustling of the leaves made by a man for that of a wild animal, and fired in consequence. It was not an agreeable tale for me ; still less so as the general made no offer of an escort, and as the case stood I would not ask for one. In fine, I took leave and started with a Bulgarian Surrogee for the Kasan pass, vainly endeavouring to hit upon some reason to account for the general's carelessness of my life, after the great civility he had shown to me ; but before reaching the mouth of the pass, about three miles from the town, three Cossacks overtook us with a note from him, stating that he had given them orders to escort me as far as Kasan, where they should be relieved by an equal number from the party stationed there, concluding by a compliment on the English as travellers. Thus accompanied, I began to ascend the narrow precipitous path with greater confidence. Well it was that
me, otherwise I could not have overcome the

natural obstacles of the way, which, being little frequented, was no better than a goat path; and which were augmented by the snow, lodged on the woods above and around us, being flaked so violently in our faces by a high wind, as nearly to blind us. Presently the headmost Cossack stopped, and began jargoning with those behind; the cause of which lay in the path before us, for about twelve yards, being an inclined plane of ice, made so by the water oozing out of the high bank, and freezing by contact with the open air till it formed a contiguous slope with the precipice, some hundred feet deep, on our right. To cross this seemed utterly impossible: my feet, I knew, would not keep on it; nor did it appear probable that the horses, with all the cat-like qualities of theirs, would be cleverer. After a short consultation, the Cossacks dismounted. Two set about picking up the ice with their lances, while the other tore up some sacking and bound the horses' feet with it, by way of rough shoeing; and thus sagaciously prepared, we proceeded cautiously, letting our animals go first, in order to have the first chance of a roll, and supporting ourselves alternately with the lances. It was nervous work. Soon afterwards we gained the summit of the first ridge, whence we led our horses down a rocky ravine, or, more properly speaking, leapt from crag to crag, to the small village of Icheri, near the source of the little Kamptchik. We then climbed another precipitous hill with severe toil, crossed a second valley, saddle deep in snow, requiring the utmost exercise of whip and spur to avoid sticking in, and two hours after dark succeeded in finding Bach Keuy, a large Bulgarian village, nominally six hours' distance from Selimnia, but which it had cost us ten hours to reach. I alighted at the Tchorbagis house, where a comfortable room soon restored me to animation, which the sudden decrease of the temperature had nearly suspended. The thermometer in the morning at Selimnia, had marked 28°, here it was at 16°; even my Cossacks said it was cold, and were glad to thaw their iced mustaches, which, by the by, had a very pretty effect.

Till midnight I had to sustain the company of the notables of the place. An Englishman at any time would have been a

curiosity to them, and now his visit was doubly gratifying, as they had grief to express, and counsel to ask. Outside the lines, as I have before observed, the expressions of the Bulgarians against the Russians were strong: here, as in Selimnia, they were bitter, in proportion to the evil they had received for good. Their complaints were summed up in a few words. They had been excited to revolt—deprived of the option of neutrality, by threats and by assurances that the Russians would never leave this country. After having given their all, persons and property, and broken their allegiance to their sovereign, on the faith of such promises, what was the result? They were about to be abandoned by their betrayers to the just resentment (their own words) of the Osmanleys, to avoid which—unavoidable in their opinion otherwise—they determined to expatriate, to leave their substantial dwellings and fertile fields for poverty in a strange land. I endeavoured to dissuade them from this ruinous step by pointing out the treatment they would experience in Russia, of which however the state of her army had given them prescience, and by assuring them that the Sultan, in virtue of one of the articles of the peace, had issued a strong firman to the authorities, granting them an entire amnesty. This they could not believe possible. “The Sultan must punish us,” they said, “for our revolt. He cannot help it: his religion will oblige him. We have joined his enemies, we have plundered and killed Mussulmans—can we expect pardon? No, our only safety is in flight; and though grievous the sacrifice, we must quit our beloved hills in the train of the Russian army.” Knowing full well what their condition would be under the protection of a Russian army; knowing also that their fears of Ottoman vengeance were groundless, their cause being the cause of the ambassadors at Pera, I did all in my power to dissuade them from this step; but in this visit my rhetoric was vain. They were all armed: by way of experiment I alluded to it—to their position, and proposed that rather than fly to certain misery they should, if the Sultan broke his promise, strike for independence. They shrunk at the idea: the hands used to the plough tremble in grasping the sword; and had one Osmanley entered the room, the six

Bulgarians present would have saluted him submissively. With a little courage on the part of the mountaineers, a Bulgarian confederacy might have been formed at that period with ease. The Balkans, Switzerland in miniature, have impregnable points; the valleys are fertile, well cultivated, and watered by numerous streams, and the towns and villages teem with a robust population. To the north, Wallachia is independent of the Porte; the Albanians may be considered a part; and to the south, the Christians are as numerous as the Mussulmans, who otherwise would not be eager to assist their unpopular Sultan in a second domestic war.

But the natural peaceable disposition of the Bulgarians prevented them from seeing their advantages. Hitherto they had lived tranquil, and never till 1829 formed one of the jarring elements of the Ottoman empire. Hence their superior condition, visible in their flourishing towns and abundant fields; witness Ternova, Gabrowa, Rasgrad, Selimnia, Yamboli, Aidos, &c., all thickly peopled, wealthy, and possessing manufactories of cloths. They have never had much to do with the Osmanleys, and have been quite free from the intrigues of the Greeks; hence the reason why I could not hear in any place of a Bulgarian having been executed. The circumstance was time out of mind.

They may be said to have colonized Roumelia, having extended over the plain to forty miles south of Adrianople, and taken up the agricultural pursuits abandoned by the Greeks, who, sharper witted, with more pliable spirits, soon perceived how much more was to be gained in the cities, by administering to the wants of their luxurious masters. Without the Bulgarians, Roumelia would by this time be quite a desert.

The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father and mother, sons and daughters.

The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race that I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers,

without concealing, the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and an embroidered pelisse, *à la Polonoise*, confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains.

No peasantry in the whole world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of everything: meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity. A pasha, at any rate, is equally unhappy. Where, then, it may be asked, viewing the above true statement, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in European Turkey—the result of its being thinly inhabited. For in the same ratio as population adds to a nation's greatness, it subtracts from its happiness. The soil, when over-occupied, fattens on man; when under-tenanted, man fattens on the soil: that is, in the former case unremitting labour is requisite to make it yield barely sufficient for the sustenance of numbers; in the latter case, nature requires very little aid to afford plenty for the few. The principal grievance of the Christian peasant in Turkey, is the *harratch*; oftentimes he cannot pay it. What can the collector do? It is useless distraining his cattle, for on the plain are others wild. It is useless taking his furniture, for there is no vent for it. It is useless ejecting him, for no other occupier will be found for his tenement, every man having already more land than he requires, in a country without trade to consume the overplus of his produce. It is still more useless putting him in prison, for money is never gained *there*. He gives him the *bastinado*, or not,

according as he believes that the man's poverty in specie is real or feigned. A few dozen blows decides the doubt, and he is undisturbed for another year. I venture to say that many a free-born man, who boasts of liberal sentiments, of chartered rights, of equal laws, would gladly compound for his rent with a licking, and, instead of grumbling at his fate, bless heaven that he is not turned out on the high road with his family. At the same time I do not deny that the lower classes in Turkey often suffer grievous oppression under a rascally pasha or aga: but, take their position in the worst view, distorted by the film of slavery, they never see the most ruthless of tyrants—hunger. Their despots, though armed with whips and screws, and racks, cannot inflict any torture equal to the pang of a father who hears his children crying for bread, and crying in vain. They never feel this. Their rulers cannot check the fertility of nature;—cannot prevent the beasts of the field from multiplying; the trees of the forest from sprouting; nor the seed thrown on the ground from springing into ear. They may have the mortification of seeing many of their children die when young, for want of medical aid; but they are certain that those who grow up will not be reduced to follow the career of vice—the sons on the highway, the daughters on the pavé—for subsistence. They are not tantalized by the constant sight of enjoyments beyond their reach; are not tempted by easy modes of conveyance, to leave their quiet villages for the fancied pleasures of the capital; are not made discontented, by reading, with the state of life wherein destiny cast them; and, to sum up the advantages which the poor have in such (barbarous!) countries, it is worthy of remark, that the punishment of death rarely falls on them. For one poor man who loses his head in Turkey, 500 rich men lose theirs. How contrary to the practice of highly civilized states—elysiums for the wealthy, purgatories for the indigent—where the hungry and the naked—wretches whose greatest crime was want—are the principal offerings at the shrine of justice. Far be it from me to deery civilization and commerce. He would indeed be an unworthy Englishman who undervalued the levers which have raised his country to an unexampled

pitch of greatness ; but at the same time we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they cause evil to a great proportion of mankind ; by creating a thousand fictitious wants, which beget crimes, which build prisons and raise scaffolds ; by unequally distributing wealth, to the great deterioration of social happiness ; by drawing away the productions of countries, intended by nature for the support of the natives, to pamper strangers : vide, for example, the droves of cattle, sheep, and pigs ; the cargoes of oatmeal, eggs, and flour, daily wheeled from the shores of Erin, while her sons are starving. Without the active agency of commerce, they must remain where they are produced, and perforce be eaten there.

To resume my tour. I quitted Bachkeuy early in the morning. From the eminence above it we looked down into a singular valley, bound in by four steep mountains, which inclosed a flat oval area (a colosseum fit to exhibit mammoths in), and in two hours reached Kasan, a town, with 5000 inhabitants, beautifully situated in an elevated valley, watered by the Kamptchick. Having breakfasted with the Tchorbagi, I continued my journey, escorted by three irregular Cossacks, instead of the three regular ones who came with me from Selimnia. The apparent difference of the two classes is in the beards of the former, which, joined to their wool caps and rough horses, give them disagreeable looks. A rough exterior, however, is no criterion. They were very attentive in smoothing the difficulties of the route, which were not few, though their skill could not save us from a serious accident on an Alpine bridge : our Surrogee's horse put his foot into a hole concealed by snow, and precipitated him, fortunately not into the ravine. He escaped with a slight contusion, but the animal was so lamed that we were obliged to leave it. I would fain have had it shot ; but the Surrogee, covering it with cloths, and making a barrier of snow against the wind, expressed a hope that it might outlive the night. In fine, after having lost our way several times, and almost puzzled my argus-eyed attendants, we reached Osman-bazar, a Turkish village, containing 2500 inhabitants, at the north foot of the mountains. As it was very late, I esteemed myself fortunate

in getting a warm room at the Khan, and a good supper, in the course of which the Khandgi showed me some English needles, and asked if they were dear at seven paras (three farthings) each. Considering the place, I thought that cheap. Throughout the country English cutlery is prized, and a traveller cannot make a more agreeable present, in a small way, than a pocket-knife, or a pair of scissors, even to a great man.

The Turkish authorities here recommenced; in consequence my Cossacks left me in the morning to continue my road with the "Faithful."

Schumla was ten hours distance, about forty miles. The first three miles our road lay through a forest: then, entering a mountainous tract, we pursued, for three miles further, a defile of a tremendous description. The height and proximity of the mountains, which seemed to unite above our heads, obscured the daylight, and a torrent dashed along under our feet, at times covering the entire path, greatly to the annoyance of a number of soldiers toiling through it on their return from Schumla.

The severity of the weather—the thermometer at 13°, with a piercing easter in my teeth—compelled me to stop at Jhumha, a Turkish village of 3000 inhabitants, having only travelled about four hours. The Ayan, at whose house I alighted, welcomed me with great civility, and, in order to thaw my blood, plied me with coffee, which is an excellent expedient, far better than spirits. His three sons were with him—fine lads, between fifteen and twenty, all wearing the turban, a sign that the sultan's reform had not extended thus far: they were seated. I mention this circumstance as being the only time that I ever saw a son in Turkey sit in the presence of his father: yet a distinction was observed; they were not smoking. He assigned me the best Christian house in the village for quarters—a very good one it was—and in the evening came to sup with me for the sake of drinking; nor did his presence at all disturb my host, who appeared to be on perfectly good terms with him. In most of these villages great harmony subsists between the Mussulmans and the Christians, particularly the Bulgarians.

My next day's road lay over plains at the foot of the mountains, passing signs of Russian occupation; that is, ruined villages. Towards noon we turned into the dark pile of hills where Schumla is embosomed, and pursued a dangerous path, from precipice to precipice, from defile to defile, for nearly two hours. A deep ravine then opened before us: five redoubts on the opposite bank, pierced for five, fifteen, fifteen, six, five guns, respectively, flanked this only pass to Schumla from the west; a narrow path, admitting one at a time. From the redoubt we had, as it were, an æronautical view of the city, covering the surface of an elliptical valley, shooting out suburbs towards the plain, and up the slopes of the hills, checkered on one side by a large cemetery, by lines and redoubts on the others, and thickly studded with minarets, the chief ornaments of Mussulman cities. Having wound, or rather slid down the interior of its semicircular mountainous barrier, I entered it with that pleasurable feeling always experienced at finding ourselves, for the first time, in a celebrated place.

Where can one go without meeting Englishmen? The Ayan informed me, on saluting me, that two of my compatriots were in the town. I soon found them out,—Captain Chesney, R.A., and Mr. Peach, jun., come from Bucharest the day previous. The former I had met some time before at Constantinople; but whether or no, it would not have required previous acquaintance to be introduced, for in such places countrymen when they meet, though for the first time, are the best of friends; and even Franks of different countries hail each other's presence with joy. Would that this freemasonry were extended to travellers in civilized Europe! In a steam-boat, or a diligence, or at a table d'hôte, the two greatest strangers are usually Englishmen.

We rode together the next day over the works. Schumla, it is needless to repeat, is situated in a cluster of hills, not unaptly compared to a horse-shoe, forming an elbow with the line of the Balkans. It fronts in an E.S.E. direction. A rugged ravine intersects it longitudinally, and carries the water from mountain torrents far into the plain. A fortified

breastwork, with a double ditch, crosses that at right angles, and embraces the whole front by connecting the horns of the shoe. Thence the plain has a slight inclination towards the Koulevscha hills, very unequal, broken into ravines, and covered with low eminences, which the Governor, Husseyin, crowned with redoubts to the number of ten. Farther on, the Russians threw up as many in opposition. Some sharp encounters took place in them, on either side, during the war; the principal one of which, viz. a sortie made by Halil Pasha, August, 1828, with a numerous force, against the largest of the enemy's redoubts commanded by Major General de Wrede, completely succeeded. The whole garrison was put to the sword; with it the General,—“victim,” said the Russian bulletin, “of his own negligence in defending the post entrusted to him.” The assailants were driven out of it in the morning, but not before they had removed six guns and all the ammunition. The strength of Gazi (victorious) Schumla, as the Osmanleys now call it, consisted entirely in its redoubts, as well on the heights to the east and west, as on the plain; altogether mounting 200 pieces of cannon,—a sufficient number, when backed by 30 or 40,000 men, to keep off any army. But when I got there, not a single cannon remained; the Russians having, most unjustifiably, caused it to be entirely dismantled.

In addition to its military importance, Schumla is one of the principal cities of European Turkey, certainly the most orthodox, on account of its numerical strength in Mussulmans. The population is about 40,000; of which 5000 are Bulgarians, 1000 between Jews and Armenians, the remainder are “Faithful.” Every tenth man we met wore a green turban, which showed that the descendants of the Prophet, though as abandoned a race as any in Turkey, were forward in rallying round his standard. Their proud bearing was gratifying to behold, after the baseness we had been used to elsewhere, and a corps of delhis particularly attracted our admiration. Some of them were deeply scarred, and shouted at us once or twice, as if wishing revenge, “Hayde Moscof,” (be off, Russians). A shout in answer that we were English, was enough to insure us instead a welcome expression, since we are well liked by all

the Turks, and better known by them than by the Cossacks, to judge by my friends near Yenî Saara. Nothing Russian was tolerated in this focus of ancient Mussulman feelings; scarcely the remains of Lieutenant-General Prince Madatoff, (buried near the Greek church of the Virgin), who died the same day that the news of the peace arrived, of wounds received a month previous at the attack of the long redoubt, an enterprise, on the part of the Russians, which failed. The grand vizir, to his credit, attended the funeral with his troops, and gave the corpse military honours; but it was found necessary to place a sentry over the tomb, to preserve it from violation; a very singular circumstance, and expressive of deep feeling, for Mussulmans are scrupulously respectful of the sanctuaries of the dead, of whatever sect.

The Mussulmans of this part of the country are a hardy, robust race. We saw the peasants who brought in wood from the country, sleeping at night in the streets, with their cattle, round fires, intensely cold as it was; and the chief amusement of the boys of all ranks, consisted in sliding on little sledges down the steep streets, made by the frost, *des montagnes Russes*, a very dangerous exercise, but indicative of good blood in its votaries. A parcel of these young urchins, coming out of school one day at noon, pelted me with snowballs. The Ayan, who was passing at a little distance, saw the lark, and ordered his chavasses to chastise them. Of course I interfered, taking it as a joke. "Not so," he said; "you are our guest; in your country I am sure that the boys would not treat me so." I did not dissent, but thought of what might happen, if he were to pass by the Westminster or the Harrow boys, in snowball time, with his beard and full costume.

We joined in the festivities of the Oriental Christmas, January 6th, N.S. The Christians were in great glee. After forty days' fast, a feast is not amiss, and fasting in the Greek religion is literal. I dined with my countrymen, who were quartered on a priest; my quarters were at a respectable Bulgarian's, at the other end of the city. We also made a merry day of it, substituting it for our own Christmas, which had passed unkept. While sipping tea-punch in the evening, a

beverage which we had learned to relish among the Russians, who take it to excess, the priest (master of the house) re-entered. He had been deeply and gaily drinking in our company a short time before,—a sufficient quantity, we thought, to lay him up for the night. A lowering in his dark eyes, as he took his stand against a clothes-press, foreboded a storm, for he was a passionate man. His long dishevelled hair, and disordered garments, added wildness to his appearance. Presently, in a loud voice, he ordered us to turn out in the street, bed and baggage; *he* would not have his house tainted by pezaveng Franks. Had it been in the summer, the proposal would not have been so preposterous; but the snow, already two feet deep, was falling, freezing as it fell. Seeing that we made no movement to obey him, he seized the mangal and threw the contents over us; which malicious mad trick might not only have burnt us, but have easily set fire to his wooden house (a patent way of ejecting us, certainly). Gathering up the embers, we still remained quiet, hoping that this vent had exhausted him. Not so: after heaping more dirt on us (abusing us), he endeavoured to possess himself of one of the pistols of the party. This was carrying the joke rather too far; so, fearing that something serious might happen when off our guard, if we let him longer alone, we resolved on turning him out, at the same time reluctant to lay violent hands on one of his calling. In the struggle he was as strong as a lion; bit, kicked, and scratched. However, we succeeded without doing him any injury, and tied him with a sash to one of the posts that supported the verandah: then returned to our punch, much astonished at his conduct, after the uniform kindness he had received from my friends since they had been his tenants; and left him to holloa, which he did lustily, and blaspheme, for half an hour, when, becoming tired as well as sober, he changed his tone and begged submissively to be cast loose, promising good behaviour. We acceded—*greca fede!* He went out, and presently returned with the Turkish guard, charging us with wishing to kill him. Its arrival could do us no harm, was amusing as a novelty, might be compared to Christmas men; but we were sorry on account of the priest, who had

thus unwittingly brought a misfortune on his own head. Had he not been blinded by passion, he would rationally have reflected that Franks with firmans, whether right or wrong, would be found to have reason on their side, even were their opponent a Mussulman, much less a Raya. However, our consciences were clear, we having been the aggressed party, and having, moreover, acted with forbearance. The captain of the guard was a particularly gentlemanly man, who combined pleasure with duty. Having mildly rebuked our accuser for his want of hospitality towards strangers (a grave offence in a Mussulman's eyes), he sat down to smoke a pipe with us, and told us all he knew about the war; not that his information was very valuable, though a fair specimen of what one generally gets from an Osmanley. Conversing on the sanguinary affair at *ouzoun tabia* (long redoubt), we asked him how many men were in it. "A million," he replied, but finding that did not suit us, added, "there might be a thousand or there might be a million, we never keep account; but depend on it there was a world" a favourite Turkish expression for a great, though indefinite, number. After a couple of hours, he departed with his posse, saying, that the affair must go before higher authority, as it related to firmanleys (bearers of firmans). He could not arrange it.

The next day the Pasha's Chiaja took cognizance of it. He expressed high indignation that the priest should treat *guests* in so unworthy a manner, and proposed taking him before the Pasha, that his head might be struck off. Considering the Pasha's noted cruelty, such a result might easily have taken place; but this was not Captain Chesney's (chief prosecutor) intention. "Then," said the Chiaja, "on my own authority I will order him five hundred strokes on the soles of the feet." Chesney still interposed, and said that he considered a reprimand would be sufficient. The whole divan smiled at this. "Shall it be whispered at Constantinople," continued the Chiaja, "that our Sultan's friends were ill-treated in our government without satisfaction? *Ma-as Allah!*" It was finally settled that the priest should have a moderate bastina-

doing at the expiration of the Christmas holidays, and pay a fine. To get him off this seemed impossible.

The same day Captain Chesney and Mr. Peach started for Varna, leaving in my hands the priest's cause, which, as delay was granted, was not lost. I know that some writers recommend travellers in these countries never to interfere with the Turkish authorities to reduce the punishment of any one of whom they have cause to complain, because the motive is always misunderstood. To the reason I agree. I would also in the advice were punishment meted according to the offence. But it depends on the passions of irresponsible officers, on the good or ill humour that they may happen to be in, or the quantity of money to be extracted. Few people would wish a poor devil to have his toes nearly beat off for a trifling insult; the less to be heeded on account of the ignorance that dictates it.

On the outskirts of the city were the ruins of a large powder-magazine, which exploded one week before my arrival, by the carelessness of the guards smoking in it: numbers were killed. In the city, miserably lodged, I found two Italian doctors—Sig. Bello and Sig. —, who had been engaged by the Vizir at the commencement of the war, and had been there the whole of the campaign, of which, however, they could give me no correct details, not having troubled their heads about it. They informed me that they had little to do in the way of their profession, notwithstanding that Schumla contained two hospitals for the soldiers—to die in. The insuperable repugnance of the Turks—who prefer death to the loss of a limb—to be operated on kept their hands idle from being soiled, and they had no inclination for the practice of the other branch of their art. Frankish, therefore, to be of much service to their employers, they frankly avowed that their position, though uncertain—the usual one of Frankish in the Turkish service, the longer they had to remain, the more growing false—could not be unpleasant if the work was good. A good salary he considered an indispensable reward for these services. Sig. Bello had the same remark to make. I was one of the Macedonian forces. I was wounded in a long war and was

killed in a skirmish on the plain, and became the doctor's property by his chancing to meet the animal while returning disconsolate from the field of battle; he caressed it, and took it home with him.

I rode to Koulevscha, the scene of the battle, June the 11th, 1829, between the Grand Vizir and Diebitsch. Of the village not a stone was standing. In lieu of it were two large mounds of earth, deposits of the Russian slain, and a multitude of new grave stones, decent memorials of the Turks who fell that day. The respect of Mussulmans for their dead is very pleasing. Near every redoubt on the plain of Schumla, where an affair had taken place, we saw a cluster of head-stones. From those mementoes of fame I proceeded to Yeni Bazar,—a place four hours in a direct line from Schumla, where the Ayan had told me I should find quarters if out late. To my inconvenience, war had been there before me; it was a mass of ruins, without even a dog to bark at a stranger. I, therefore, retraced my steps by moonlight over the field of battle. In some mud cabins, hard by Yeni Bazar, an advanced post of Cossacks was lodged, in great distress for want of necessaries, which they were obliged to draw from Varna, two days' distance. All Bulgaria, they informed me, was in the same state—not a house standing; thus confirming what a Russian officer had before told me: "The Turks did some damage; but we levelled all." The reason of their wanton destruction is difficult to understand, especially among people whom they were pleased to call co-religionists, allies, &c., but whom they treated worse than serfs. Pravodi, for example, a Christian place, they levelled to the ground, although it was not attacked. The adage, "Where the Spahis' hoofs tread the grass will not grow," may be applied with more reason to the Cossacks.

This discouraging account, however, of Bulgaria did not restrain me, according to my original intention of crossing the Balkans in the track of the Russian army, from demanding expenses of the Ayan for that journey. The Ayan—he was a
I fellow—told me, with many expressions of regret at being

unable to serve an Englishman, that it was out of his power to grant them through the Russian lines. He referred me to the Pasha. The reference was not promising. The Chiaja, to whom I then addressed myself, repeated the Ayan's tale, but offered to take my firman to the Pasha, and hear what he would say. There was my weak point, and knowing Suleyman's characteristic hatred of Franks, I feared some embarrassment should he read it; trusting, however, that on seeing the Tonra (royal stamp) he would conclude that the contents were satisfactory, and so spare himself the trouble of deciphering its tortuous characters. No such luck. The Chiaja presently returned with a short answer, that not only could I have no horses in the direction I was going, but that I had no claim to have horses at all. On this, finding I had made a mistake, I sent in my compliments to the Pasha, and begged to see him, thinking to be able to explain away the informality. After some delay, a Capidgi ushered me into the audience hall, in one corner of which, on the divan, a stout man about fifty, with twinkling grey eyes, reclined, robed in furs. Some scribes and pages were near him, and twenty or thirty armed attendants occupied the lower part of the hall. I made my salaam, and inquired after his Excellency's health, which, to judge from his rubicund visage, was fortified with forbidden potions.

"*Otour bakalum*," was the reply; which means, 'sit down and let us see your business.' Pipes and coffee were brought.

"What do you want? My Chiaja has told you that there are no horses."

"Precisely what I require; to proceed to Bourgas."

"What are you doing here?"

"Curiosity brought me."

"By what right?"

"The right of an Englishman travelling under the Sultan's protection."

He twirled his moustaches, and took a long whiff.

"Schumla is not written in your firman."

"The want of a name is a mistake. In my English firman (passport) it is written."

"I know nothing of your English firman; the Sultan's is

my law. You have no business in Schumla. I shall therefore give you horses to-morrow morning, and a guard to conduct you, by the way of Ternova, to Adrianople."

That was not my intention; but seeing that the Pasha was wroth, I, too, made a dense cloud before replying, and then said; "My being here, is in consequence of the good intelligence existing between our governments. I am not a suspicious person: I am not a Russian (as he thought I was); my conduct is open to observation. I thank you for your offer of horses to Ternova, but decline it, as I intend leaving Schumla in the opposite direction. I hope you will furnish me with the means of so doing. I consider myself under your protection."

"Allah Kierim! I have nothing to do with you: you have no firman for Schumla; therefore, I repeat, to-morrow morning, I shall send you away with a guard."

"I trust your Excellency will not use force, for with my own consent I shall not go."

He did not reply for some moments, but smoked deeper; then repeated his words, and finished by saying, "I have spoken my will: you shall not stay at Schumla."

This provoking language made me forget myself. "If then," I exclaimed, "that is of no service," taking my firman from my pocket, and throwing it contemptuously before me, "I will write to Constantinople for one that may be: I will wait here till it arrives." Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, it would not have made a much greater sensation than did this trivial (in appearance) action. The Pasha laid down his chibouque, his eyes sparkling with fury, and his numerous followers raised themselves from their reverential attitude with a start that made their arms ring. An infidel thus treat the Sultan's firman, in the Pasha's presence too! The whole peril of my situation instantly rushed upon me; but I knew enough of the Turkish character to guide me. I remained as if totally unconcerned, as if unaware of having committed even a breach of etiquette, though the minute which elapsed in dead silence appeared an age; nor could I help glancing for the slight sign of the hand that was to doom my neck to the ataghan, or my feet to the bastinado. At length, Suleyman, smothering his

anger, motioned to an attendant, who picked up the firman and gave it me. I again breathed, and to his reiteration that I should go the next morning to Ternova, said, "Am I to consider myself a prisoner; I, an Englishman, whose sovereign is the ally of your sovereign?"

"No;" he replied, after a pause, "you may go when and where you please; recollect, however, that I give you no assistance. If brigands kill you, it is not my fault. I have offered you horses one way; you know best." His allusion to brigands was not to be misunderstood. I had nothing more to say, so took my leave, but did not feel my head quite steady till the files of attendants, collected in the gallery to see the audacious stranger pass, were out of sight. I was exceedingly out of humour, as may be supposed, both with the Pasha and myself; and that,—instead of gaining wisdom from my narrow escape on other subjects,—made me add folly to folly by way of being revenged on him, or on fate, the same thing—one error in this life, is ever the stepping stone to another. I prosecuted a delicate adventure which, if discovered, would have given Suleyman a legal claim to my life, which he certainly would not have neglected, denying me the privilege of the usual saving clause on such dénouements, had I been inclined to profit by it. I endeavoured also to get some one to let or sell me horses, that I might go my own way in despite of the Pasha, trusting to get a Cossack escort. His fiat however was known, and I might as well have tried to have made horses as to hire them. This bother was occasioned by the negligence of the Dragoon at Pera, in not seeing that my firman was properly worded. Travellers cannot be too particular in that respect; for though the Turkish authorities are usually very civil to Franks, seldom looking at their firmans, an animal like Suleyman sometimes occurs; and having the power, may exercise it, of sending one back some hundreds of miles. From Bagdad it would not be agreeable.

On visiting the Greek Archbishop, I was glad to find that my further intercession with the Chiaja had saved the priest. "It is fortunate," he said to me, "that the Pasha knew nothing of the affair, or he would have brought evil on his head." He

then observed, that he was aware that our delicacy prevented us from horse-whipping him, but that we ought to have done it, since a priest who gets drunk was not entitled to regard. Alas! in that case few of the Greek clergy would escape the bastinado. The archbishop was a native of Myconi, which island he had quitted twenty-five years previous. As was to be expected, he amused me with a violent tirade against the Turks—his own silken robed person, and his well-furnished house was a silent reply—and expatiated on the happiness of living with even *nothing* in independent Greece. He treated these two subjects so affectingly and eloquently, that I really felt for him, and settled in my mind the means of removing him from slavery to freedom; not recollecting at the moment, that any man in Turkey has full power of locomotion, there being no police or sanatory regulations to interrupt him.

"If," I began, "you will consent to abandon your flock, I can get you to Greece with ease."

"How?"

"You will dress as a Frank, and pass off as my secretary or my dragoman—the thing is easy."

"I do not think so."

"You must cut off your beard, in order to effect a disguise."

"My beard!" stroking it with much affection as though he were a Mollah. "A bishop without a beard!—scandal."

"With one, you will be discovered."

"Then I will remain."

He said this with a sigh, that seemed to say, "any sacrifice rather than this," and knowing that the Greek values that patriarchal appendage nearly as much as the Osmanley, I thought it would be too harsh to insist on; the more so, as we might hide it by means of a high cravat. This difficulty being thus put aside, I proposed that we should start the next day but one. He did not appear eager, but said, "You will take my money with us."

"Certainly. Is there much?"

"A good sum."

"Have it then ready packed."

"You will also take my furniture?"

"Furniture ! What do you mean ?"

"My bed, my chests, my tables, my sofas, my all."

"You are joking : there is enough to load twenty horses."

"Thank God, there is."

"It is impossible to take it. In the first place it would delay us ; in the next, you can buy more in the Morea."

"These have already cost me money. I do not choose to lose them."

"Then you must remain with them."

"I will remain."

I was as much annoyed with my own simplicity in having believed him, as amused at the value he set on liberty. The fact was, he was well off where he was, and he knew it. Being a Grecian, he expressed great dissatisfaction—as a Frenchman makes an offer of hospitality, *sa bourse, sa maison*, &c.—without meaning any importance to be attached to his words.

At the bath I met a prodigy of learning in a Bimbashi (Colonel). He asked me if the dominions of the English Cral did not consist of three islands : then, to show his military skill arranged the bathers, half naked as they were, in one line, and put them through the new exercise for my inspection, looking for applause which I willingly bestowed. He entered into my feelings about the Pasha's surliness, and offered to get horses for me. He certainly tried, but was as unsuccessful as myself, and for the same reason.

In the mean time, Captain Chesney and Mr. Peach returned from Varna, whence they had been driven, after one day's stay, by the plague raging among the Russians. One is never afraid of plague in Turkey (except the Pereotes), therefore, instead of shunning each other, we dined together as formerly, with the difference, that this time they were my guests ; and my host being a quiet, respectable Bulgarian layman, we had no inconvenience.

I gave up my idea of going to Bourgas, being fully convinced that the Pasha was too strong for me in his own den, and left Schumla in their company, January 15th. That night we slept at Osman Bazar, in the same Khan that I had occupied a fortnight previous.

Here we again separated; their intention being to cross the mountains by Gabrowa; mine, by Kasan, again into the Russian lines. My friends advised me against the latter route, as they had heard reported at Varna, that Marshal Diebitch had issued an order to prevent travellers from entering his lines. Being only a report, such an order being also unjustifiable, I considered it erroneous. But this was not the first difficulty to be overcome. Chesney and Peach were scarcely departed for Ternova (capital of Bulgaria) than a Chavass came from the Ayan, to inform me that I could not have horses to go to Kasan, as he had promised, but he had written to Suleyman Pasha, to know what to do. Now, being perfectly aware that if I waited till the answer came, I should not be able to go into the Russian lines at all, Suleyman having thought that I was going to Ternova, I determined not to wait an hour; and therefore, without acquainting the Ayan, endeavoured to hire horses from the inhabitants. Only one could be procured. Packing my baggage on him, I started on foot. It was already noon: the distance before us was computed six hours, but as it had partially thawed and made a mixture of snow and mud—ankle-deep—I could not expect to accomplish it under nine hours. In short, my promenade, *à la Suisse*, soon began to be very distressing, and made me regret that I had taken so much pains to have my own way. But I did not like to return, apprehending further molestation on the part of Suleyman Pasha: proceeding was nearly as unpleasant, for the manners of my guide—an armed Turk—forbode no good. He was too *exigeant* for the place. He demanded my shawl, and my powder-flask, with an assurance which showed that he considered them already his. I put him off for the present with fair words, but on our getting about half-way, the sight of a new-made grave, the fate of whose occupier was not doubtful, close by which we passed, in the centre of a fine elevated table land, gave him an opportunity of letting me into his intentions. We came to a stand still. Though man to man, each armed nearly alike, I had a great advantage in case of coming to an open rupture, in having my pistols charged with English powder, which he knew would not miss fire. The superiority of our fire-arms is so

well known that a Frank is a match for two Orientals. Seeing that I did not give way—my powder flask was still the immediate bone of contention—he threatened to leave me to find my own road, which would have gained his end, as surely as by shooting me; but I frustrated him by taking a pistol in my hand, and bidding him walk before. Knowing the direction of Kasan, and having with me a compass, it was out of his power to mislead me. He perceived that, and sulkily obeyed; and thus, in a moody silence, we continued for two hours more, till we came to Chatal, a deserted village, where it was necessary to ford the Kamptchick. The river being much swollen was a Beresina to us. I would not cross it on foot, the guide said he equally feared the cold, and I thought that the horse could not carry both: after much expostulation he walked through, and I rode. His courage being then somewhat cooled, I offered to give him double what I had promised at first, on reaching Kasan, provided that he would behave fairly. He acquiesced with seeming readiness, but not the less for that did I keep on my guard. Again we met a stream, where it formed a cataract of twelve or fifteen feet. We had mistaken the path, and had come where there was no bridge. It was too late to look for it, yet how to get over without one was a question. The only place at all feasible was on the ledge of the rock at the edge of the fall where the water, as if collecting itself for the leap, lay still, compared with its previous dashing course, though that any animal could keep his legs on the polished granite surface seemed impossible. The guide, however, said the horse could do it, provided that we both mounted to give him stability. We did so, and got safely over; but it was trying to our nerves: verily, Turkish horses could walk up the roof of a house like a cat, although they are never roughshod!

The night set in exceedingly dark, lowering, indicative of a violent storm, and the difficulty of the path, added to my excessive fatigue, made me despair of reaching Kasan. To assist me, I tied myself to the stirrups with a rope, and let the horse drag me, while the guide, scarcely less knocked up, led the way. Another apprehension then came upon me in full

force: I recollected that about an hour's distance from the village was an outpost of Cossacks, from whom I had before experienced delay, though then accompanied by an escort, and who, in my present situation, on foot, and in suspicious company, would, it was to be feared, turn me back, as the least evil; and I trembled to think of the course which in self-defence, in that case, would be incumbent on me to adopt towards my companion before drowsiness should overpower me. As I foresaw, we had scarcely obtained a glimpse of a light in the wigwam—their scanty shelter—when the Cossacks debarred our further passage with their lances, and by words which I did not understand, and by uncourteous gestures which I did, commanded us to turn back. To obey them was death to one of us, perhaps to both: not to obey them might be equally unpleasant. To gain time therefore, and reflect on what course to follow, I expostulated in any language but the right one. Any language however sufficed, for at the sound of my voice, one of them uttered an exclamation to the other; "Karasho," he said, pulled off his cap, and came up to me with signs of pleasure and respect. He was one of those who had escorted me three weeks before; and thus proved to me how well-timed, how unconsciously politic, had been my trifling liberality at Osman Bazar to three individuals whom I never expected to see again. My troubles were at an end: they mounted me on one of their horses, and conducted me to Kasan where my friend, the Tchorbachi, gave me a hearty welcome and plentiful commiserations on the sorry state in which the "rascally Ayan of Osman Bazar," had allowed me to cross the mountains: however I had gained my point, and I forgave him. I was scarcely housed, when the storm burst with terrific violence; the hills seemed to tremble with the thunder, and the Kamp-tchick roared past in a sheet of flame.

The next morning I continued my journey, well mounted, with the hope of completing the mountain part of it early, but the preceding night's storm had so damaged the paths, that the sun set before we reached the summit of the descent which led into the plains: down it, therefore, in order to save the twilight, so as to extricate ourselves from the labyrinth of

defiles at the foot, we were obliged to canter at the imminent risk of breaking our necks. By good luck we got to the bottom safe; and in another hour, after making a circuit under the guidance of my Cossack, to avoid the quarantine barrier, reached Selimnia where, my former kind host being at Bourgas on a visit to the Marshal, I was hospitably received by his invalid brother, who at the same time was astonished at seeing me, starting back as from an apparition, as the Marshal had really given an order that no traveller should be admitted within the lines; and had moreover directed that any one who might, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Cossacks, get in, should be immediately sent back the way he came. "I regret," said young Montresor, "that my brother is absent; I am sure he would not suffer you to return. The second in command, General —, is away on an inspection, and will not be back for two or three days: besides, he is a martinet. I do not know whether another officer can take on himself the responsibility of your remaining here."

They behaved towards me very handsomely. The temporary commandant said that he could not think of turning me back, according to orders, considering that I was personally known in the lines—at the same time he could not suffer me to proceed. It was necessary that I should wait till General —, second in command, returned, as he alone could decide on my proceedings.

In giving such an order, Marshal Diebitsch acted in an arbitrary and unjustifiable manner. He had no right to exclude travellers from the portion of the Sultan's territory (above one hundred miles square) occupied by him, not in hostage, but for convenience. It was entirely aimed at the English; since he knew, as well as everybody else, that they were the only travellers in Roumelia. The only reason that can be assigned is, that he did not wish the state of his army to be known.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Selimnia—Yamboli—General Timan—The fair Scherifeh—Adrianople—
Plague—Grand Vizir—Luleh Bourgas—Mahmoud Bey—Chorloo—
Selybria—Constantinople—Pera.

SELIMNIA, for size and opulence, is (rather was) one of the principal towns of Roumelia. Its situation is beautiful, in a cluster of hills under the Balkans; which, rising like a wall immediately beside it, appear to be falling on it. Its climate is equable, neither severely cold nor oppressively hot. Numerous watercourses, rushing down from the mountains, gave motion to a hundred mills, the sources of its prosperity. It had excellent wines, produced from the vines that cover the hills trained low and shrubby as in France; one of them was not unlike champagne; it was the dearest quality; for an *ok* (a quart) we paid about a penny. Its population consisted of fifteen thousand Bulgarians, and ten thousand Turks, celebrated,—the former for manufacturing cloths, the latter for fire-arms. Twice a-year a great fair was held. The cloths are of a rough, durable quality, and are worn all over Christian Turkey. The muskets made there are the most esteemed of any in Turkey, and so elegant even in the eyes of Franks, that General Montresor sent one, richly enamelled, as a trophy for the young Grand Duke, the Emperor's eldest son.

But its prosperity at this period was drawing to a close. A general emigration of the Christians was agitating. They felt, and in that feeling were encouraged by the Russians, that they dared not remain in the country, exposed to the vengeance of the Osmanleys for the bitter humiliation that the latter were now suffering:—

“They flew
Chickens, the way which they eagles stooped; slaves,
The strides they victors made.”

The Rayas wore the arms that *they* used to carry. A Bulgarian guard patrolled the streets to observe their motions—they who, six months before, could have dispersed a crowd of Bul-

garians with frowns—and the chief mosque of the place was a Russian guard-house. But the Osmanley is not revengeful.

A young Bulgarian, who had been educated at Paris, was then at Selimnia, Basilios Hadgi Michael. The Russians in derision called him the civilized Bulgarian. I visited with him the principal inhabitants, to gain an idea of their position, and soon ascertained, from their own lips, the falsity of the report spread by the Russian officers, that they were overjoyed at the thoughts of quitting Turkey under their wing. They were overwhelmed with grief.—“If,” they said, “we had done nothing else for the Russians than support their troops during eight months, we merit something.” The Russians had studiously informed me that they paid for everything, and I believed them till one day, talking with a general on the necessity of the army recrossing the Balkans before the summer, he let slip, “besides the Bulgarians will be tired of keeping us.” Comfortable allies !

I did all that lay in my power to prevent these people from the ruinous step of emigrating into Russia, assuring them, as I had done at Kasan, that the Sultan had issued a hattî-scheriff in their favour, containing complete amnesty, and enjoining all Pashas to protect them from private revenge. They could not believe the existence of such a document, and asked me if I had seen it:—“the translation,” I replied.—“That might be a forgery,”* they said ; and labouring under this idea, no argument of mine could induce them to place full faith in the Sultan’s mild disposition towards them. This was natural ; for they were revolted subjects, and had committed great excesses. However, notwithstanding their distrust, I had the satisfaction of knowing that many, who had made up their minds to expatriate, followed my counsels, and thousands afterwards repented not having done so. The Grand Vizir,

* When the author was at Adrianople, a few days after, he acquainted the Grand Vizir’s Secretary, who came to him for information about the Bulgarians, that the sure way to retain them was to send a Turkish officer of rank to them with the actual firman. It was not done, because Turkish pride was in the way ; and because the Vizir placed faith in the exertions of the Archbishop of Adrianople, to whom he supposed they would more readily listen.

with a true zeal for the interests of the empire, knowing the evil of having the Bulgarian towns depopulated, had sent the Archbishop of Adrianople to them, to induce them to remain. This prelate, whom I met, completely deceived his employers, and brought ruin on thousands. He could not contradict the existence of the firman, but he threw cold water on its promises, making others in favour of Russian magnanimity. Twice he returned to Adrianople, in the course of his mission, and reported great success to the Vizir, who unfortunately believed him, and each time gave him a sum of money as a reward. *Greca fede!* At his last visit the prelate realized his property, then retired with his relations under Russian protection; he embarked at Bourgas in a frigate, and was conveyed to Odessa, to receive the price of his treachery.

I will sum up in a few words the history of the Bulgarians. I have mentioned their happiness and their prosperity under the Osmanleys. Every traveller, every merchant, the consular agents in these countries, know the truth of these assertions; yet, in the face of them, the Russian bulletin said, after enumerating great successes—"And thousands of Bulgarian families have been rescued from slavery." It is no proof that the Osmanleys tyrannized over the Bulgarians, the fact that the latter took arms against them and plundered them. It is now well known that in the most enlightened countries of Europe, if you tell the people that they are oppressed and put arms into their hands, they will attack their own landlords, though speaking the same tongue and professing the same faith as themselves.

The Bulgarians served the Russians during the war in the expectation that they would remain. They maintained them six months after the war. In return, Russia obtained an amnesty for them—not for their advantage, but to impose on the world—and knew also that the Sultan would observe it out of fear. But instead of convincing them of this truth, they insinuated the contrary. Why? In the first place, they knew that their influence was greatly weakened among the Bulgarians, and that in a future war they could not reckon surely on their co-operation. It was, therefore, politic to

deprive the Sultan of a valuable population. In the second place, by enticing them into Russia, they would be obliged, for want of subsistence, to enter the army as soldiers. These are nefarious reasons, but too true, to the disgrace of Russia. When the army finally broke up, May 1830, upwards of twenty thousand Bulgarians quitted home and happiness with them, partly from Selimnia, Yamboli, &c., entirely from Aidos and Bourgas. The soldiers rooted up the vineyards of the emigrés, and, before quitting Bourgas, Marshal Diebitsch's head-quarters, they razed the houses. Be it remembered that this town belonged to the Sultan, and that they had only occupied it as tenants. Great distress attended the miserable Bulgarians—men, women, and children—in their progress to Wallachia and Moldavia. Thousands sunk under fatigue and starvation, or died of the plague by their contact with the troops at Varna, where they were compelled to halt; the remainder were plunged in misery. I saw letters afterwards from some of these exiles to their friends, entreating them not to follow them. They stated that they were in want of every thing, and wished to return to Turkey; but that the Russians would not allow it—they were making them enter as soldiers.

Russian influence has sensibly decreased in these countries, in consequence of the late war. The inhabitants have since regarded the Russians with something approaching horror, only qualified by their being of the same religion. Hitherto they thought that no persons but Turks bastinadoed and plundered the peasantry; that no persons but Hebrews delighted in filth; that no persons but Fanariotes made a jest of bad faith. The sojourn of a Russian army in Roumelia showed them the union of these three amiable qualities. With what mixed contempt and dislike have I often heard the Bulgarians talk of their guests; it was painful for them to compare them to the Osmanleys; yet they did, to the advantage of the latter. But sorrow and grievances are soon forgotten. In a few years the Russians may again be thought of only as Christians, and again the Bulgarians may welcome them, unless the aged raise a voice of warning from past events. Nor is it surprising that they should thus turn to

their betrayers, like birds to a serpent: it is so sweet to be ruled by one's co-religionists. The Bulgarians, however, might be saved, as well as all the Christians of northern Turkey, from being made the blind tools of Russian ambition, if England had agents residing among them to point out to them their true interests and the real designs of Russia. The name of England is great in these countries, and the inhabitants would rather deem themselves beholden to her for protection from the Sultan's despotism (which, through policy, is masked towards his Christian subjects) than to Russia. If an English agent lived among them, they would consider him their protector, and Russian influence from that time would be a dead letter.* Russia since the peace has established a Consul General among the Bulgarians, ostensibly to protect them, but in reality to foment discontent and to create opposition to the Osmanleys, by which means, as she always practised with the Greeks, she shields her next aggression, as her last, under the cloak of succouring the oppressed Christians. But were the agent of another great power, interested in preserving the Sultan's power, on the spot, such artifices would be exposed, and the Osmanleys and the Bulgarians, by his medium, be preserved in harmony. And let it be ever borne in mind by friends of humanity that the situation of the Raya in Turkey is one thousand fold preferable to that of the Serf in Russia.

* Many aver, that no Christian power save Russia can gain influence with the Greeks on account of their intolerant religion. But the Bulgarians are exceptions, as I can affirm from my own experience and credible information. They must not be judged by the Cosmopolitan Greeks, now as ever the most fanatic of mortals, who firmly believe that a Roman Catholic is more sure of hell than a Pagan; as a Turk believes that a Persian is seventy times worse than an infidel. Some years back the son of a Greek noble embraced the Mussulman faith; the father vented accents of despair in the ear of his confessor. "It is, indeed, a heavy misfortune," replied the priest, "but you should console yourself with the reflection how much more serious it would have been had he become a Catholic." "True," answered the afflicted parent, "that indeed is a blessing." The very air of Constantinople is favourable to intolerance. "Why should we not dance with Turks?" said a Catholic young lady at Pera, in the year 1830, daughter of a plenipotentiary, "we dance with Protestants."

The Bulgarians are free from such intolerance, but they are extravagantly superstitious. St. Nicolas is their favourite saint; and they have a superstition, firmly believed by the lower classes, that when God dies, he will succeed him.

The former cannot be sold with the land, nor torn from his family to join the army, nor even be a domestic slave unless in the case of rebellion.

The Town Major of Selimnia was a Tartar prince. I forget his name, though I ought to remember it, hard as it was, for he was exceedingly civil to me; moreover, he was a very sensible man, and eminently useful, from his correct knowledge of Eastern tongues; but he could not speak one Western one. One day I met a curiosity at his house in the person of a Bulgarian decorated with the cross of Saint Anne; he was also Captain of four hundred of his countrymen, who had been raised for the purpose of being enrolled with the Imperial Guard, which has already companies of Calmucks, of Circassians, and of Tartars. The inhabitants of Saint Petersburg will thereby infer that Bulgaria belongs to the empire.

The above-mentioned individual obtained his rank for the zeal which he displayed in plundering the Osmanleys' houses, on the first arrival of the Russians. He was proud of it, and heard himself styled captain with great complacency. To the merits of the cross he was not so sensible, since it requires time to impress untutored minds with the ideal value of such rewards—of little value (if Russian) in the estimation of a foreigner, on account of their number; yet eagerly sought for by the natives, as on them all consideration hinges; and therefore, the disputes after every campaign about these orders are endless, and often lead to disagreeable results.* A colloquy which took place between a Turk and a Russian officer on this subject, is curious, as shewing a decided difference of opinion. "What is this?" said the Turk, pointing to one of three crosses dangling from the other's neck. "The cross of St. Anne," replied the Russian with pride, "given me by the emperor for my services." "Wonderful!" said the Turk; then, producing a handsome snuff-box, "the sultan gave me this for my services—is it not better?" "What is this?" he continued,

* After the battle of Navarine, some of the crew of the *Azoff* (Admiral Heyden's flag ship) laid a plan to blow her up, because the crosses had been, in their opinion, partially distributed. The plot was discovered in time, the ship then lying at Malta.

touching the second cross. "St. Vladimir;" said the Russian, rather hurt at the comparison of his interlocutor; "also given me by the emperor for services." "Wonderful!" again said the Turk: "and this (shewing a richly-embazoned Koran) was also given me by the sultan on another occasion, when I pleased him—is it not better?" "What is this?" he concluded, pointing to the third cross. "Ah!" exclaimed the Russian, with a renewed look of triumph, "this is the most precious token of my sovereign's regard; this is the cross of St. George, only bestowed for courageous actions; to gain it nearly cost me my life." "God is great!" said the astonished Mussulman, "you are easily satisfied. Behold," he added, drawing out a purse of gold, "the sultan gave me this as a reward for my services against you on such a day; friend, the sultan knows better how to recompense merit than does your emperor." This was current among the Russians as having actually occurred, and was told to me by many as a proof of the Mussulman's stupidity; by some, as a specimen of his wit. The Osmanleys, though phlegmatic, are often sarcastic. It was usual for them to compare the crosses, dangling from the necks of the Russian officers with a jingling sound, to the coins on their children's fezes,—a not unapt comparison, for the one certainly has as childish an air as the other. Some of the Russians of my acquaintance were of the same opinion, and would never wear their crosses except when obliged; others, on the contrary, were never seen without them: one colonel at Selimnia wore them on his dressing-gown.

The return of the general, second in command, gave me a prospect of continuing my journey. He told me that there were positive orders against permitting any traveller to enter the lines; but in consideration of my being in them, and of my acquaintance with some of the generals, he should allow me to traverse them, to get to Adrianople, taking on himself to represent the peculiar case to the marshal. I thanked him sincerely. It really was a great kindness on his part, inasmuch as it saved me a world of trouble,—no less than recrossing the mountains to Osman Bazar; then, if I encountered no obstacle from Suleyman Pasha, which was to be apprehended, making a

round by Ternova, and again crossing the mountains by Gabrowa and Shipka; a journey of several days, and excessive toil. Balkanian is not quite so smooth as Alpine touring.

The same day I proceeded to Yamboli, a town prettily situated on the plain, four hours to the southward. At the gate I was stopped, and, with my escort, thrown into quarantine. The establishment consisted of a mud hovel, wanting one side, and there, they told me, I must wait all night. To be placed in quarantine at any time is annoying, but to be thus absurdly confined, in consequence of a generalizing order given to a sentry without the sense to use his senses, was doubly so. I knew that the cordon was but a police precaution, qualified by the word sanatory, and intended to apply only to the natives, that some notice might be obtained of them before being permitted to enter the town. Russian officers came and went—imported and exported plague—as they pleased; but I was not a Russian, and therefore, argued the sentry, heedless of the assertions of my Cossacks that I was a privileged person, was included in the act. To wait and freeze, appeared my doom; and the Cossacks, after d——g the *Russian* sentry, resigned themselves to their fate, and began ungirthing their horses. Not being so patient, I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book, and wrote a note to the general, stating my hardship; but no one would carry it. I then had recourse to an argument which I should have enforced before—an argument which seldom fails with Turks or Russians—a bribe; and succeeded in getting out of limbo, escort, baggage, and all, little heeding my gaolers whether I carried the plague or not.

“His excellency is fast asleep,” said a servant to me, “and cannot be disturbed—come to-morrow.” At any other time I should have respected his repose; but as it was, my own repose depended on the duration of his, since no other person, and I had inquired of a few, could take on himself to assign me quarters; and to attain my object, without coming to a rupture with the lacquey, I lengthened our altercation on the pros and the cons, raising my voice, and stamping, in order to give more emphasis to my words. General Timan (so was he named) soon made his appearance, as I expected, with anger on his

brow and reproaches on his lips; which, however, he exchanged, on perceiving the intruder, for complaisance and soft speech: then, having rowed his domestic for not having informed him that I was there, and apologized for his *deshabille*, he led me into his apartment, where *trois bons plats* were speedily set before me, and soon disposed of;—my ride, the keen air, and the detention at the barrier, having totally effaced any solid remembrance of the roast chamois on which I had breakfasted at Selimnia with young Montresor and Wolk Llanevsky.

General Timan was a neat, dapper little gentleman,—quite a dandy—a *rara avis* in the army. His dressing-gown was of the richest Brussa silk; his cap of the finest Persian wool; his slippers of the gayest-patterned Russia leather; his charger was equipped with an English hunting saddle; his pistols were from London; his chibouques were of the latest Stamboul fashion, with a Turkish boy, dressed in green and gold, for chiboukgi; his tea equipage—the mainstay of a Russian kit—was elegant, china and silver; he had packs of French cards (with which, two Brigade-generals making up the party, we played whist till two in the morning); and, unheard-of luxury, he had a mattress to lie me on. But with all these advantages, the good hospitable general was quite Russian in regard of the toilet. On rising from my couch in the morning, expecting to find something superior to what I had seen in other quarters, I confidently asked for a basin to wash in. The domestic required twice telling before comprehending me, and when he did, seemed rather embarrassed. However, after some delay, he returned with a large brass utensil of very doubtful form; it might have passed for a stewpan, or a footbath, or something else. With certain misgivings, I performed my ablutions in it. An hour after, entering the apartment,—where we had dined, supped, and slept, and were about to breakfast,—rather abruptly, I surprised mine host, whom I had left sleeping, making with much ingenuity, a perfectly opposite and unequivocal use of my washing-basin. “*Mon cher ami*,” he burst out, “*pardon, j’ai les hemorrhoides*.” His servant was standing by, and eyed me—the rascal!—with a grin of baboonish satisfaction. “” said utensil—my horror—completed a threefold

office in the kitchen, I did not allow myself to discover. I should not have related an anecdote of so low a description, but it is by such trifles that we arrive at a just valuation of the delicacy and refinement of a people:—whether that which is exhibited is natural or affected. We should preserve a different opinion of a Russian belle, if a pin escaping from her ball-dress did not disclose stays couleur d'Isabelle;*—or of a Russian general's propriety, if his deshabelle after parade did not betray the want of a shirt;—or of a Russian nobleman's magnificence, displayed in costly entertainments, if he were not seen at breakfast with a two-pronged fork, an oxydized knife, and a dirty cloth.

The residence of the Russians at Adrianople rather affected public morality. The Greek women were bound in gratitude not to be coy. A few Turkish fair also took advantage of the general relaxation to show their admiration for the brave, to the scandal of the *Faithful*; and one lady, of good family, was in consequence seized, and about to be sacked as an example. In half an hour the Marizza would have flowed over her, had not General ——— of the artillery interposed with the Mollah. The Mollah, to oblige him, abated the rigour of the law, and had her privately conveyed to his quarters, she being irrevocably dead to Turkish society. Now the general's solicitude, though highly commendable, was not quite disinterested, the object of it having many admirers in the army, over whom, in merit of this action, he hoped to reign pre-eminent, notwithstanding his wooden leg. But Mus-sulman fatalism thwarted him. To his eager declaration that he had saved her life, she simply answered, "Good; I was prepared to die; I therefore owe you nothing;" then said, "Give me a chibouque." Judge of the poor man's mortification; at the least he expected a kiss. Let not my readers suppose that because the fair Scherifeh asked for a pipe she deserves

* The name couleur d'Isabelle (French for yellow dun) originated in a whimsical vow of Isabella Clara Eugenia, governess of the Netherlands, at the siege of Ostend, which lasted from 1601 till 1604. She not only kept it, but wished to persuade the ladies of her Court to follow her example; which, to save appearances, they imitated by having their shifts dyed.

to be classed with *les dames de la halle*. The fairest and haughtiest ladies of the seraglio, whose hair, and neck, and ears, and arms, daily glisten with diamonds, divert *ennui* with the fumes of the soothing weed. She was then at Yamboli, as well as the Archbishop of Adrianople, but to obtain a sight of her was difficult, because she was become extremely particular; and, what is worthy of remark, never appeared abroad without being veiled *à la Turque*. My title of Englishman, however, gained me admittance to her bower, by exciting her curiosity, having never, she said, knowingly seen one of the species. She received us haughtily, and motioned us, with the air of a sultana, to be seated on the sofa at some distance from her. Two pretty Greek girls, her attendants, brought us sweets and sherbets, and then chibouques, with which, and an insipid conversation, half an hour passed without anything to offend the strictest decorum; her Mahommedan pride gave her modest assurance, and made her feel that, though degraded in the eyes of her own caste, she was yet superior to Christians. Her person was comely, rather *en-bon-point*, her hair luxuriant, and her eyes fine, but with an expression by no means winning.

Nothing occurring to detain me, I took leave of General Timan the second noon, and pursued my journey over the vast plain towards Adrianople. We rode eight hours, to Buyukderé-bendit, a Bulgarian village, where I passed the night with the commander of a party of Cossacks quartered there. I would have preferred lodging with the tchorbagi, but I could not avoid the former's politeness, and could only evince my sense of it by smoking with him half the night. For conversation we had no medium except that of a bad interpreter, only a little less ignorant than myself of the beauties of the Cossack tongue.

I took leave of him, when the sun rose, in a cup of raki, with the hope of supping at Adrianople, twelve hours distant. A Cossack accompanied me, to pass me clear of the outpost, which was within six hours of the city. We reached a post in half the time, when he left me, saying that I should encounter no further obstacle. This intelligence was very consoling; I

was tired of the anxiety of moving about the occupation of an army—such an army!—whose language I could not speak, and whose generals, at least those whom I had the pleasure of knowing, although particularly civil, would never give a traveller a written order, or even countersign his passport, entrusting him to the discretion of the Cossacks,—gentry, as I before observed, who were under very little control. In this case my Cossack completely misled me. At another village, further on, when I thought to be again within the pale of the sultan's law, so accommodating to Franks, the green uniforms basilisk'd my eyes, and my pass was demanded by the sentry, as indispensable to quitting the lines. Here was a pretty dilemma, knowing that in default of one I should be reconducted to Yamboli. However, I put a good face on the matter: throwing open my capote, to show my uniform, I pulled out a packet, and bid the sentry call his officer immediately. He proved a bad soldier, and left his post to obey me; whereupon we clapped spurs and galloped away, neither heeding sundry cries, borne after us on the wind, nor stopping till we reached Buyuk Dervent, where I knew an Aga governed. It was my fortune that the Cossacks attached to the above post were absent at the time, or I should soon have been overhauled, and had the mortification of seeing my Bulgarian Surrogee, who behaved nobly in keeping the baggage-horse on the gallop, rattaned.

In the square of Buyuk Dervent a company of Russian soldiers were reposing, having left Adrianople that morning,—evidently from the hospital, by their sickly looks. We passed them without interrogatory. On the road they had just come over were twenty or thirty Cossacks urging on the stragglers, who, poor fellows! were many of them lying down quite exhausted, while the unfeeling whippers-in were endeavouring to stir them up with their lances. I did not feel precisely at ease in their company; habit is so inveterate, and the Cossacks are so addicted to pillage, and it would have been so easy to have toppled us over with a side blow, producing a trance sufficiently long to allow my bags to be unlined, that I was surprised it was not done.

At sunset one of my horses broke down, and compelled us to seek refuge in a village on the left hand, two hours distant from the city. It had just been occupied by a body of Turkish irregulars, every house but one—that one of course the worst—under which I crept, and prepared to sleep supperless; for the owner swore that he had not even a mouthful of bread to offer me; that the Turks had taken what the Cossacks had left. I believed him. My Surrogee, however, told him a tale which changed *his*: “Something,” he said, “might be found in consideration of the English Bey Zade.” Little cared I in whose consideration, still less at his versatility. In short, in this cabin, where poverty might have been supposed to be the ruling genius, I made a hearty supper of meat, eggs, and rice, with bread and wine *ad libitum*; and slept on a heap of dressed sheep-skins, by a blazing fire. I only mention this little circumstance, as an additional proof to those I have already mentioned of the plenty enjoyed by the meanest peasant of this country.* Had this Bulgarian possessed nothing I should not have been surprised, considering his long exposure to the marauding visits of the Cossacks, who, unlike the Osmanley foragers, neither respected his wine nor his pork. But one year’s crop gives the peasant in Turkey bread and wine for years; where grass is boundless, and seed unheeded, cattle and poultry must multiply. He supplies his forced lodgers, as though from a hard earned and scanty store, with discontent

* The accomplished traveller, Ali Bey, equally bears evidence to the comfortable condition of the peasantry in Turkey: “I lodged yesterday in the house of a Christian labourer; to-day I have put up at the house of a Mussulman labourer. The frank and hospitable character of these people pleases me infinitely. Their habitations are remarkable for extreme cleanliness. They live very comfortably; they are well dressed, and in want of no household furniture or utensils. I have particularly remarked that they have a great quantity of pretty mattresses and cushions.”—*Journal between Damascus and Aleppo, August, 1807.*

“We passed also several groups of Turcoman shepherds. What a difference between them and the Arab pastors! Men, women, and children were all well dressed. The camels which carried their effects were covered with beautiful Turkey carpets. These people appear to enjoy all the comforts and pleasures of the pastoral life; and it is among them, exclusively, that we should seek for the models of those shepherds, as sung by the poets.”—*Journal between Aleppo and Konia.*

and curses, but places before his Frank visitors plenty, with good humour.

From the village of Arnaout Keuy, the next morning, we overlooked Adrianople,—from the same spot where the Russian army halted the night previous to its capture. I envied what its feelings must have been while gazing on that fair city,—its silvery mingling streams, its countless minarets, its turbaned cemetery,—considering it only the type of a brighter conquest, happily unrealized—alas! the half of those elated troops looked on their graves.

A musket placed against the wall of a house at the entrance of the city indicated to us a sentry's post; at the same time the head of its owner popped out of an aperture in the paper window of a *cafeneh*, and demanded the whence and the where. This specimen of the Nizam Dgeditt was easily satisfied; and, resuming his pipe, waved to us to proceed where we pleased.

On alighting at the house of our worthy consul, I again had the pleasure of meeting Captain Chesney and Mr. Peach, who had arrived the preceding evening. Our satisfaction, however, at retasting the comforts of civilization was somewhat damped by the circumstance of plague being at Adrianople, it having spread to the city from the Russian hospital, where it first appeared, and every house in consequence being a prison. Travellers in the East, from being exposed to contagion in every shape, often sleeping under the same roof with it (in preference to making a cast of their proportions in the snow), and invariably escaping by disbelieving in its power, as well as by being a great deal in the open air, soon cease to fear it, but the European residents hold it in instinctive horror, and neglect no means of insuring immunity. Nothing is admitted within their doors without being previously fumigated, or immersed; no visiting takes place between the disinfected; dogs are chained, and cats invariably destroyed on account of their fur, and their wandering propensities. All these precautions appear very ridiculous to a stranger; although it is fair to say, that one is scarcely justified in thus qualifying them without having witnessed the progress of this chief messenger of death (now in danger of being superseded by cholera) when armed with

sovereign sway;—watched its insidious approaches,—seen quarters unpeopled,—bazaars deserted and closed, one after another,—the dead-cart hourly grating over the grass-grown streets, filled with the corpses of neighbours and of friends—one's own house resounding with groans of anguish, or cries of mania. Such sights and sounds, common enough in the East, did not, however, this time shock humanity. The disease was mild, nothing more than typhus; not that I think plague is ever other than an aggravated typhus,—an opinion coinciding with that of many medical men who have studied it. There is often in London a typhus that would in Turkey be called plague; and, *vice versa*, often a plague in Turkey that would escape in London under the mild denomination of a typhus fever. Difference of care, and of medical knowledge, constitute a corresponding difference in the phases of the disorder.

Plague is certainly not indigenous to European Turkey; yet, having once been there, it may be supposed to remain always shut up in some house, with old clothes or other things; a danger which is diminished by the purifying effects of the frequent conflagrations in the large towns. To such a cause many ascribed its appearance this year (1830), and the Russians, of course, eagerly seconded the prejudice, in order to clear themselves. But if the previous suffering of their troops from it during the whole war were not sufficient evidence of the contrary, it is notorious that the plague broke out first in Adrianople, in their barracks;* and there it would have remained, had a strict cordon been established; but, so far from any precaution being adopted, the soldiers were not prevented selling the garments of their deceased comrades to the Jews, who sold them to the poor inhabitants. Thus the disease was

* Every body that has seen a Russian camp, or cantonment, will agree with me in the constant attendance of three powerful agents of disease—filth, bad air, and want. Science never directs the choice of situation; dirt of all descriptions remains where it falls; and the bad rations of the soldiers depend in quantity on the avarice of the colonel. Fever, in consequence, must ensue; that fever becomes typhus; and, from a total want of medical aid, soon grows as mortally contagious as plague. Hence the reason why, when once in a Russian army, nourished by the primary causes, it never leaves it, as was proved in the late Turkish war.

disseminated. The Grand Vizir, however, had the good sense to listen to advice, and to adopt the sanatory measures which General Collins,* the Russian commandant, most culpably neglected. He established a lazaretto at Arnaout Keuy, a village three miles distant, to which the infected were removed. Hence the city was saved: about three thousand only were attacked, of whom one thousand died, or one in three. The Russians, on the contrary, lost one thousand eight hundred men, or two in three that were attacked,—a fatal difference, which they owed to the want of a lazaretto.

The contagion or non-contagion of plague has been so often discussed by able pens, that any remarks of mine would be superfluous; I will only observe that in the case at Adrianople it showed itself exceedingly capricious. A Greek lady of my acquaintance escaped, though her child died of it in her arms. A Greek physician of the place attended a Mollah, who had buboes; his servant, with him on the visit, became inoculated, and died in two days; the doctor escaped infection. The Mollah died.

Plague is sometimes communicated with a rapidity—by a touch, or a passing breath—that would stagger the firmest anti-contagionist, if his observation rested there; but such only occurs from very peculiar or pre-disposing causes. In a general sense, it is not so easily transmissible as is usually believed. It is a fact, that in Constantinople, where it has made awful visits, it rarely enters the habitations of the great, who, at the same time, adopt no precautions; their safety consisting in their large airy apartments, and their habitual cleanliness, and in no other cause, for they frequent the bazaars, transact business, and receive visits as usual. The poorest Osmanleys have also the safeguard of domestic cleanliness, but that (without spacious rooms) does not avail in the confined quarters of an ill-built city. I believe that a person may shake hands in the open air with an impested subject without danger, but not remain safely two hours in a thickly occupied house, where the disease is, even though he keep the prescribed six feet of space

* He fell a victim to the plague at Adrianople, March, 1830.

between him and every other; a great proof of which is the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, plague rages in the depth of winter, when doors and windows are carefully closed, and the inhabitants, wrapped in old cloaks and furs, huddle together for warmth; and it always disappears in the warm weather, when the people pass most of their time in the open air.

During the existence of the plague at Adrianople, between January and May, 1830, a caravan of merchandize went twice a week between that city and Constantinople, besides travellers, Tartars, &c., yet not a single case occurred in the latter place (nor beyond ten hours of the former), to the great astonishment of the contagionists of Pera, who considered it miraculous that it did not come with every bale, and greatly blamed the Turkish authorities for not establishing a quarantine. The Turkish authorities excused themselves by saying that the plague never had come from Adrianople, therefore it would not come; and their reasoning, however bad it might appear, spared a great deal of trouble and expense to the good citizens of Constantinople.

That quarantine is highly requisite to a certain extent, no one can doubt; but it requires considerable revision as it at present exists in Europe, where it is applied—as a quack medicine that is puffed as an universal panacea—to everything and every person in the same quantum indiscriminately—to a human being from the salubrious shores of the Bosphorus, to a bale of cotton sewn on the pestiferous banks of the Nile, to a gazelle caught on the plains of Syria, to a silk handkerchief wove in the looms of Persia, that has been in the pocket of a traveller exposed to sun, wind, and rain—to each forty days. It appears absurd; yet the absurdity is practised in every part of Christian Europe, excepting Great Britain, where a happy medium is observed, and the selfish ideas of individual preservation entertained by the framers of quarantine laws, who are seldom exposed to their inconvenience, are borne down by the great interests of commerce.

Notwithstanding the panic, we penetrated the seraglio of the grand vizir, Redschid Pasha, then holding his court at Adrianople; he having expressed a desire to cast eyes on us; we being equally willing to salute him, as one of the lions of

Turkey. He had lately come from Schumla, whence his journey was as a triumphant march, consequent on his dignity. The beys and agas of the towns through which he passed prostrated themselves before his horse; and as he approached the city, the pashas, Husseyin and Alish, met him, and, dismounting, kissed his stirrup. We had, therefore, reason to esteem ourselves honoured by his invitation, enhanced by the gracious reception which he gave us. His residence had an air of barbaric magnificence. Saddled steeds were in the court; crowds of Albanians, armed to the teeth, in the halls; trimly bearded, long-robed officers, in the ante-rooms; himself, in pelissé state, reclined in the angle of a divan at the farther end of a handsome saloon, on the floor of which were squatting some of his intimates in humble demeanour.

He clapped his hands, and ordered coffee and pipes, a mark of attention which we scarcely expected from one of his rank; at least not the pipes, that cherished symbol of equality, token of precedency, among the Osmanleys, which a son may not use in the presence of his father, or a younger brother in that of an elder one. And as this ceremony is the only picture of ostentation observed in Turkish social life, occupying the place of dinners and suppers, I will briefly describe it. To preface: the *chiboukgis* are the most important menials of an Ottoman establishment, the favourites of the lord. He who presents the pipe to the sultan is not only a pasha, but can dispose of pashalicks. They must be comely persons, and well skilled in the difficult art—only obtained by long practice—of so filling a bowl, that the slightest inspiration will spread a complete ignition over the superficies of the tobacco, replaced at each expiration by a layer of delicate white ashes. The bowl should be in the form of a bell; the reed, a Bagdad cherry-branch, at least seven feet long, without a joining; the mouth-piece, of lemon or cloud-coloured amber, clear, but not transparent, inviting, by its *tatto morbido*, the lips to caress it. With such an apparatus, presented by a youth *à la Ganymede*, you may imagine that you are inhaling the spirit of nectar, and, while in a kind of trance, watching the odorous vapour curling above your head, that the ceiling is studded with houris' eyes. But

this perfection can only be obtained at the divan of a refined Osmanley. What, compared to it, is a cigar or a meerschaum ! they may well be termed weed, while the other is a bouquet.

"Sublime in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe,"

sung Byron ; but farther on he added,

"But thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties ; give me a cigar."

Thus proving that he had not been chez a pasha of acknowledged taste. Indeed his highest acquaintance among the Faithful was the aga of Thebes, a drunken old sot—I knew him since at Smyrna, as chief douanier—who probably never gave him a clean turn out ; for the true lover of tobacco, real discriminator of its beauties, must be a sober person, capable of being exhilarated by the brown berry's juice. But to return to our subject. Scarcely had the vizir's laconic order, "Coffee, pipes, bring," undulated through the ante-room, than it was obeyed. Two capidgis with silver sticks, vizirial emblems, marshalled in a shoeless, noiseless train, which nearly filled the apartment. The chiboukgis advanced first, describing circles in the air with the long chibouques, and placing brass saucers on the spotless floor to receive the bowls, presented one to each guest, with a finished and graceful submission, that would have become ambassadors offering gifts to a queen. In the middle of the apartment the cavedji took his station, holding a tray covered over with a piece of gold brocade : beside him waited the dispenser of the sober decoction ; while a third person removed the covering, and disclosed the china cups and filagreed silver saucers (the latter in some cases are studded with jewels). The cup-bearers then advanced to perform their duty ; and, the cups being all filled, stood one beside each guest, waiting, according to etiquette, till the vizir took his, to present theirs. At the same moment we were served : we sipped, returned the cups to the expectant hands, and then the room was cleared with the same quiet haste. His highness showed us yet farther honour. When we had skimmed the cream of our first pipes, he again clapped, and

ordered fresh ones. Again the silver sticks and train entered; this time bringing a handsomer set of chibouques, and, instead of coffee, conserve of roses. We were much pleased, and enjoyed the second pipe equally. His highness clapped a third time, and a third batch of pipes was brought in, yet handsomer than the preceding. Sherbet was the accompaniment, and on each bowl a fragrant pastille was laid, producing a delightful effect. Not content with displaying his smoking apparatus, his highness indulged in another species of vanity, —in having his pelisse changed three times, each time for one of richer furs; yet so quietly was this little manœuvre performed, that it might have passed unnoticed, had we not seen it in other instances; almost imperceptibly the attendant removed one from his shoulders and replaced it by another. Our visit occupied an hour, during which we conversed a good deal. Never before, I believe, had a grand vizir's divan been the scene of so much clatter. We talked to him and to ourselves about anything, and he appeared to like it. One of the party spoke to him in behalf of a village some hundred miles off, that had a bad aga. "Pekey," (very good,) replied the vizir; "it shall be remedied." He probably had never heard of the village. Another proposed a way to save the Bulgarians. "Pekey!" replied he. Another suggested the propriety of building a bridge over the Marizza. "Pekey!" replied he. Another said that Adrianople ought to be fortified. "Pekey," replied he; "bakalum." In his turn he said, "Why did not the English assist our lord (the sultan) against the Russians?" This was an awkward question, which almost posed us. We gave him, however, many reasons, all, in his opinion, I make no doubt, very bad; indeed we could scarce make out a good one to our own satisfaction. On this subject, being interesting to him, he dwelt with earnestness. By some means or other he had got hold of the notion of the Russians getting to India, and inferred thereby that it was England's vital interest to uphold Turkey. As many people in the wise countries of the west entertain the same idea of Russia being able *now* to invade India, we could not be surprised to see him shake his head with an air of incredulity at our assurance that the thing

was impossible. *That a Russian army will soon get to Constantinople (within a very few years if unopposed) is another question, which well behoves England's consideration.* Redschiid Pasha's opinion, though grounded on a narrow basis, that it is her interest to uphold Turkey, is not singular.

The morning following this visit we left our worthy host, Mr. Duveluz, and continued our journey towards Constantinople. The distance between the cities is forty-four hours, about one hundred and fifty miles. Tartars sometimes ride it in sixteen hours, but travellers usually employ three or four days. With baggage it is difficult to make above four or five miles an hour, particularly on the great thoroughfares, where the condition of the post-horses is as wretched as their endurance is surprising. When you mount them they appear half-dead, and at the end of the stage do not seem worse; indeed, such transformation would be difficult. No stage in Turkey is under eight hours, few under twelve, and many are sixteen and twenty hours; and, in addition, the poor animals are walked about to cool for an hour before going into the stables, where they only get barley-straw to eat, which they have not time to digest before they are brought out again, to have saddles put on their ever sore backs, and be rode, perhaps, by some merciless Tartar. A Turkish poster is one degree worse off than a hackney-coach horse.

The first night we passed badly at Kuleli, a mere post-house. We left it early, and took coffee at Eski Baba, a large village with a good mosque. Before the bath were two Corinthian columns of Egyptian granite. We changed horses at Luleh Bourgas, twelve hours from Adrianople, a good town, pleasantly situated on a plain, watered by the Erkené, and celebrated for a manufactory of pipe bowls; as the name *Luléh* denotes. It has signs of the magnificence of the early sultans in a large dome, connecting the sides of the main street, with a handsome gateway on either hand; one leading to the mosque, the other to the khan, both large and sightly buildings. The latter had superb stabling, with ample room for upwards of one hundred horses, under one lofty vaulted roof, supported by numerous fine granite columns. Large apertures in the

walls near the roof constantly admitted the air, it being a principle with the Osmanleys to keep their stables cool, covering the horses with thick cloths. And, as no country presents more variety of climate than Turkey in Europe, no horses at the same time being so healthy as Turkish horses, it follows that the mode adopted with them is good—spacious, well-ventilated stabling, with plenty of body clothes. Horses in Turkey never stand on straw, but on the earth or sand, kept very clean, and are always tethered. The practice of tethering is worthy of imitation everywhere; it does not distress the animal, and it prevents his kicking. Nothing is more unpleasant than being between two rows of loose heels. “Extremes meet” is exemplified in the contrary practice of the English and the Turks respecting horses, the result of each being the same—excellence. English stables are hot, Turkish stables are cold:—English horses are high-fed, Turkish horses get little else than chopped straw:—it requires hours to dress an English horse; as many minutes suffice for a Turkish horse:—the English snaffle would scarcely hurt a deer’s mouth; the Turkish bit would break a tiger’s jaw:—the hoof in England is pared to fit the shoe; the shoe in Turkey is fashioned to the hoof.

From Luleh Bourgas a jog trot of three hours brought us to Karisteran, a Turkish village. A troop of newly mounted lancers was here *en route* to Constantinople. I knew the commandant, Mehemet Bey, bim bashi, which was fortunate, or we should have found difficulty about lodging. He was very civil, welcomed us with the friendly chibouques, turned somebody out of a clean room to make room for us, and sent his cook to assist our domestics in preparing supper.

The next morning we started with the troop. Our route lay still over plains, vast and uncultivated. It makes one melancholy, while traversing these beautiful countries, to think that destiny should have bestowed them on such unappreciating beings. We rode with speed this morning, and reached Chorloo, eight hours from our resting place, by noon. But our haste was of no use, every horse at the post-house being taken up for the service of a pasha, who was to pass

through that day on his way to his government. It was a very trifling consolation for the delay that we saw the cavalcade from the window of the *cafeneh*, at which we established ourselves to while away the interim; at the same time it was a handsome sight, and characteristic of olden time. His horses, forty in number, led the way, richly caparisoned,—a guard of Albanians,—two *taligas*, covered in with crimson cloth, containing his harem, of which we could not even catch a beam of an eye; himself, the pasha, muffled to the ears in shawls, preceded and followed by pipe-bearers, coffee-bearers, his *selictar*, his cook, his *kiaja*, *cum multis aliis*.

We were loth to pass the night at Chorloo, because there was not a house with a whole window, it having been the advanced guard of the Russians, but three reasons concurred to make us: the jaded state of the horses, the lateness of the hour when they were brought to us, and the severity of the weather. To a Greek house, therefore, assigned us as quarters we went; the master of which, however, proved so exceedingly uncharitable and inhospitable that we were compelled to have recourse to the aga. Redress was of course instantly granted, and the fellow narrowly escaped the bastinado for his pains. It would have served him right, for his perverseness arose from our not being of the Greek religion. The Mussulman that came to arrange matters between us understood nothing about the difference; we were all infidels and swine-caters to him, and that one should refuse the other an asylum was absurd. Had a company of Osmanleys been in our place, the animal would have been cap in hand, and knee on ground, uttering *effendi* every minute, though almost certain of receiving barely thanks in repayment, instead of the sultan's coin which we gave him.

The sea of Marmara gratified our eyes the following morning as we trotted over a fine upland. The sun was rising over the Princes' Islands, and, refracted by mists, two duplicates of himself—brilliant *parhelia*—rested on the blue mirror. How gladdening to an Englishman is the view of the sea after a separation from it! Rolling in vast billows, or reposing among classic isles, or undulating on romantic shores, it is equally an *ag* home more forcibly than aught else.

At Selybria we intended to get a boat to go to Constantinople, but the wind suddenly shifting to the north made us abandon our intention. This town is still famed for fast sailing boats and hardy sailors—Greeks or Turks. Gibbon tells us that when Mahomet II. was sweeping Roumelia, in his progress towards the capital, the Selyvriotes alone showed a courage worthy of Greece, and, launching their boats, ravaged the opposite coast of Asia Minor. In my opinion they would have shown a more worthy spirit had they brought their arms and their barks to the golden horn, in the teeth of the invader; but the latter proceeding would have made no individual profit,—an incentive equally required by the ancient as by the modern Greeks, who never exhibit such deeds of daring, or patient forbearance, as when engaged in piracy or brigandage. Strange that the most lawless pursuits call forth some of the noblest energies of the mind. Extensive ruins of an extensive building, adjoining the town, lead us to suppose that it was, in the time of the lower Empire, a station for troops. Our road lay past it, and thence along the golden sands of the Propontis, within a few feet of the eternal margin. Some people admire a tideless sea, but to me it is monotonous in the extreme; to watch the ripples kiss the same pebbles, on the same line of sand, hour after hour, is as tiresome as hearing water drop, drop, with an unvarying cadence. How fine, on the contrary, is an ocean tide advancing gallantly up a rocky beach, wave chasing wave, till it breasts a barrier of cliff in haughty defiance.

The *cafeneh* belonging to the *menzil khan*, at *Buyuk Tchekmedge*, six hours from Constantinople,* gave us shelter for the night. In the morning we perceived the lagoons covered with wild fowl, so tame that they scarcely heeded our pistols which we discharged among them. The country equally indicated the absence of man, though so near were half a

* On the west shore of the Propontis are two large lagoons, two miles apart, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of beach, yet communicating with it by openings through which the water flows. To save the traveller a circuit of several miles, *Solyman the Magnificent* caused bridges to be constructed, with firm causeways leading to them over the unsound grounds; one is called *Buyuk Tchekmedge*, the other *Kutchuk Tchekmedge*—the former is a very fine work that would not discredit any nation.

million jostled! The burial grounds were the first cultivated tract that we came to; and a demand of the sentry at the Adrianople gate for backshish was the first voice that we heard. In the street some veiled women, seeing we were strangers, began asking questions about their relations at Adrianople, mentioning Mustapha, Ali, Hassan, to know how they were. Though not having the slightest acquaintance with any one of these gentlemen, or indeed with any of the name at that place, I gratified the fair applicants by answering that we had left them quite well, and that there was no fear about the plague. This made them quite happy, and they thanked us as though we had conferred a real favour on them. What a state of society where people trust to a passing traveller—not heeding whether he be a foreigner or not—for news of their absent relations! The idea of these females thus interrogating us was, *per se*, an absurdity; but affection (probably maternal or conjugal) caused it, and made us respect it.

It occupied us above an hour slipping and sliding along the frost-covered streets, up and down four of the seven hills, till we reached the most convenient spot for quitting our horses, balluk bazar, on the shore of the port opposite to Pera. While our baggage was being stowed in a caique, we had leisure to observe the ever-lovely, never-fading scene, a principal object in which was the *Blonde*—beautiful specimen of nautic art—her booms covered with dove-like gulls, and the elegant piades, shooting by, appearing more in unison with her than with the clumsy Turkish men-of-war, not far off. After the kind of mortification which the sight of Russian banners triumphant in Roumelia had caused us, it consoled our national vanity to see our proud ensign floating in the centre of the golden horn,—where too it is seen to most advantage, at the peak of a fine frigate. May it have waved typical!

Crossing the harbour, we landed at maits skellesi (dead wharf), Kasym Pasha. A body was there, and two others were taking possession of their landed property as we traversed the cemetery to get to Para, where we reposed, and caused apprehension. We had left the plague, we had sojourned with it,

we might have brought some token of it. We knocked at some doors, but in vain; they looked at us from the windows, taking us for importers of the foul disease.* Jews selling old clothes in an infected town could not have been more distrusted. The next day, however, we were admitted to *pratique*, but no shaking hands took place for some days.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pera—Carnival—Ambassadors—Dragomans—Adventurers—Mustapha Effendi—Royal Birth—Sultan's— Illumination—Ramazan—Story Tellers—Bairam—Procession—Review—Sandjack Scheriff.

WHEN we reached Pera, the end of January, 1830, the carnival was in full career. There were balls costumed and non-costumed: one, chez l'Embassadeur de France, exhibited Highlanders and Albanians, Crusaders and Saracens, Orsons and Valentines, a Hippogriffin, and Lord Douglas decorated as K. C. B.; neither was there a want of Swiss girls and Fatimas. But on the scenes of a Pera carnival I need not dwell, the *fac simile* being seen in every secondary Italian town; at the same time this little suburb presents as singular a spectacle as any in the East, viz., the assemblage of distinguished personages (representatives of the sovereigns of Christendom) crowded together in a narrow wretched street that would not ennoble St. Giles. The principal among them, the ambassadors of France, England, Russia, and Austria, may be styled the kings of Pera. They have no equals out of their sphere, and they exercise absolute control, respectively, over all under their protection, without reference to Turkish laws or Turkish authority. The house of each is an asylum that would protect even a Turkish

* The absolute desertion by friends and relatives, which constantly takes place among the Christian inhabitants of the towns in the Levant, (so contrary to Mussulman practice,) greatly aggravates the horror of plague, and tends to kill weak-minded people:—husband leaves wife (I knew a case,)—brother leaves sister,—father leaves child,—to the mercenary care of a wretch from the general hospital, who, by virtue of having already had the disease, is safe from infection: surgeons flee their patients; and the priests will not render them the soothing offices of religion.

criminal. No monarchs are more considered by their subjects; for, in the eyes of a Levantine, there is no state comparable with that of an ambassador:—if he wish to describe greater magnificence or authority or pride than usual, his highest type is an ambassador. I leave out of the question the dignity of a grand vizir, or even of a pasha;—the mention only of such personages makes a Levantine shiver.

The kings live in a feudal state of tiresome sameness: each confines himself very much to his castle, and to the society of his compatriots whom chance or business may bring to the capital of the East. Habits and customs, totally diverse, interdict their associating with the magnates of the land, as in other countries; and etiquette and formality stiffen mutual intercourse. Except on public nights, in rotation at each other's houses, they never meet.

They are tenacious of certain usages, considered absolutely requisite to maintain the respect of their subjects. One is singular. When a member of the corps diplomatique leaves his house, or enters that of one of his brethren, the great bell, which is hung for the purpose at the entrance, is tolled, in strict accordance as to rank; for an ambassador three times, a minister twice, a simple chargé d'affaires once; by which means all Pera, not being very large, at once knows the importance of the functionary who is soiling his feet; and on certain days, when visiting is the established order, the tolling is as incessant as at an assize town, to the great annoyance of the Mussulmans, for they entertain a religious dislike to bell-metal. The kings may not ride or walk without being preceded by guards. At the balls, no dancing commences until all the four kings are assembled; whereby a considerable delay sometimes occurs, as he who arrives last is looked on as the greatest man for the evening. But these, and other punctilios, are considered highly essential to the ministerial dignity, and certainly, as long as they answer the end proposed, they are wise. The stranger who incautiously smiles at them is regarded by the Pereotes with the same horror as a liberal would be in the court set of St. Petersburg. I recollect their being perfectly scandalized at the unheard-of event of the British ambassador (Sir R. Gordon) having been seen walking the streets

of Stamboul without a chavass before him to clear away the dogs. Equally forgetful of his high station was he considered by them in allowing visitors to appear in his presence with black neckcloths on.

The dragomans may be considered, as in truth they consider themselves, the nobility of the kings. No aristocracy, not that of the Celestial Empire, equals them in self-importance. To see the head dragoman of an embassy shuffle along the street of Pera, not bowing to those who bow to him, or looking at those who look at him, stepping only out of the way of a blind beggar, or a basking cur, or a puddle—three common obstructions in a Turkish town—a person may not be very fresh from the west, and take him for a Mollah. Yet, in truth, he is an important personage in others' as well as in his own estimation. All the rayas and others protected by the ambassador, his employer, regard him as their immediate protector—the prime minister of their sovereign. All that aspire to the same enviable exemption from Turkish prerogative court his favour as the means of obtaining it: in fine, all in any way dependent on any of the embassies respect him because he may choose to change his employer, thereby becoming their immediate superior.

To each embassy are attached four or five dragomans with high salaries, with more or less knowledge of the Turkish language; some slender enough. Five or six *jeunes des langues* (as they are termed) are also attached to each—sons or nephews of the former—receiving salaries, and studying the language in order to fill the post of dragomans, to which they are eventually called. Few of the young men, however, acquire a competent knowledge of it before the time when they may be required to interpret at the divan of the *reis effendi*, for the simple reason that in Pera Turkish is never spoken; their mother tongue is Greek; their domestics are all Greeks, and they are reduced to learn a very difficult language through the sole medium of a master, which might be nearly as well done in London. They are not submitted to any test whereby to judge of their qualifications, and therefore are careless, often to the detriment of the public service. Learned or ignorant, they are certain of a salary, so great is the influence of the body congregate.

Whence these dealers in languages drew their origin would puzzle the most consummate king of arms to determine, notwithstanding that some of them have gained modern Italian countships, or baronial honours. We may suppose, for the stock, that a few Italians with a smattering of tongues in the suite of the Venetian and Genoese bails, two or three centuries back, united themselves with the families of some Greeks, protected for the same qualifications. These married and intermarried—cousins with cousins, uncles with nieces, nephews with aunts—and increased to what they are at present, in numbers to supply the wants of all the embassies, and sufficiently bound in relationship to have the secrets of all the embassies in common, to be made use of as occasion prompts. This is not supposition. Let a perfect stranger marry into the family of a dragoman, he will have a connexion in every embassy. *He* would soon be *au courant* of affairs, concerning or not concerning him;—a Pereote, brought up in the odour of dragomanerie, Machiavelian school, can never be ignorant of them.

This kind of partnership is very convenient for the members of the large dragoman family. It enables them to hold their employers in check; in many cases to defy them. The threat of an ambassador to do without them excited mirth at its impotency. It often happens that an ambassador dare not discharge a dragoman with whom he is discontented, lest, as he naturally would, he go with his secrets into the service of another government. How many important negotiations have failed in consequence of their being open to bribery!

How grievous it must be for an ambassador, charged with a delicate mission, on arriving at Constantinople (perhaps for the first time in his life), where he is opposed to keen rivals, his actions watched, his words noted, to find that he must throw himself into the arms of men whom he feels he should not trust. He may not be able to talk French well; his dragoman cannot talk English;—thus rendering a double interpretation necessary. A dragoman rarely ceases to receive the pay of a government, even after proofs of delinquency. Another serious inconvenience, arising from the employment of Pereotes as dragomans, is their fear of the Porte, of which they cannot

divest themselves, notwithstanding the sure, never falsified, protection which they enjoy. This, aided by the nature of an oriental education, of which obsequiousness and mystification form the groundwork, renders it impossible to get plain truth, if harsh, conveyed to the ears of a Turkish minister. Let us suppose an ambassador at the divan of the reis effendi, with the intention of administering to him a few threats or reproaches, which the nature of the case requires, and which, if believed sincere, may lead to good results. He seats himself, stiff and dignified, on the sofa, taking care not to let the reis effendi think that he yields a tittle of pre-eminence on the least trifle; takes his chibouque, and directs the dragoman to proceed, and render literally what he has told him. Instead of thus doing, the dragoman tells the effendi that the eltchi hopes he is well, is his humble servant—in short, converts the severe things which he has been directed to say into as many compliments, or at least disarms them of their point. The eltchi, while this is going on, puts down his chibouque, and listens, and looks, endeavouring to draw a conclusion; but in vain: he does not understand Turkish; and the countenance of an Osmanley never expresses whether he has heard a pleasant or an unpleasant thing. He gets an unmeaning reply, and goes away exclaiming against Turkish stupidity, and on the impossibility of negotiating with such animals, alike insensible to reproof or praise; whereas the whole fault lies in his dragoman's timidity. Every person who has to do with the Turks knows how extremely difficult it is to persuade a dragoman to translate fairly, even on trifling points. He is always put off with, "This is informal;" or, "The effendi will be displeased."

It is strange that so clumsy a machinery should have so long embarrassed the diplomatic relations of Pera. Its defects are however beginning to be understood. The head dragoman of France has been for many years a Frenchman. Russia does not care who she has, her policy with Turkey being very straightforward: "Do so, or I will declare war." She generally keeps her word; therefore her ambassador has only to hold up his finger to obtain all that he wishes. Austria is so well aware that interpreters are as awkward in politics as in love, that it is

a *sine qua non* with her ambassador to talk the language. This is certainly the best mode of all, for Osmanleys are by education so distrustful that they will hardly open their minds in the presence of a third person. It may not be convenient to have our ambassadors educated expressly for the Ottoman Porte, but their dragomans ought certainly to be Englishmen, totally unconnected with Pera.* The beneficial effects of such an arrangement would shortly be visible. In addition to the certainty of the ambassador being rightly interpreted, the distrust of the Turks of witnesses, unavoidable when those witnesses are Levantines, would be overcome, for the English character is high in the East. The saying, "An Englishman cannot speak false," is as proverbial in Turkey as in Persia.

The commons of Pera—as odd a multitude as ever herded among bricks and mortar—are composed, chiefly, of that interesting portion of mankind called Levantines, in which all nations have a share, and of Greeks from the Cyclades, who come in swarms to seek employment as servants or artizans; enriched by a liberal sprinkling of adventurers, bent by the force of circumstances to exercise their wits. To these must be added, of late years, tradesmen of all kinds, allured by the new and fashionable wants of the Osmanleys,—wine, Wellington boots, and close garments. Occasionally might be seen, while I was there, a decayed German baron, or Italian count, or a colonel de la grande armée, come to teach the nizam dgeditt tactics; Poles and Prussians on the same errand; fabricators of rockets à la Congreve, to burn the Russian fleet; chemists, to manufacture superior gunpowder; geologists, to examine

* An excellent establishment for producing dragomans might be made at Malta. English children born there generally know the Maltese language, which is nearly allied to the Arabic. It is no slight advantage knowing the language, gratis, which is the foundation of Turkish, and which must be studied, as well as Persian, to know it perfectly. Were such an establishment formed, we should be certain of having good honest dragomans for the courts of Turkey and Persia, for the great consulates; also to accompany any expedition, by sea or land, instead of employing foreigners, who may be at the same time in the enemy's pay. Again, it is much better, more just, that the lucrative situation of dragomans (with graduated salaries from 400*l.* to 1200*l.* a-year,) should be filled by our own subjects than by Italians, as they are at present. It would be an honourable profession for a score or two of young Englishmen.

the mountain ores; bankers, to arrange loans; portrait-painters, to delineate Sultan Mahmoud and his court; in fine, speculators of all denominations—en grand et en petit, en raisonnable et en absurde—all attracted by the report of the improving tastes of the Moslems, and all equally surprised and grieved to find that the Moslems regarded all their projects with indifference, and patronized nobody excepting tailors and wine-merchants; only paying those because they could not help themselves. A fair English vocalist, caught by the common error, came to Pera, but soon found that the Osmanleys were insensible to sounds softer than the clash of a military band. From Paris also, about the same time, a fashionable *modiste* was on the eve of coming, on the strength of paragraphs in the journals, which stated that the Sultan's daughter wore stays, and accompanied him on horseback at reviews. She was excusable in giving ear to the report, absurd as it was, for she could not suppose that the Turkish ladies, if civilizing, could dress otherwise than à la Française. Two Cornish farmers were brought out to cultivate an estate on the left bank of the Bosphorus, belonging to Mustapha Effendi (Sultan's secretary). They did wonders; but Mustapha expected miracles, and because he had no returns the first month, swore that he was duped, and that he would advance no more cash. Farther to show his adhesion to new modes, the handsome secretary ordered out some English saddles; but when they came he objected to the price. How to get off the bargain? At length he ascertained that they were made of pig-skin. "Allah Kerim! what profanation!—a believer sit on the skin of the forbidden animal! Take them back." His ideas of religion, it is to be observed, are so lax that I have more than once helped him with a bottle of wine. Pera may well be termed "a refuge for the destitute."

The carnival had not half elapsed, when we were aroused one morning, February 8th, by the cannon of the Seraglio-point, announcing that a son was born to the sultan, making a third. The fortunate mother, thus elevated to the honours of a sultana, was a Circassian slave. No change is so complete as that which befalls a lady of the imperial harem who bears a

son;—palaces, slaves, wealth, are at her command to satiety; for she may become *Valide Sultana*, the mother of the reigning sultan. While childless, she mingled with a crowd of fair competitors; her best occupation eager rivalry for a smile. The mother of a daughter is also emancipated from the condition of odalisque, and gains a separate establishment, though far inferior to the other.

Great rejoicings in consequence of the auspicious event took place. During a week royal salutes were fired daily, in which the English and Russian ships of war in port joined; and each night the fleet and the mosques were illuminated, displaying the unrivalled art of the Osmanleys at such exhibitions. The ships dazzled on the harbour, rigged with lines of fire; strings of lamps were wreathed round the minarets, and suspended between them in form of crescents, which seemed to float in the air, making each of the hills, profusely studded with them, appear a mound of glory, the effect being richly heightened by the *visible* gloom of the cypress groves. The city thus splendidly robed and diademed, beneath a sky, above a tide, of deepest, brightest azure, is a magical picture even in a Christian's eyes. In a Moslem's!—he may be envied. If a Teriaki, placed at his open window commanding a view of it while operates the potent drug, he beholds the vault of heaven open, and his Prophet, encircled by the Faithful, suspending bright symbols of Ottoman pride over the beautiful city of faith. Fanaticism may give bliss which knowledge cannot; but it is bliss which has a terrible counterpoise. The Teriaki in the morning shivers into consciousness from his celestial dream, totters through the streets, and sees, perhaps, beneath the very temple which shone brightest emblematic the preceding evening, the headless body of a friend. At this very time Zebecks (Caramanian brigands), obnoxious on account of Janizzary principles, were daily decapitated at Stamboul. With them, one day, a Greek lost his head, for apostatizing a second time, from Mohammedanism to Christianity. On being condemned according to law to suffer for this defection, he offered to re-embrace the Mussulman faith and save his life. "Olmaz," replied the judge, "you shall not have the oppor-

tunity of playing so foul a trick twice." He richly deserved his death; and dying a ghiaour, the Mussulmans thought that he went to hell.

The last day of the carnival, and the first day of the ramazan, fell together. Excepting during the long days of summer, the penance of the latter is not very severe, then from thirst; but did it exist in a populous country, where the great proportion live from hand to mouth, it would be insupportable. It is at once a fast and a feast. Its observers repose all day and revel at night. Their great privation is the chibouque; not even snuff may be taken, and, it is said, the *particular* make a scruple of swallowing their saliva.* Unlike a Catholic fast it is strictly kept, and remissness, far from being winked at, incurs reproaches, being easily detected by the evidence of the breath; notwithstanding which I frequently saw Turkish officers, during the ramazan in question, eating voraciously at the tables of Franks. But irreligion was then fashionable at Stamboul, military men, moreover, being nowhere very scrupulous. Truly uncomfortable during these tiresome days, the Moslems nearly rub the skin off their fingers, in their only occupation, running over the ninety-nine beads of their comboloios, and endanger their eyes by gazing on the sun as he travels towards the west. Scarcely has its orb disappeared, than three guns, fired from Ramis Tchiftlik, announce the glad tidings to the expectant, hungry multitudes of Constantinople, and give signal to cooks, and coffee bearers, and pipe-holders to make up for lost time. And now is witnessed the inconsistency of man, his indifference to an object when gained; now these same crowds, who a minute before—multiplied personifications of hunger—were watching the soul of nature with the anxiety of Guebres, relapse into accustomed indifference as though replete. Yet this is the Osmanley's character. He calmly discusses his pipe, sips his coffee, performs his ablutions with care, and then, not till then, commences the operation of eating, over which he has been gloating in thought since the streaks of daylight permitted a black

* Exceptions to the fast are made, as in the Catholic religion, in favour of the sick, women with child, soldiers on march, and travellers.

thread to be distinguished from a white thread, after when no alimment may soil a Moslem's lips. The mosques are illuminated every night during this two-faced month, as well inside as out, for the namaz, which is recited an hour and a half after sunset; at which hour, beholding through the windows the risings and inclinings of the devout company, with mechanical exactness, the unbeliever almost fancies it an automaton exhibition.

The peculiar feature of the ramazan consists in its saturnalia, or license of the people to say and do as they please, and which they avail themselves of in the cafenés, filling them till midnight, carousing, and in all ways dispensing with their orthodox gravity. Music (rather instrumental discord) is never absent, nor their disgusting kara-ghez (ombres chinoises), of which the obscenity is only equalled by the gratification it affords the spectators, who are farther excited by the dialogue between the mimic actors, always slang, often witty, at times seditious, neither sparing sultan nor ministers. Nearly all the popular commotions and revolutions in Stamboul have been planned in the nights of ramazan.

Story-tellers, whose tales if collected would swell the Thousand-and-one Nights, all of the same stamp, also abound on these festive nights; the most celebrated of whom, however, one Hassan, we had not the opportunity of hearing, for his tongue was tied in consequence of having at the period of the massacre of the Janizzaries, when all lips were sealed, ventured in his favourite resort to turn the Sultan, in connexion with that body (of which Hassan was a firm partisan) into ridicule. Being seized, he would have suffered death, had not a favourite at court prevailed on the Sultan to see him; on which he excused himself in a witty way, showing that his thorns concealed roses. He was consequently freed, but forbidden to exercise his vocation.

The fair sex also partake of the festivities of the season. Their harems are nightly enlivened by dancing girls, wandering singers, fortune-tellers, by all classes, in short, of that numerous and profitable profession in the East, whose business is to divert ennui. It is also the season for lovers: for love in the East, though ranging chiefly in fancy's domains, does

occasionally escape the lattices. Cunning old Jewesses—ambassadors of sighs, antidotes otherwise—convert their dingy back apartments into bowers of delight, where mingle the flowery intercourse which gave so intense an interest to the preceding year. Would the Deity of the Bosphorus speak, what a tale! did its waters enshrine as well as entomb, its deep bed would be variegated with beauty's moulds, victims of four centuries.

Various state ceremonies likewise distinguish the month of ramazan. Some hairs of the prophet's beard are produced for the admiration of the "Faithful;" and on the 15th day of it, some remnants of his garments are immersed in water by the Sultan's hands, which holy water is then bottled and sent to the Pashas of the empire, each of whom is expected to send back a handsome present, beside the largess to the Tartar who bears the dose. If the pasha be in favour, a moderate gift is accepted; if not, a capidgi takes it back and demands a richer one,—ominous that the pasha will be superseded.

The cannon of Ramis Tchiftlik announced in the evening of March 24th that the moon of the month chevale, to catch the first glimpse of whom an Iman, it is said, is stationed on the Bithynian Olympus, had quitted the sun's embraces, and consequently that all true Believers might eat again in daylight. Followed the Bairam, or feast of three days, during which the Mussulmans air their best garments (on their own goodly persons), exchange presents, gladden their slaves, adorn their women, and reciprocally give the kiss of peace,—tokens of good will and fraternity, which are repeated at the Courbam Bairam, and only then.

The Mussulman year being closed, and the Mussulman people, purified from their sins by the preceding penance, having renewed a solemn compact with their Prophet, the first day of the Bairam—of the new year—is ushered in by the Sultan, as first Iman of Islamism, going in state to one of the mosques to recite the ramaz, thus asserting his claim to the caliphate—to be head of the church as well as the state—in Turkish phraseology, "to rule by book and sword." To witness the ceremony, therefore, we left our beds at four in the

morning, and, after a cold row through a clammy fog, up the whole length of the harbour, found ourselves at the appointed place, in the midst of various costumed figures and close ranks of soldiery, visible, though indistinctly, by the glare of numerous torches. More light enabled us to see that most of the Franks of Pera, ministers, secretaries, consuls, dragomans with wives and daughters, adventurers, instructors, projectors, &c., occupied every vantage spot, forming a singular audience to an Ottoman pageant, and the only one that morning, for no Mussulmans were present excepting those in office,—a strong sign of Mahmoud's unpopularity. In one corner several Armenian and Hebrew women were huddled together to view the procession, but poor creatures! the sterns of some led-horses dispersed them long before it came; and in another part five taligas, close screened, were drawn up, containing the Delhi Sultana and her suite. Opposite to us, on the railings of the handsome mosque, several fakirs were clinging, wild and romantic looking objects; and above them, collected on the trees, on the minarets, and about the cupolas, multitudes of storks were exceedingly observant, instead of clattering as usual, as became the reputation they enjoy for predilection for Mohammedanism.

Our scene was placed in Eyoub, a suburb of Constantinople, resting on its wall and on the shore of the harbour, celebrated from several causes, but originally from a Mohammedan chieftain of the name of Eyoub (Job), who was killed on this spot during the siege of the city by the Saracens, in the reign of Leo. Of his history I know nothing, or of his merits; but the former must have been bright, the latter in high esteem, since Mahomet II., five years after the conquest, immortalized him by building a handsome mosque* over the spot where his bones mouldered, and designing it as the place where the sultans should be girded with the sabre of Othman,—a distinction tending more than the saintly warrior's relics to preserve its veneration. The investiture is given by the Scheick

* The inscription is as follows:—"In the year 863 (1458) the Emperor Mahomet built this mosque, intending it for a paradise of delights, a place of worship for the people of God, who have religion and purity."

of the Mevlevi Dervishes, called Mollah Hunkiar, who resides in opulence at Cogni, enjoying the office by right of his family, which, as being descended collaterally from the Abbassides, last race of the Caireen caliphs, claims spiritual pre-eminence over the Othmans, no one of whom would be considered reigning *de jure* in the eyes of the nation unless girded by the Mollah Hunkiar. The present Mollah succeeded to the office in 1803, when two years old, by the death of his father, the old Scheick, and, when seven years old, was brought to Constantinople to invest the present Sultan, Mahmoud II. What an interesting spectacle! to see his little hands tying the renowned sabre of the wise and valiant Othman on the loins of his ferocious descendant. What a contrast beneath the dome of that mosque!—on one side an innocent child, supported by the ministers of religion; on the other a despot, surrounded by his satellites. This was power stooping to opinion—a lion led by a lamb. How impressive the moment!—when altogether—the man and the boy, the warriors and the priests—bent their foreheads to the pavement in acknowledgment of one truth and one falsity: “There is no God but God; Mohammed is his Prophet.” How sublime the voice from the minaret!—when the Sultan left the mosque amid the acclamations of his subjects, exclaiming, “Mavrolanma padishaim, senden buyuk Allah var. Be not elate, my sovereign; God is greater than thee:” a caution which is repeated at each accession, a caution which might be dispensed with as ineffectual. But I am digressing from one ceremony to another. One by one the torches went out, superseded by the glare of daylight; still no Sultan appeared, though we had been waiting three hours, and the imperturbability of the storks and fakirs opposite seemed to mock our impatience, which was beginning to be audibly expressed in Frankish dialects, when Khosrew Pasha made his appearance, splendidly dressed, his cloak thrown back, two pages holding up the skirts, so as to display the rich embroidery on his breast, over which flowed a snow-white beard, and, bowing to the spectators with courtly humility, rode down the line to the gate of the mosque, where, dismounting, he addressed the

troops to the end that they should cheer the Sultan. Members of the Ulema next began to arrive, their ample robes and caouks* appearing to advantage beside the uniforms and fezes of the nizam dgeditt; then, after an interval, thirty or more of the royal horses, with gold and purple housings, studded with diamonds—each steed worth at least a plum—came pawing down the street with airs of royalty. Strains of music now came on the breeze; the Caïmacan advanced on horseback, preceded by two lines of tchiaoushes, with silver tipped staves, emblems of pro-vizirial dignity. More led-horses succeeded, yet more costly caparisoned, followed by the bostandgis and the capidgis—a numerous train—arrayed in blue and red cloaks; after whom walked the pages, in two lines, their eyes modestly bent on the ground, their heads bearing wide spreading plumes to conceal from vulgar gaze the countenance of their master, who, mounted on a superb Arabian, rode between them, no otherwise distinguished in dress than by a diamond chelengk in his fez. Immediately behind him rode his secretary and his selictar, and other ministers of state closed the march. Not deigning to cast eyes on the infidels, who had theirs eagerly directed towards him, or on his troops, who salaamed to the ground, shouting, “May our sovereign live a thousand years!” he passed slowly along, through the outer court, to the entrance of the mosque, where the sheik islam assisted him to dismount, the different bands at the same moment striking up cheering airs. In twenty minutes he reappeared, and the procession returned in the same order. Thus simply was performed this most important of Ottoman pageants, which used to be truly magnificent, the state officers then wearing their national distinctive costumes, and the led-horses carrying the armoury of the Greek Emperors,—noble trophies! Then, after the mosque service was over, the Sultan used to repair in state, by water, to Dolma Backche, the

* The caouk is a species of turban, not composed of a shawl wound round, as may be, but made up carefully and firmly, the folds being restrained by transverse bands of gold lace or other substance. It formed the peculiar head dress of Turkish gentlemen. The Sultan fulminated against it, but the Ulema chose not to be confounded with the multitude.

nearest palace on the European shore of the Bosphorus, in the extensive gardens of which the people were entertained all the day with games and shows.

In lieu thereof the sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plain of Ramis Tchiftlik, his regular troops,* which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though, beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The count, whom the sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janizzaries, that the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. —European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should be the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress which a military life, more than any other, engenders. An elegant

* The army of Sultan Mahmoud amounted, in the spring of 1830, to twelve thousand men at the outside, stationed chiefly between the capital and Adrianople. Their want of discipline and of subordination was striking, requiring occasional strangulation in the barracks; so that it is to be apprehended that the Nizam Dgeditt will, in a few years, become as obnoxious to good order as were the Janizzaries.

uniformity in the army might have been obtained, flattering to the national prejudices, by making one regiment wear red turbans, another yellow, another white, another speckled, another striped, and so on; and—a more important advantage than mere look—this style would have created great emulation among the different corps. The wearers of green turbans might have been enrolled as a sacred corps, or have composed the artillery.

The Mussulmans were as indifferent to the review as to the procession, but they indulged somewhat in the gaieties due to the season; and cheering it was to see them, for their depression in consequence of public misfortunes was deep. In the cemeteries crowds assembled, and the youth of both sexes amused themselves with swings suspended from the cypresses. The sexes being thus permitted to mingle (the fairer as usual veiled) is a feature of the Bairam.—The sun shone out, and their bright-coloured garments waving among the dark foliage had a lively effect. Wrestlers, their arms oiled, were displaying their address; and crackers, let off among the trees and crowds, were faint images of the pistols which the Janizzaries were in the habit of discharging about the streets during the three days. Then it was not prudent for Franks to walk about Stamboul; now we were everywhere permitted with good humour.

Another pageant, the translation of the Sandjack Scheriff from Ramis Tchiftlik to the seraglio, on the news arriving that the Russian army had recrossed the Balkans, diversified the spring of 1830. The procession, which lasted some hours, having to traverse the whole length of Constantinople, was nearly the same as that of the Bairam, with this difference, that the whole Mussulman population crowded to honour their Prophet's standard: which enthusiasm for things rather than for persons, might have been a lesson for Mahmoud, who has also another lesson to learn—a much severer one. He will learn it. He will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation,—customs descended to it from Abraham, and respected by Mohammed,—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered

by custom,—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditionary rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the Sultan. *Mehemet Ali can and will.* Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy :—the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people ; despotism rarely can. A monarch runs as much risk in anticipating reform, as in retarding it :—the impulse of the people alone can determine the point.

CHAPTER XX.

OF CONSTANTINOPLE (STAMBOUL.)

Stamboul — Wall — Breach — Galleys — Charsheys — Bazars — Osmanic —
 Burnt Column — Eski Saray — Seraskier's Pillar — Panoramic View —
 Parallel — Hippodrome — Columns — St. Sophia — Cisterns — Menagerie
 — Women Market — Bath.

THE origin of the name Stamboul is doubtful, and unimportant to any one excepting the Easterns, who attach weight to it. The Greeks, in accordance with their usual idea that there is nothing in the world which did not originate with them, trace it to their language, to the words *eis tin polis* ; whence Istambel by an easy corruption. This theory is ingenious, but its fallacy is apparent ; for although it might have been the old custom to call the capital, by excellence, Polis, as we apply Town to London, the Osmanleys would have heard *apo tin polis*, as often as *eis tin polis*, and might as well have imagined it the name of the city. The Mussulman doctors say that the word is a corruption of Islambol, which signifies “ full of the true faith.” This is more consonant with reason,

though no Greek will admit it; nor are there many Osmanleys of sufficient reasoning power to separate Islam (true faith) bol (ful) and perceive their connexion with the other word. "Allah knows," is the usual answer one gets to much less puzzling questions from the uneducated. Both words, however, are superseded by Stamboul.

On which ever side of the city we approach it, we are immediately arrested by a striking memento of its former fortunes—girdle of its magnificence—the wall. Its preservation is remarkable; for as it was six centuries since, so, to all appearance, it is,—equally respected by time and Turk, excepting the breach through which the conquering Janizzaries rushed; the fragments, which then streamed with blood, still preserve their place in the ditch, scented by myrtle. The wall, which is about twenty-two feet high, flanked at equal distances by square towers, and pierced by twenty-five gates—seven towards the Propontis, thirteen towards the harbour, and five landways—circumvallates the city, enclosing a space of thirteen miles in circumference. Various Greek inscriptions,* remaining on different parts of it, show that it was repaired by Theophilus. While rowing or sailing along the Propontis shore of the city, or riding down its land face, we have a clear view of the wall; but from the harbour it is concealed by rows of houses intervening between it and the water, without which obstructions, the quay, four miles in length, would be the finest promenade in the world; having on one side the battlemented wall, with its inscriptions and gates; on the other the vast suburbs, comprising arsenals and cities; to the west, a rural scene in perspective; to the east, Scutari, washed by the deep Bosphorus. But, it being impossible to visit Constantinople without having Gibbon in one's thoughts, this quay, looking at the breadth of it, gives rise to another reflection,—seems to invalidate his splendid account of the attack of the city by the

* Many of the inscriptions were copied by the Rev. Mr. Walpole, of H.M.S. *Blonde*. Some of them were tolerably legible, but others required the classical scholar to decipher and connect them, in addition to a considerable share of resolution to overcome the toil, and the importunity of the ignorant inhabitants, to whom the "writing on the wall" had been invisible.

Crusaders, wherein he tells us that the besiegers let down bridges from the tops of their ships to the wall, and thus "made for themselves a passage through the air;" an enterprise unmatched by Ariosto, and which, if the space between the wall and the water (leaving out of the question its elevation above the water) was the same then as now, we may pronounce to have been impossible. And that the space was equal, the construction of the quay which, apparently, is coeval with that of the battlements, bears evidence; though, had it not existed—granting an improbability for the sake of the argument—distance would have been equally against the aerial feat of the Venetians, for the water, where unconfined by a quay, does not flow near enough to the wall to allow even boats to approach it; so that Dandolo's ships, the waters of Constantinople not having changed their landmarks, would have grounded as early as would ships of the same burthen in the present day, and that would be far enough off to relieve the inhabitants from any fears of an escalade from the tops.

Equally inclined is the traveller to agree with the remark of Gibbon, that at the distance of three centuries and two thousand miles, it is difficult to be correct, when, in comparing his still more splendid account of the Mohammedan conquest of Constantinople with the site, he endeavours to make out by what means the galleys, which Mahomet II. introduced into the harbour over land, could have proved of such service to him as it is said they did; so much so that, according to Gibbon, without them he must have raised the siege; the historian omits to add that the forces of the Osmanleys and the Greeks were balanced to a hair, as they must have been, if the addition of a few boats were sufficient to turn the scale. But so far from that being the case,—from the Ottoman owing his success to his boats,—there are many reasons for saying that they could not have rendered him any service. In the first place, the breach being two miles from the harbour, screened from it by the inclination of the land, they could not have assisted directly. In the second place, the good condition of the north-west angle of the wall, par-

ticularly exposed to missiles from the harbour, shows that they did not make a false attack: and in the third place, they did not intercept the communication; for it is certain that people entered and quitted the city during the assault, and that after its fall vessels sailed away with families on board. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the galley episode, if it had any foundation beyond the imagination of the discomfited Greeks, who would not fail to adduce anything to save their own credit, would even have given their enemies miracles to work with, had they not *unfortunately* been Mussulmans, was merely a royal freak to shew power,—in a Xerxes-like strain,—perhaps with the idea, by its hardihood and novelty, of infusing discouragement among the besieged, showing them that nothing was impossible to their terrible foe. Whatever its moral effects, no doubt great, it certainly produced none physical.

To enter the city from Pera, we usually land at the balluk bazar (fish market), near the “new” mosque (*yeni gıamisi*); then, passing under a venerable gate, wind through two or three dirty lanes, ascend a street where *chibouque* manufacturers work, and so enter *Mizir charschey*; that is where the wares of Egypt and Arabia are prepared for sale, among which may be noticed the alcohol for the eyes, the henna for the finger tips, and a third powder, much used by ladies to give the hair a golden hue. Those who have dark hair cannot use it. After golden colour, red hair is most admired in the east. We next lose ourselves in the labyrinths of the *charscheys*, traversing in all directions, or, as they are commonly, though erroneously, termed by Franks, bazars; bazar signifying market, and used in no other sense, as *et bazar* (meat market), at bazar (horse market), &c.; whereas *charscheys* are streets, or rather, in Constantinople, long, vaulted, stone galleries, lighted by apertures in the roof, with shops on either side, where the corporate trades carry on business. No cooking or smoking is allowed in them, and the iron gates, at which are always sentries, are closed before sunset; owing to which precautions they are never involved in a conflagration. Screened from sun, wind, and farther attractive by the richness of the wares of

all countries spread out in tempting profusion,* the charscheys are the favourite lounge, particularly of the fair sex, who crowd them from morn till evening, bargaining and chatting, and laughing with whoever will bargain or chat or laugh with them, infidel or not. Another amusing scene for the stranger is the bitt bazar, or louse market, a sort of repository existing in French and Italian cities under the similar name of pouillierie-pidocchieria, in England known by that of Monmouth-street. All such places, however, whether in Paris, London, or Naples, must yield to that of Constantinople,—where, too, the name is calumnious, no people under the sun being so free from the obnoxious reptile as Mussulmans,—on account of the various and tempting offers which assail you on all sides. One man holds up a fur pelisse; another, an amber mouthpiece; a third, an ataghan; a fourth, a silver-hilted pistol, and so on; all ambulating and puffing their articles at the same time, with much address and humour, while the goodness of many of them shew that they belonged to men of rank: for no man in the East, when he wants cash, is ashamed of selling his clothes, or indeed of doing anything that is right—or wrong, civilization not being far enough advanced to admit of *mauvaise honte*, and as it is the custom in Turkey to wear half-a-dozen gar-

* The manufactures of Constantinople consist chiefly of sword-blades, gun-barrels, pipes, saddlery, gold-lace, muslins, silks, and leathers. The four first-named are manufactured almost exclusively by Mussulmans. Their gun-barrels are singularly good, being made of wires beaten together, often inlaid with gold, producing a beautiful wavy appearance. Their stocks are generally inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The locks are bad. Flowered muslins, embroidery of all descriptions, in gold or silver, is done by the Armenians, in a manner far superior to anything of the sort in France or England. Considerable skill is shewn in chibouques, in silver coffee-saucers, and in everything relating to horse equipage. The excellence of Turkish woollens, carpets, for example—the temper of Turkish blades—are too well known to require mention; but I must not omit to observe the wonderful art that is shewn in manuscripts. Korans, well written and illuminated, are beautiful things, as also the perpetual almanacks on long rolls of parchment. The Osmanleys carry the art of dyeing to great perfection; their vegetable dye, *sang de bœuf*, for example, is inimitable, and unsurpassed in durability; also the art of coining, in which they are the only people, except the Venetians, who preserve the same colour in every piece of their gold money. Take any number of sequins or mahmoudies, not the slightest shade of difference will be observed between any two of them; but take an equal number of the coins of any other country, several varieties of colour will be seen.

ments on one's shoulders at the same time, in the shape of jackets and pelisses, a chevalier d'industrie may go often to the bitt bazar before coming to his shirt. It is not uncommon to see a richly dressed individual, followed by domestics, dispose of a ring, or a garment, or other trifle, for ready money, then walk away quite unconcerned.

Of all the khans in Constantinople, and they are numerous, for the accommodation of bankers, merchants, Tartars, and vagabonds, the most remarkable is the Validé Khan, less so on account of its vast size and commodious arrangements, than for having been founded by the mother of Selim III., that extraordinary woman, who had perception to note the sinking state of the Ottoman empire, and judgment to suggest remedies: in whom originated the useful undertakings which adorned the reign of her son, and who inspired those brilliant ideas of reform which, unskilfully acted on, led to his ruin. Fortunately, she died before him; in another sense unfortunately; since, had she lived, she might have better directed the bias she gave, and thereby have given a tone to the state. Where is the country that cannot boast of paramount worth in woman? Though born among barbarians, sold in a market, reared in a harem, toy of a despot—what a soul to burst such trammels!

Leaving the Charscheys at their upper end, we find ourselves on the second hill, close to the Osmanie, the most elegant of the mosques, built, as its name denotes, by sultan Osman. In form it is a square of ninety-five feet, covered by a singularly tasteful cupola, which rests on the four walls of the building. As I have other mosques of more importance in view, I just mention it, and pass on to

THE FORUM OF CONSTANTINE,

near it, where still remains his column, ninety-six feet in height, thirty-five in circumference, composed of eight pieces of porphyry. Round the capital, which is of marble, is this inscription:

Το θειον εργον εν ταυτε φθαρες χρονο καινοποιει μακροηλ εισεβης αυτοχρατωρ.

It was so much damaged by the great fire of 1779, that, to

prevent it from falling asunder, it was found necessary to bind the shaft with eight rings of iron; and, more especially to preserve it from damage by a similar cause, the sultan ordered the lower part to be fortified with a strong work of masonry, and prohibited houses from abutting against it. The rings and the stone work have a bad effect; at the same time our gratitude is due to Selim III. for having preserved so interesting a monument. It is called by the natives the burnt column. Not far from it on the same elevation is the

ESKI SARAY,

a large walled space, containing a palace in which Mahomet II. resided before the great seraglio was built. It then was appropriated for the reception of the women of the deceased sultan, and of the old maids, who are now superseded by a regiment of the Nizam Dgeditt. In the middle of it rises a lofty, ill-formed, white column 100 feet high, with a spiral staircase leading to the summit, around which is a gallery. It is named the Seraskier's tower, since that officer, in his capacity of governor of the city, stations himself on it to observe the progress of insurrections, or of incendiarism.

The stranger turns it to a more agreeable purpose, and surveys from it a panorama that words cannot describe. The aqueduct of Valens, the seven towers, Saint Sophia, the seraglio's domes, the Propontis,—circlet of beauty studded with ocean gems,—Mount Olympus, the gloomy grand cemetery, the wide flowing Bosphorus, the golden horn, covered with caiques gliding like silver fish, are a few only of the features beneath him. Long may he look before being able to trace any plan in the dense mass of habitations that cover the hills, and fill the valleys, which are so thickly planted, and so widely spread, that the countless mosques, and public baths, and numerous khans, besides the charscheys, (of a moderate city's dimensions) are scarcely noticed for the space they occupy; although in other respects they attract attention, for no one can look at the seven hills, each crowned with a superb mosque, with numerous smaller ones on their sides, without being duly impressed with the piety of the Ottoman monarchs,

and of their favourites, unsurpassed, save in Rome. Their good taste has led them to imitate Saint Sophia, the Turkish architects have improved on the model, and their taste and vanity combined to erect them on the most commanding spots, whereby Constantinople is embellished to a degree it could not have been in the time of the empire; that is, in an external view. I sincerely hope that whenever the cross replaces the crescent (which it must do) a mistaken zeal for religion will not remove the stately minarets. Another pictorial charm, which it also owes to Mussulman customs, is the union of the colours, green, white, and red, visible in the cypresses, the mosques, and the dwellings. The city might be improved, but to alter these quaintnesses for the sake of regularity would be profanation. I said improved; but I hardly think I am correct, certainly not as regards its outward appearance. In possession of a nation with ideas of comfort, regularity, and chaste splendour, Stamboul would lose part of the indefinable hold on the senses which it now has. Its very deformities are not displeasing. The perpetual and varied contrast is food for the eye, and excitement for the mind. We leave Pera, a regular European town, and in five minutes are in scenes of Arabian Nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas, or recollections, of Venetian canals, or the Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men, adorned like actors. The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's calpack; the gaudy armed chavass by the Nizam Dgeditt; the servile Greek by the haughty Moslem; and the full-blown Armenian by the spare Hebrew. The charscheys resound with Babel's tongues, the streets are silent as Pompeii's. We stumble over filthy dogs at the gate of a mosque, clean-plumaged storks cackle at us from the domes; a pasha with a gallant train proceeds to divan, harpy vultures fan him with their wings; and in the same cemetery we see grave-diggers and lovers, corpses and jesters. A lane of filth terminates with a white marble fountain, and a steep narrow street conducts to a royal mosque. In a moral sense also the parallel holds. We have an absolute monarch, a factious people; shas, slaves in name, despots in fact; a religion breathing

justice and moderation, a society governed by intrigue and iniquity. The Mussulman is mighty in prayer, feeble in good works; in outward life modesty personified, in his harem obscenity unmasked. He administers to a sick animal, bowstrings his friend; he believes in fatality, and calls in a doctor. In short, everything, and every person, and every feeling, and every act, is at total variance in this great capital; and a man may readily find amusement in it for some months. Your shoemaker this year may be a vizir the next; your friend the bey serve you with coffee and pipes in a week, thankful for a backschish;—and, what is a worse change, your boon companion of the evening be headless in the morning. But I digress. Descending from the Seraskier's tower, we proceed to the apex of the triangle, and find ourselves in the

HIPPODROME;

or, as the Turks call it, At-Meidan. It is an oblong square, 250 yards by 150 yards. Three monuments of antiquity in it attest that the Osmanleys are not such indiscriminate destroyers as is usually believed. Were it necessary to quit Constantinople for proof of that, I would cite Athens, which notwithstanding the numerous sieges it has undergone from Turks, and Venetians, and Greeks, still possesses enough to interest the world. It must have required great care to preserve its ruins, more than would be shown in modern civilized warfare. Though not connoisseurs of art, the Osmanleys have religiously preserved temples, columns, &c., as trophies. Those in the At-Meidan are—1. An Egyptian obelisk, sixty-five feet high, covered with hieroglyphics. It rests on a pedestal, on which are groups in bas-relief, exceedingly fresh, among them the figures of Theodosius and the Empress. The accumulation of soil has buried the inscriptions all but the first few lines; but they were previously copied.* 2. A pyramidal column,

* Κίονα τεταπλευρον ακ χθονι χειφερον αχθος—Μοννος αν ασήσας βενδοσίος βασιλῆς—Τυλφήσας Προχλω επεκεχλετο τυσθεση—Κίων κελίους εν τευχυντα δυο.

On opposite side.—Difficilis quondam dominus parere serenis—jussus et extinctus palmam portare Tyrannis—omnia Theodosio cedunt subolique perenni:—Terdenis sic victus, duobusque diebus—Judice sub Proclo sublimes elatus ad auras.

100 feet high, composed of loose stones, apparently ready to come down with the first gale. An inscription informed us that it was originally cased with plates of brass, brought from Rhodes; quere—part of the Colossus? 3. A spiral column of bronze, eleven feet high, four feet in circumference, called the serpentine column, on account of three serpents' heads that used to surmount it. Mahomet II., the day that the city fell, knocked them off with his mace, to show his contempt for the emblem of collective wisdom. The square at the moment was filled with victorious Janizzaries, and "Allah hu" rent the air over the prostrate fragment. What a triumph! the youthful conqueror might have fancied himself a god. Thence he turned his horse's head north, and rode a few paces to—where we will follow him—to

ST. SOPHIA.

Spirits of St. Helena, of Constantine! where were ye? It is said that he reproved some zealous Mussulmans (quere, killed them?) for breaking the marble pavement. Probably he did; the pavement in variegated beauty still exists. The conversion of the church to a mosque was soon effected. Mohammed was invoked in it that day; and the following afternoon, from a hastily constructed minaret, the muezzin's voice was heard for the first time in Constantinople. The same minaret stands at this day, at the north-east angle, and is easily discernible from the other three, by its ancient and mean appearance. Mosques, however, had been tolerated by the emperors above a century previous, for the benefit of Mussulmans resident in the Eastern capital; and Bajazet, (Ilderim)—he who boasted that he would feed his horse with a bushel of oats on the altar of St. Peter's at Rome—obtained leave from the Emperor Manuel II. (Paleologos) to establish a Mekhemé, and to found a royal mosque; but its imams were not permitted to call their flock to prayers. From a similar spirit the Greeks are prohibited the use of bells in their churches, though not I should imagine in retaliation. What a difference between the fine tones of the human voice, and the din of bell-metal!

The original St. Sophia was built by Constantine I., and overturned by an earthquake. Constantius rebuilt it. It was again destroyed by the great fire which consumed nearly all the city, in the fifth year of Justinian. Justinian then built the present edifice.* Its outward appearance is mean compared with that of the other mosques, owing to its flat dome and dwarfish minarets;—also to the vicinity of its superb neighbour, Sultan Achmet's mosque, built in, and filling up the interval between it and the Hippodrome. But the situation is very good. It is visible from every side, from the sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the harbour: from the latter to most advantage, Achmetie being then concealed by the inclination of the land.

It has always been difficult of access to Christians, whereas the other mosques while I was there were comparatively easy. The imams of some of them acted as our ciceronis, of others did not oppose us, but from St. Sophia we were warned off before even reaching the doors: in addition to which (customary) fanaticism the Superior at that time was a rigid believer, to contravene whose will the Sultan would not have dared. This inaccessibility, however, only sharpened our curiosity. The Hon. Mr. Grosvenor was then a guest of Sir Robert Gordon, and he being willing, I nothing loth, we resolved to penetrate together beneath Sophia's domes. So, changing our hats for fezes, and otherwise assimilating our costume to that of the Nizam Dgeditt, not entirely, for a complete disguise would have made us more guilty if discovered, we started from Pera one fine day, taking with us a chavass by way of a protection, our appearance rendering it doubtful whether we were renegade Mussulmans or apostate Christians. We passed leisurely through the gardens skirting the seraglio, then wound through the royal mausoleums adjoining the mosque hastily and mute, as Lot on his flight, looking neither

* Its form is nearly square, 273 feet by 247, representing three naves without a cross. The dome has 128 feet diameter, and is 195 feet above the pavement. It is lit by twenty-four windows; two half cupolas are annexed to it, terminated by four smaller ones. The gallery above the naves is supported by forty columns, eight of which are of porphyry; the rest of Egyptian granite.

to the right nor the left, and so reached the outer gates unchallenged; totally unconscious, though, that in the mean while our chavass, fearing to embark in so unholy an enterprise, had abandoned us to our destiny. Leaving our shoes at the threshold, we proceeded quietly along the vestibule, still unnoticed, as far as the great doors which open on the body of the edifice; and there, the difficulty being surmounted, we stood to admire!—but in truth were disappointed at finding it inferior in disposition and the richness of its marbles to some of the other mosques. Nevertheless it was St. Sophia, the most celebrated, and one of the most venerable of Christian temples—centre of memorable associations—and we were congratulating ourselves on being where so few Christians, during four centuries, have been, when a little Turkish boy came running to us, exclaiming: “run, quick—they will kill you.” Had we immediately profited by the kind warning, we might have got away unmolested, but surprise detained us—to look for the danger, to ask questions. No sooner had the lad spoken than he disappeared behind a column; at the same instant we became sensible of a movement—a confused murmur of voices, in it ghiaours only distinct—and from the interior five Turks, one of them an imam, rushed out at us, yelling rather than speaking, and indicating by their gestures that we deserved pounding in a mortar at least. The sudden appearance of these fierce fanatics completely threw us out, and any presence of mind that remained was seriously impaired on perceiving for the first time, on looking round for him to screen us with his staff of office, our chavass’ defection. To resist was the next thought; but fortunately, in anticipation of such a result to our expedition, we had brought no arms with us, or we should have produced them, and then—Allah kerim! I should not have written this. Our situation was most unenviable,—not liking to remain where we were, equally fearing to turn our backs, either way expecting martyrdom, no ways consoled by the immortality we should gain by such an unusual finale. What the feelings of my companion in the pickle were I do not know, but I fairly own that I never felt much more uncomfortable, or looked, I dare say, more foolish; not long, however,

remaining so, for one of our tormentors, a fellow in a green turban—I shall not easily forget him—soon brought the affair to a point. Having succeeded in working himself into a passion till the foam ran over his beard, he then raised his ataghan, with the apparent intention of making our swinish blood expiate our sin. But at that moment, when neither of our heads seemed worth anything like so much as a New Zealander's head when tattooed for exportation, the imam interposed, and seizing his arm, bid us authoritatively escape. We did not require twice telling, and retreated, an eye each way, under a shower of maledictions, and some blows which the more unceremonious bestowed. The green-turbaned savage wrestled ineffectually for a minute with the priest, then dropped his weapon, and rushed past us to the doors,—to close them we feared, when worse than death might have been our lot, but he had not the wit. He seized our shoes, and as we ran out, our steps having considerably accelerated in our passage down the vestibule, hurled them at us with puerile anger. Slipping into them, glad that we had not had to “eat more dirt,” we quitted the precincts of St. Sophia, half disconcerted and half amused, fully determined not to enter them again on similar terms.* In the next street we met our chavass, who premising with “wonderful!” said he thought we were dead; then proposed that we should adjourn to a cafeneh to smoke a pipe, which we did. “You must not think,” naïvely observed a gentleman at the embassy, “that the imam was trying to save your lives; he was only wrestling with the green turban for his ataghan,

* We had a consolation in thinking that our indignity was not without precedent. About thirty years since the Russian ambassador at the Porte was much worse served in the mosque of Solimanie, for visiting which he had a firman from the Sultan—but in that day Solimanie was difficult of access. His lady not having left her shoes behind her on going in, had them taken from her, and farther received gentle admonition with them; his aide-de-camp had two of his front teeth knocked out with the heel of his own boot; and the whole party were violently ejected into the street, where worse treatment might have befallen them, but a mollah whose house was close by harboured them till their guards arrived from Pera. The Sultan, much mortified, endeavoured to pacify his Excellency by sending him presents, but his Excellency thinking that was treating him rather too much like a school-boy, sent them back—admitting, however, the apologies of the Vizir.

that he might have the honour of killing you." However, praise be to the imam. The old capitan pasha, when I related the adventure to him, manifested greater signs of feeling than I had ever seen him on any former occasion. He laid down his narghiler snake, uncoiled his legs, combed his beard, twisted his moustaches, lifted off his fez to scratch his head; and having said that God was great, and the mosque was holy, and we were Franks—he had too much politeness to tell me that we were infidels, though he meant it—protested that he was surprised that we had not been immolated, adding that even his high presence, had he been there, could not have saved us. This was half humbug of the old hypocrite. Certain however it is, that six months after, when Count Orloff was in plenitude of power, he could not see St. Sophia. The Sultan had granted him a firman for the purpose, and fixed a day; but, on that very morning, sent his secretary to him, to beg that he would not visit it.

Near St. Sophia is the church of St. John the Evangelist, now converted into a menagerie of wild beasts. There are two fine lions in it, so tame that the keeper goes in to them and invites strangers to do the same. We declined under the apprehension that hats would not meet the same respect as turbans.*

Also behind the Hippodrome is the church of St. Sergius, built in the reign of Justinian, one of those that depended on the see of Rome. The Mussulmans converted it into a mosque, and called it kutchuk Aya Sophi (little St. Sophia) from its similitude to the cathedral.

The north side of the Hippodrome is bounded by the highly carved cloister and balustrades of the Achmetie; on its south side, opposite, is a massy remnant of Constantine's palace, and a few yards behind it is the entrance of one of the vast cisterns made by the same emperor. It is a noble excavation. The

* This feeling of the animals in the East about hats is ludicrous and disagreeable. In places frequented by Franks it is probably encouraged, and where Franks are rarely seen it arises from their being strange objects. One cannot walk through Tophana (the most fanatic quarter of the capital) without being assailed by a yelling pack; on the Troade I have often been run at by cattle, while turbans were passing unnoticed.

roof is supported by 220 marble columns. Each column is marked by the letters K O S, and with a globe surmounted by a cross. It was capable of containing 1,460,000 gallons of water, a good supply for 10,000 people during four months: at present it is half-filled with earth, and a few poor people spin silk in it. Fifty such subterraneous lakes, therefore, would have sufficed half a million of inhabitants during an ordinary siege, supposing the aqueducts to have been cut. That there were as many or more for that purpose is not doubtful; and the Porte would do well to look for them and clear them out, now that the city is again in danger of being attacked. A detachment from the Russian fleet, or a troop of Cossacks in advance, might cut the bendts in one night: awful would be the distress, for all the water used in the city and the suburbs comes from them, fifteen miles distant. Such a crisis, however, is not thought of. Only two other cisterns are known, one near St. Sophia, called for excellence the Basilica, of a similar description, only on a more gigantic scale, having above 330 marble columns, some with Corinthian capitals.

The next object of interest in this part of the city is the

AVRET BAZAR (WOMEN MARKET.)

Slavery sounds revolting to an English ear; change the name, where is the country in which it does not exist? The labourer is chained to his plough, the mechanic to his loom, the pauper to the work-house. Slavery ever has been, and must be a principle of society, under different names. Where the population is thin, the powerful force the weak to be their drudges, or import others; where the contrary is the case, necessity is the coercive power. Freedom, in connexion with the millions who depend on daily toil for daily bread, is a sophism. Since, therefore, slavery, barefaced or masked exists, as though a provision of nature, in all communities, barbarous or civilized, it should rather be the object of rulers to render it bearable by wise provisions, than to aim at the impossibility of abolishing it, thereby entailing greater evils on the sufferers.*

* In support of this argument, the evils of the African slave trade have increased since 1815. The slave dealers are driven to select fast bottoms,

Mohammed fulfilled this sacred duty, as the pages of the Koran bear testimony. Among various regulations for the good treatment of slaves, that mothers should never be separated from their children, honours his memory; and, that it has ever been strictly observed, honours the Mussulman people.

But a market where—horrid idea!—women are sold like beasts. God forbid that I should defend it! At the same time, the pretty creatures seem so content, that I cannot pity them. Perhaps I should follow the example of most writers, who, whenever they touch by chance on such a subject, give vent to a deal of sentimentalism and vapouring about weeping innocence, and dishevelled locks, and torn garments, and beaten breasts. Such exist only in imagination, and I believe that many who describe the slave-markets in such moving terms never saw one. Occasionally, I will not deny, heart-rending scenes occur, in the case of captives of war, or victims of revolt, wrenched suddenly from all that is dear; but these are rare occurrences.

The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly

in order to avoid our cruisers;—to overload them, in order to cover the risk. Hence infinite misery to the slaves. Were the trade legalized, it would be their interest to have commodious ships, supplied with conveniences, so as to insure the safe delivery of the cargo, and they would then be under the eye of the law—of superintending officers, and be liable to punishment if guilty of cruelty in the passage. As long as African despots sell their subjects, it is idle to expect that they will not find purchasers. When they do not, they will slay the prisoners taken in war, whose lives are now spared for the market. Their blood will then moisten the sands of Africa, instead of their sweat fertilizing the plantations of the West Indies. On which side will humanity gain?

Suppose the Russian Government were to interdict this commerce in the Caucasus, and in Georgia, what would be the consequence? All the horrors of a contraband traffic, as nightly journeys over the mountains, escapes across the frontiers, hasty embarkations, any where and any how. Whereas, under the present system, the slaves travel as commodiously as the country admits of; they embark in good vessels, and are brought to Constantinople in health and beauty, where they are lodged in a comfortable khun (the market), which, being public is under the surveillance of the police.

treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l*. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislár Aga. A coarser article from Nubia and Abyssinia is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white-toothed, plump-cheeked, merry-eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "buy me." They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers, for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare-footed and bare-headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her à la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16*l*. Males are sold in a different place—always young. Boys fetch a much higher price than girls, for evident reasons; if clever, may arrive at high employments;* whereas woman is only a toy with Orientals, and, like a toy, when discarded, useless.

* Four-fifths of the ministers*of the present Sultan were purchased slaves. How many of the pashas who rule the provinces sprung from the same origin I cannot say, probably great numbers.

Not far from the Avret Bazar is a colossal stone edifice—an oblong square, surmounted by two domes—the finest public bath in Stamboul, built by a certain Mustapha Pasha, and bearing his name. As bathing has a great share in eastern customs, the baths being objects of solicitude to all classes, I may be excused digressing a little on the ceremonial. The structure is the same as that of the Roman baths. One of the domes is pierced by numerous illuminators; beneath it is the bath. The other dome is open at the summit, like the Pantheon's, to let the rain descend in a marble basin of water on the floor. A broad bench surrounds the apartment, supplied with couches, each couch separated by a railing; so that the most timid person need apprehend no intrusion on the place which he takes, and where he leaves his clothes. Decorum is a natural virtue with Mussulmans, strictly, almost fastidiously enjoined by the Koran, and religiously observed. The Frank who goes for the first time to one of these great establishments feels very awkward, and wishes to retreat, for the company gaze on him with surprise; the appearance of a Frank being not only unusual, but, I may almost say, of no occurrence. The courtesy, however, of the hammangi (master), and of the others, re-assures him. He is conducted to a sofa, and presented with a chibouque, which gives him time for reflection. He observes, with pleasure, the perfect cleanliness of everything, particularly the linen; the pavement too, variegated with slabs of verd antique, of roux antique, and of other coloured marbles; the basin in the centre, an urn of one piece; the elegant carved chimney; the position of the company, some proceeding to the bath, others coming from it; some reposing in delightful languor, and others performing their devotions; for the Mussulman, when purified outwardly, does not neglect the inward man. When ready to quit his under garments, clean wrappers are put round his body and over his shoulders; a towel is put round his head. This garb is precisely the same as the *ihram*, the costume in which the hadgis perform their ceremonies at Mecca, and doubtless the type has a very proper effect on a Mussulman: the Frank sees nothing symbolic in it, but he feels great satisfaction in being so completely covered that the

most shrinking modesty could not take offence. He then steps into wooden clogs, and supported by his *tellek* (bather) walks toward the bath. A narrow passage intervenes between it and the dressing room, of moderate heat, where those who dislike rushing at once into a reservoir of vapour, like a steam engine's receiver, sit awhile to allow the pores to adapt themselves gradually to the increased action of the blood. In summer, when the thermometer is at 80° or 90°, the precaution is of little consequence, but when there are 30° or 40° difference between the dressing and the bathing rooms the sensation, on suddenly entering the latter, is suffocation. The average heat of a bath is, in summer 102°, in winter 90°.

Our stranger then penetrates into what he may well deem Pandemonium. He sees, imperfectly through the new medium, a number of human figures stretched on the heated marble estrade, like corpses on the table of a fashionable dissector. Wild-looking forms, half-naked, with long loose hair, are enacting sundry manœuvres over them, rolling them about, twisting them like sticks of wax, kneading them like dough, singing wildly all the time in a strange dialect, and making the vault ring with the claps of their hands against each other or on the flesh of the prostrate. Round the sides of the hall, beneath fountains, he sees other subjects, equally passive, literally undergoing the process of drowning.

By the time that he has made these by no means consolatory observations, the perspiration is streaming from every pore, and his *Asmodeus*, who has never left him, seeing that he is in a fit state to act upon, signs to him to lie down. The stoutest has a nervousness creep over him at this moment; would desist from the experiment were he not withheld by shame, and by a natural desire to try a new thing. He takes another survey of the scene before resolving, and then, being satisfied that no one has died under the operation, resigns his body; with dismal foreboding, though, if he possess the slightest glimmering of anatomy, of suffering rupture or dislocation. I pass over the minor and agreeable processes of titillation and friction to that of shampooing. Our Frank now begins to be alarmed; for his joints, unlike Turkish

joints, are difficult of cracking. Fingers and toes soon yield, but his elbows and knees are obstinate and excite the tellak's wrath, who sings in a louder strain, and applies in good earnest to the task. His patient, knowing that what is pleasure to one is death to another, imagines that *his* joints are not made to crack, and therefore begs him to desist, assuring him that he is well satisfied; but as he speaks in some western tongue, the swarthy demon over him merely replies by a grin, and continues his work. At length imperfect sounds are produced, on which he addresses words of congratulation, not understood, and the other supposing all is over feels half mortified that the operation has not been so terrible. Before, however, he can raise himself, the tellak slaps him on the shoulders, and turns him over on his breast with the dexterity of a cook with a pancake, seizes his arms, crosses them behind with a strain, as if about to draw them from their sockets, thrusts his knee into the small of the back, and with this lever pulls up the head and shoulders, letting them fall again, himself falling with his whole weight on the crossed arms.* Each time this is repeated the internal fabric appears about to give way. The patient almost screams with apprehension, and threatens loudly; but his tormentor no ways moved, thinking that the delhi ghiaour is only amusing himself with the chorus of a song, continues the see-saw operation until the desired cracks issue from the shoulder-blades, or till he is tired. He then drops him, and wrings his own dripping locks. Our Frank forgets his rage, on finding after a minute investigation that he is whole, and allows himself to be led to a fountain; he conceives his terror over, but soon finds that he has only escaped being broken alive for drowning. During five minutes eyes, ears, nose, mouth (he fain tries to look and speak) are filled with soap; a tide of hot water, during another five minutes, washes that away, and leaves him clean for the first time in his life. Thus, par-boiled, faint and angry, he is lifted

* Shampooing, as far as legs and arms, is very well, but when extended to the back it may be dangerous in people whose bones are not used to it. The Orientals, on the contrary, are always supple. The joints of withered old men are as free as if newly oiled. It is a fact, that rheumatism is un-

- Turkey, which must be attributed to these baths.

on his legs; dry wrappers are put round him, a turban on his head, and he is led to his sofa with a determination never to enter another Turkish bath. He is laid on, and covered with, hot linen, and fresh air is allowed to blow on him. He falls into a most voluptuous doze, sips his coffee and chibouque with a pleasure hitherto undreamt, while the nadins dry him by gentle pressure through the cloths—a species of magnetism—inducing slumber. A glass of sherbet thoroughly revives him, and he gets up so elasticized in mind and body that he resolves to come again next day. A mirror, with back of mother-of-pearl, is held before him to tie his cravat; he counts the money on it, and judges of his liberality by the tone in which *hoch guieldin* (welcome) is pronounced. A Frank deems it requisite to overpay, as he may consider himself an intruder. In Stamboul a native pays fifty paras ($4\frac{1}{2}d.$) The poor are admitted for twelve paras, but then they have no tellak, nor are they entitled to a sofa; but they may use hot water for hours. In the interior of Asia Minor, such a bath does not cost a poor man above one or two paras. Men and women use some of the baths on alternate days, while others are reserved expressly for the different sexes. My ignorance of the custom nearly led me into a serious scrape soon after my arrival in the country, viz. into a bath, where I had been once before, filled with women. A scream, and a confused waving of long hair, told me, at once, my error. At any other time it would have been a delicious sight, and as it was, astonishment for a moment chained my feet; but shriek on shriek, accompanied by some choice epithets, in which the sharp notes of the old predominated over the mellow tones, and, as I thought, stifled laughter, of the young, bid me think of a retreat, unless I desired unpleasant handling. There was not, fortunately, a single person in the street to witness my exit, nor did I wait till one should come; I hastened down to the water side, took a caïque, and rowed over to Galata.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSTANTINOPLE (*continued*).

Solimanie—Bedlam—Mausoleum—Valens' Aqueduct—Marcian's Column—Historic Column—Seven Towers—Golden Gate—Breach—Scutari—Cemetery—Howling Dervishes.

WE leave the interesting region of the two first hills, and after a gentle descent and ascent, reach the third hill, where towers pre-eminent the superb mosque of Solyman the Magnificent, built on the most elevated part of the city, after the style of St. Sophia, but surpassing it in architecture, in site, in decoration: in all, save veneration and antiquity. It is 234 feet by 227 feet. A whole cupola and two half-cupolas cover the central aisle, and ten small cupolas the lateral aisles. Nearly all the mosques are similarly capped, and the assemblage of so many cupolas has a very imposing effect. A flight of broad marble steps leads up to the great doors,* before which is a façade of six gigantic Egyptian granite columns with pointed capitals. There are also various other entrances, ornamented with arabesqued archwork of good sculpture. Before the entrance is a court 117 feet by 152 feet, surrounded by a portico or open cloister formed of rows of marble columns with Turkish capitals, which are connected by Gothic arches, and sustain twenty-four cupolas. At the angles of the court spring the minarets, two of which have each three galleries, re-

* Over them is an Arabic inscription:—"The mighty servant and glorious vicar of God, by virtue of divine power and glory; existing by the authority of the mystic volume, and by the observance of its precepts, spread in all parts of the world, the conqueror of the cities of the East and of the West by the assistance of God, the fountain of every victory and of his armies; the image of God above all people; the emperor of Arabia and of the other regions; the institutor of the imperial constitutions; the tenth emperor of the Ottomans, viz. Solyman, descendant of the emperors Selim, Bajazet, Mahomet, Amurath, Mahomet, Bajazet, Amurath, Orchan, and Othman: in building this mosque of noble, perfect, and wonderful structure, as a place of worship for the people who assiduously serve and adore God, has given pleasure to the Lord of Majesty and power, who is the Creator of the universe. May the series of his imperial race, united with that of time, be never interrupted; and may the holy souls of his predecessors enjoy eternal delights in paradise! It was begun the end of Gemaziel ula of the year 957 (1550), and terminated the end of Zilhiggi 964 (1556)."

sembling wreaths in the distance; the two others being lower, in accordance with the laws of perspective, have only two each. In the centre of the court is a handsome marble reservoir, which supplies water to numerous fountains for the ablution of the faithful, all of whom, before entering a mosque, wash arms, legs, and neck—in the winter no pleasant duty. They leave their shoes at the threshold and walk in—then immediately kneel, and having first placed their hands a moment before their eyes and over their ears, as symbolic of shutting out the world, commence a series of prostrations which last twenty minutes. It is impressive to behold people of all ranks thus totally absorbed before God, their foreheads bent on the pavement; and that the head may literally come in contact, a Mussulman unrolls his turban; for Mohammed said, “The knees and foreheads of those doomed to penance in hell shall not be scathed by the fire, because those parts touched the ground in adoration of the Supreme Being.” It is difficult to go into a mosque at any time and not find men at prayers, or in groups on their knees round an imam, who is expounding the Koran to them. Women are not suffered to pray in the mosques, their presence being deemed prejudicial to the current of religion in men. I do not suppose they regret it, for on the slender chance which the Prophet gives them of heaven, it is hardly worth their while to pray. In one of his journeys to the other regions, he declares that he saw heaven filled with the poor:—hell contained many rich, and swarmed with women. Poor women! he has fairly cut them out by the houris; yet, with consideration, he ordained that any true believer who might particularly desire it, might have a beloved wife with him in Paradise.

The interior of Solimanie is simple, and, from its simplicity, vaster apparently than in reality. The columns supporting the galleries are of valuable marbles, brought from Alexandria Troas. It has one altar, and a pulpit, that is, a narrow stair highly ornamented with gilding, which serves the purpose, and on which the imam changes his place, ascends or descends a few steps, according to his discourse. In lieu of paintings or statues, the walls are covered with sentences from the Koran, and the different names of the Creator, in Arabic characters,

which, from their richness and variety, have a good appearance. At evening it is lighted with coloured lamps, which are attached to a circle of brass of the size of the dome, and suspended beneath it by chains,—a very elegant mode, copied by the Osmanleys from the Greeks.

Connected with Solimanie is a Bedlam, on a corresponding scale, adorned with marble colonnades, fountains, and gardens,—luxuries which sadly contrast with the state of the unfortunate inmates, who, furious or tame, are fastened by the neck with a heavy chain. We are generally led to believe that Orientals hold people thus afflicted in a certain degree of veneration: in Constantinople, at least, they have lost the superstition, and see in them little more than wild beasts.

Behind the Solimanie, in a garden, are two octangular buildings, covered with cupolas; they contain the bodies of Soliman and of Roxellana. The death of this great monarch caused such intense grief that the superficies of the third hill scarcely contained the multitudes that attended his funeral. As the offering most grateful to his spirit, the prejudice respecting women was broken through, and his favourite laid by him. The coffins are stone, the same as in all the royal mausoleums, which are numerous; the best are those erected by the mother of Mahomet IV.

The above sketch applies to the principal mosques of Stamboul. Each is more or less adorned with spoils of antiquity, which are certainly more worthily thus employed than in building and repairing private fortresses and houses, as Rome witnessed. The mosque of Bajazet, near the above, built 1498, has twenty columns, four of which are of porphyry, ten of verd antique, six of Egyptian granite, besides eight smaller ones of verd antique, which adorn the fountain. Schehzade giamisi, built by Soliman I. in memory of his son Mahomet, and Ederne Kapusu giamisi, built by Mibrumah (moon-eyed), daughter of the same monarch, are both very elegant. Laleli, built by Mustapha, has remarkable subterranean excavations, supposed to have existed in ancient times as a cistern. Kilisi giamisi, on the eastern declivity of the fourth hill, was a church built by the Emperor Anastasius,

and, after St. Sophia, the most remarkable of the churches that were converted to mosques. What is singular, it retains ocular evidence of its former destination; in the cupolas, four in number, are Mosaics, well preserved, representing the Crucifixion, the Virgin, with other sacred pictures. Why the Moslems neglected to remove or destroy them I do not know. The galleries are supported by fine Corinthian marble columns, and in the court is a large urn of one piece of verd antique.

The distinctive sign of a royal mosque is having two or more minarets. In Constantinople, four of the mosques have each four minarets; that alone of Sultan Achmet has six. The wooden spires on their summits are often gilded: some of the domes also are surmounted by a gilt ball, as if to lift them; and the effect is exceedingly tasteful, beyond what could be expected from so slight an ornament.

To all the royal mosques are attached pious or learned establishments, supported by the mosque revenues. Three have bedlams; four have imarets (poor hospitals); and each has a medresseh (college with a library). The medresseh on the foundation of Mahomet II. (built on the fourth hill, eighteen years after the conquest) is famed for having produced the most sages in Ottoman learning. The library established by Abdul Haméd, father of the present Sultan, is the best. In all are twelve libraries, containing Persian, Arabic, and Turkish literature. They are not much frequented, nor much enriched by modern authors. The Musulman Augustan age was when the Moors ruled Spain,* of which the library of the Escorial possesses the best evidence.

The third and fourth hills are connected by an aqueduct of

* During 800 years that the Moors were in Spain, Arabic literature flourished. The academies of Seville and of Cordova especially shone. Ebn Tarhun of Seville, 691 of Hegira, sung of the creation of man, on the soul, and on Mecca. Dhihaldin Akazary, sixth age of Hegira, wrote a poem, "Treasure of Poets." Ebn Forgia, and Ebn Macrama, and Almotuabi, were famous poets in the fifth age of Hegira.

In the library of the Escorial is a Spanish and Arabic Dictionary of all the caliphs, captains, philosophers, poets, and learned ladies, in 4 vols., by Ebn Alkhali Mahomet Ben Abdallah, 710 Hegira. Also in the same library is a treatise on music, with designs of thirty different musical instruments, by Abdi Nassar Ben Mahomet Alpharaiba.

forty-one arches, built originally by the Emperor Valens, of ruins of Chalcedonia, and since restored by Soliman. Its position is happy, uniting in an eminent degree the ornamental and the useful; for in addition to its aqueous office, it preserves the contour of the city, the valley it spans being so wide compared with the others, that, without it, Constantinople would appear two cities. It occupies nearly the centre of the length. To go on it is rather hazardous, yet it is worth while to venture a few yards for the sake of the prospect on either hand. The water in some parts filters through and constantly drops, making some mosses on adjoining fragments sprout luxuriantly. The Adrianople street, which nearly bisects the city longitudinally, passes under its eastern extremity; following its course across the valley, we ascend the

FOURTH HILL,

where, near the mosque of Mahomet II. in the courtyard of a Mussulman's house (now burnt down), is the column of the Emperor Marcian,* in excellent preservation. The height is fifty-two feet; the shaft is granite; the capital, of the Corinthian order, is well executed, and supports a square urn, ornamented at each angle with an eagle in half relief. In the precincts of another Mussulman's habitation, where was the forum of Arcadius, is the remnant of a pedestal, supposed to be of the celebrated historic column, representing Theodosius' victories, which we are told, rose 140 feet above the pavement, and whence the murderer and usurper Alexius Ducas was cast down by the judgment of the Latin chiefs, 1204. Other remnants of antiquity probably remain in the vast circuit of Stamboul's walls; but to find them is the difficulty; chance is one's only guide, a conflagration, by laying open quarters, one's best map. Tiresome as is the well-conned tale of a professed ciceroni, I have often wished for one in Constantinople. The presence is better than the absence. One is not obliged to listen, and he saves a great deal of riding or walking, which is keenly felt in a large, hilly, ill-paved city, where

* On the pedestal are these words distinct, "Hanc statuum Marciani." The remainder of the inscription is illegible.

innocent curiosity is magnified into necromancy; the pursuits of an antiquarian interpreted as the researches of a treasure hunter. There are few natives of the East who can understand the incentives of curiosity or pleasure, uninfluenced by stronger motives: if they see a man taking observations, he is calculating a horoscope; if they see him measuring ruins, he is tracing some deposit of coin. They hate trouble, and therefore cannot reconcile it with pleasure.

But in default of antiquities, there are a few modernities that are interesting by their resemblance to ancient usages. The shops are like the shops at Pompeii, open from side to side, having a parapet where the window should be, with a narrow sill by way of a door. They are closed at night by shutters, slinging on the top, which in the day serve for awnings. The counters are covered with slabs of marble, always beautifully clean, particularly so where preparations of creams, wheys, &c. are sold, of which the Osmanleys make great consumption. The confectioners' shops are admirable in point of elegance, and the excellence of the article: everybody has heard praised Turkish sweetmeats; I may add that one is in danger of having a tooth-ache during his stay at Constantinople. The cooking-houses are very tempting; cababs, and roasted sheep's heads, are smoking in them all day long. You go in with your friend, and squat down on a clean mat; and interim the chibouque is brought. Cababs on toast are served in five minutes, with a jug of wine which you order from the nearest Greek vault: a cup of coffee terminates your luncheon,—the whole about the cost of eightpence paid handsomely.

The Osmanleys, like the ancients, eat and drink a great deal in the open air. Venders of sherbets, of rolls, of creams, of sweetmeats, of catimeras (sort of cake), of boza (kind of beer), are at every corner; whereby the cries of Constantinople are as numerous as those of Paris. Some of them sound ludicrous to an English ear:—*az beaz* (white white) in relation to bread, makes the new arrived Englishman often turn round with mingled anger and surprise. *Balluk* (fish) likewise catches his ear for the first few days; and perpetually these two resound in all the streets.

The Osmanleys also show the taste of the Romans in their country houses, by building them on piles in the water where possible; and so far do they project over the Bosphorus, that private caiques lie under the basement floors, whence they issue romantically through low arches; and the inhabitants are often seen fishing from their window,—a mode peculiarly suitable with their indolence.

Many other points of similarity might be cited between the ancient Romans and the Osmanleys. The burial grounds of the latter are highly ornamented, and equally rendered subservient to social intercourse; their love of display, I may add, in appearing abroad with numerous attendants; and their contempt of women. But in what relate to the decencies of life, there is not the slightest resemblance. The signs over the doors, the frescoes in the chambers of Pompeii, have not the remotest counterpart in Turkey. In the article of cruelty, too, there exists a wide difference. The exhibitions which delighted the Romans would disgust the possessors of their second capital. Spain alone humbly imitates them.

The cloaques are also evidences of the former masters of Constantinople. They are indifferently kept; but connected with them is a curious anecdote of the present sultan, who, when young, had Haroun Alraschid's habit of going about the city incognito. It chanced one day that he passed by one of the cloaques that was opened for the purpose of being cleaned; in it was a man up to his neck in abominable filth, endeavouring in vain to remove an obstruction. The sultan stopped, and looked with commiseration at a human being thus employed. At length the labourer, after long driving and tugging lost his patience:—he threw down his *guilberi*, uttered an oath, and was about to abandon his work; but, as if suddenly receiving a bright idea, took up his instrument again, and thus apostrophized his impatient spirit: "*Dayan gian, yoksa seni bounden beter boku soccarim*;" which being translated, means, "Persevere my soul, or I will plunge thee in worse filth than this." At this exclamation made by the speaker in perfect ignorance of who was listening, the sultan opened the eyes of astonishment: "Is it possible," he thought,

“that there can be a worse occupation than that?”—He returned to the seraglio, but could not rest for thinking on what he had heard. He asked his attendants to expound the labourer’s meaning: they could not. “Go, then,” he at length said, “and fetch him hither.”

“Where is the honest man who was working here this morning?” demanded a capidgi of the superintendant of cloaques:—“God knows—he left off work two hours since.”

“Wonderful! find him instantly!”

The appearance of an officer of the seraglio on such an errand aroused some of the neighbours. One exclaimed, “He went to the bath from here; a boy followed him, carrying a suit of clothes.”

“Which bath?” asked the capidgi:—“run, bring him to me.”

The object of this research in the mean time had completely purified himself (without which salutary measure he could not have gone into a mosque to say his evening prayer), and now appeared quite another person, dressed in a suit of good cloth, a fur pelisse, with a caouk on his head: he might have passed for a substantial tradesman. “Kalk, guiel,”—“Rise, come,”—exclaimed a messenger, rushing into the bath, where he was enjoying the restorative chibouque: “quick, a capidgi of the Porte wants you.”

“God is great,” replied the other; “want me! why—for what?”

“You will know soon enough. Come.”

The capidgi, having ascertained that he was the very man, bid him follow him to the seraglio. During the walk he vainly endeavoured to guess at the evil which he conceived had fallen on his head.

“Eshek” (ass), said the sultan to the officer, on beholding a respectably dressed man, who would have done credit to a pasha’s suite; “I told thee to bring me that fakyr bokulu” (stinking wretch).

“Effendimiz,” this is he.

The sultan then addressed the man, who was standing with his hands crossed before him, his eyes cast on the floor, in

great apprehension; "Wast thou, some hours since, in the cloaque, in the condition of a hog?"

The fact could not be denied. "What saidst thou, dost thou remember?"

This question made him fear that in his wrath he had uttered something treasonous, which had been overheard, and he began to implore grace on the plea that in a moment of anger a man's tongue may utter what his heart does not acknowledge. "Fear nothing," replied the sultan; "didst thou not say, 'Dayan, &c.' Explain what situation is worse; or didst thou speak in folly?"

Thus reassured, the man answered by pointing to the *tchocadars*, who were in the presence, and added, "Their situation is worse." If the sultan was before astonished, he was now still more so. "The work," continued the man, "at which I was engaged, is disgusting in the eyes of God; but it gains me sufficient in two or three hours for the day, sometimes for two days. I am then free. I purify myself from its stains, and dress becomingly; I frequent the mosques, and the *cafenehs*, master of my time: whereas thy officers cannot call one moment their own, to eat or to drink. This is my meaning; I told my spirit that if it had not courage to submit to that servitude for two hours, I should be obliged to put it in perpetual bondage, by taking a great man's bread, to be at his call the whole twenty-four hours."

The sultan, far from being offended at his boldness, dismissed him with a handsome present; though, I dare say, the *tchocadars*, thus coarsely commented on, would rather have seen him get the *bastinado*. This circumstance, which was related to me by an officer of the *seraglio*, gives rise to reflections on the cause of love of freedom, which this man possessed in its widest sense, simple, divested of any specious ornament. Whence came it? He could not conceive it disgraceful to serve a great man, for an oriental education inculcates that that condition is honourable, and it confers consideration. It came from pure love of indolence, so dear to, so cherished by, the *Osmanleys*, to indulge which they are capable of enduring great privations. Does it follow that love of freedom and love of indolence are synonymous terms?

The *cafenehs* likewise merit a stranger's notice in Constantinople, less on account of their number—several hundreds—their charming shady situations, and their elegant fitting up, with variegated marbles and sculpture, not to mention highly coloured representations of ships, kiosks, gardens, &c., in which the fish are as large as the ships, the men as tall as the houses, than for embracing the whole mystery of the barber's science—a science which is looked on with infinitely more respect in the east than in the west, and to which the preparation of the sober berry, far from being the stay of the concern, is quite secondary; simply intended with *chibouques*, to amuse the customers while waiting. In addition to shaving, cutting hair, trimming, dying, and anointing, the barber bleeds, draws teeth, and applies leeches,* all very adroitly. At the same time may be seen, one man holding his head to be washed and shaved, over an enormous metal basin, the operator twisting the solitary lock from side to side, and brandishing his razor with inimitable grace; a second submitting to have every hair plucked out which interferes with the prescribed line of beard and moustaches; a third having his eyebrows dyed; a turbaned *urehin* squalling as a bad tooth comes out; a Tartar, with his sleeves up to his shoulder, getting bled after a long journey; in the corner, a *tiriaki* coiled up, enjoying his dream of Paradise; and, if in Pera, the scene is further diversified by Franks, smoking and chatting, waiting a turn. Oh ye! who visit the East, put yourselves under an Armenian or Turkish barber. Never shave yourselves. His shaving is ambrosial. The delicate manipulation with which he assists the steel sets you to sleep, and so exquisitely is the operation performed, without ruffling, in the slightest degree, the tenderest skin, that when done, and feeling your face, you start—considering the country you are in—doubtful of your sex.

We need go no farther than the fifth hill. Thus far the breath of the *seraglio* vivifies the languid mass; thus far every

* Not a century since the same union existed in London; in the year 1745 the surgeons were separated from the barbers by an Act of Parliament, entitled, "An Act for making the Surgeons and Barbers of London two distinct and separate Corporations."

description of traveller, with one added to Sterne's list—the hypochondriac—may find food for amusement and reflection; but, beyond it, we wander through a wasted city, and view the effect of the silent depopulation—from executions, disease, and famine—which has reduced its 750,000 inhabitants, in the reign of Solyman, to half the number. Our eyes wander over the Etmeidan, Janizzaries' slaughter scene, and rest on three large towers in the S.W. angle of the city, which denote

THE SEVEN TOWERS.*

How things become changed from their original purpose!—a church becomes a stable, a palace barracks, a hut the residence of a monarch, by the vicissitudes of war; but Mahomet II. little thought, when he erected this fortress for the custody of his treasures, that it would be long solely used as a prison for Christian ambassadors. The apartment where they were lodged is not bad. The Golden gate, or triumphal arch, raised by Theodosius to commemorate his victory over Maximus—through which, for one emperor who entered it in triumph twenty ingloriously fled, thereby rendering the name a mockery—was in the present circuit of the seven towers. Two dilapidated Corinthian columns, supporting the remnant of a frontispiece, denote its existence.

Adjoining the towers, supplying the want of the golden gate, is the gate Yedi kule kapusu. Four other gates also give entrance to the city from the country, viz. Ederne kapusu (angl.: gate of Poliandro), Top kapusu (angl.: gate of St. Romanus), Mevlana yeni kapusu (angl.: porta quinta), Selivri kapusu (angl.: gate of ———). These gates are massive arches uniting the double wall, and connecting each with a good stone bridge over the fosse, which is twenty-five feet wide, and not so many in depth, notwithstanding the assertion of history, that it was one hundred feet deep at the time of the Mohammedan conquest; which, however, it could not have been, or we should not be able to see the ruins of

* There were originally seven; but the great earthquake of 1766 threw down three of them: one of the others is nearly ruined. They were erected 1458.

the breach in it as we can. A fine paved road runs along it, from the Propontis to the harbour, a distance of three miles and a half, bordered on the left hand, for a considerable way, by a vast cemetery. The great age of some of the cypresses, and the antique fashion of many of the tombs, led me to conclude that this was the receptacle of those who fell in the storm,—a striking evidence of which event is seen in the prostrate condition of a tower and of eighty feet of wall in the ditch, about one-third of the distance from the sea of Marmora to the harbour, near the gate of St. Romanus. The Mohammedans considering them a trophy, and believing that Constantinople had seen its last siege, have suffered these interesting ruins to remain where they fell; and time has ornamented them with a profusion of wild creepers. No, beautiful, and romantic, and classic as is Constantinople and its environs in every part, it has no spot so truly interesting, so riveting to the imagination as this, the breach, where closed the career of the last and noblest of the Constantines.

One more suburb of Constantinople remains to be mentioned; the city of Scutari, on the opposite coast of Asia. It was anciently called Chrysopolis (city of gold), the cause of which name still exists, in its being the depôt for the caravans from Arabia, from Syria, and from all parts of Asia Minor. In consequence its inhabitants are chiefly employed in manufacturing saddlery, with all kinds of horse and travelling equipage. One mile from it is the site of the city of Chalcedonia, now occupied by the village Kady Kojn; and, about a cable's length off it, in the fair way of the Bosphorus, on a rock just above water, is a square white tower, called by Europeans Leander's Tower (without any reason), by the natives Kiz Kulesi (Maiden's Tower), built by Manuel Comnenus for the purpose of extending a chain from it across the strait. It is admirably situated for assailing hostile ships: some heavy cannon are mounted; and in the rock is a spring of pure water. Between it and the shore is a passage for vessels not drawing above fourteen feet.

The inhabitants of Scutari being entirely true believers (ex-

cepting some Hebrews), the mosques, royal and private, are numerous and handsome. That built by a daughter of Solyman is the most elegant.* There is also a superb pile of barracks, built by Selim III. for the Nizam dgeditt, and near the city is a seraglio where the sultans used to reside for a while when they intended to follow the armies to a Persian war.

From the outskirts of Scutari the great cemetery stretches three miles over the plain, where repose the half of the generations of Stamboul, undisturbed by axe or spade.† A more striking memento of human nothingness, a more imposing tribute of human piety, a more sincere attestation of faith in resurrection, elsewhere is not to be seen. The graves are never disturbed, being barricaded by superstition as well as by law; for it is the Mussulman faith that some part of the body (the os-sacrum, generally believed) remains undecayed, on which, at the last day, to effect regeneration. Some Mussulman divines assert that the dead suffer torments while actually in the grave; that they do until laid there is universally orthodox; for which reason the breath is scarcely out of a man than he is hurried to his last home without ceremony, the bearers running as fast as they can, giving a funeral a grotesque appearance. All Mussulmans believe that the dead undergo an examination in the grave, before Monkir and Nekir, some time during the first three days, in order to decide whether the patient shall go straight to heaven, or perform a little preparatory penance in hell. On this account the grave is constructed so as to allow the body to sit up and answer questions. I

* It has this inscription, "This mosque adorned with columns has been built by a pious princess, gem of the Ottoman crown, ornament of the world, of religion, and of her country. God render her incomparable with every grace. Built by the daughter of the Emperor Solyman, son of the Emperor Selim, who rendered the world habitable with justice and clemency, and established security and tranquillity in favour of the Faithful. May God extend his empire to the eternity of ages! It was begun, with the aid of God, in the sacred month of Zilhiggi, in the year of the Hegira 954 (1547).

† It is a common error to suppose that the Constantinopolitans are all buried at Scutari in anticipation of their capital falling into the hands of the infidels, when their graves might be defiled. It certainly is a favourite resting place; but the different cemeteries on the European side of the Bosphorus would, if put together, cover a space equal to the great cemetery. — all the sultans are interred at Constantinople.

have often witnessed a Turkish burial: as soon as the procession reaches the spot fixed on, breathless, two of the party set about digging the grave, while the remainder sit round the coffin in a circle, apparently quite unconcerned. Women cannot attend. The coffin is then taken to pieces, and the body being laid in the ground, a kind of vault is raised over it with the planks, on which the earth is heaped. No service whatever is performed. This accommodation is of course very temporary, but it lasts sufficiently for the dark inquisitorial angels to arrive. The tombs, or monuments, are very beautiful: they are of white marble, covered with verses of the Koran, durably and massively gilded on a dark-blue ground. The Osmanleys carry the art of gilding to perfection, and the Arabic character is peculiarly effective for its display. The name of the deceased only is inscribed, without any record of virtues, such as deface Christian tombs—deface, I say, since in nine cases out of ten the record is false. The nature of the carved turban denotes the rank which the deceased held in society. Women's monuments are distinguished by a lotus leaf painted on them. Some graves are covered with marble troughs filled with soil to grow flowers in, the odour of which is grateful to the spirit when he revisits his earthly tenement; neither is it uncommon, in the cities, to see private burial plots covered over with wire trellis work in which to keep birds, whose notes are also supposed to solace the spirit. All erroneous as it is, this idea is very beautiful, and the possessors of it are enviable; it is the most intellectual part of the Mussulman faith, and shews that Mohammed had a soul for poetry. How soothing to affection the belief, that it can afford pleasure to the soul of a departed friend,—can still converse with it; how assuaging to the pang of separation! It is touching sometimes to witness the solicitude of Turkish females about these hallowed spots, where they pass some part of nearly every day. Once in a romantic burying ground, on the banks of the Bosphorus, I accidentally saw a young female, unveiled, with her hair loose, plucking the stones from a new made grave, and casting them from her with maniac gestures. She did not perceive me, but continued her sad task till not a stone or a weed defaced it;—then

threw herself on it. There she remained till her women, who were observing her from a distance, came and roused her from her trance of woe. In Europe such grief would be deemed a mockery; but with Eastern women, whose passions grow in solitude, who have few worldly amusements to divert the current of their thoughts, and whose joy generally centres in one object, with whom perhaps hope dies, it is often too real.

The deep solemnity of this vast forest of cypresses, impenetrable alike to sun or gale, cannot be imagined. Paved roads intersect it in various directions, hourly traversed by man and beast. On whichever side you approach Constantinople or its suburbs, it is through a burial ground; you cannot pass from one quarter to another but through a burial ground; you look out of window on a burial ground; your only promenades are in the burial grounds. Mussulmans at least have the awful lesson constantly before their eyes. At night the dogs troop in them, to the annoyance of all that have to pass them; and without being provided with a good stick and a lantern, a man has a chance of being found in the morning ready laid for burial; for though a most cowardly species, they have wolfish blood, and acquire artificial courage at night-time.* Yet to see one crouching behind every tomb,—one darting at you at every angle,—to hear their continued bark, adds an indescribable interest to these gloomy solitudes. Thus amidst the ruins of Ephesus, how exciting is the long howling of the jackals in every direction! How greatly would it enhance the scene, on entering Balbec to meet an hyena! What a train of association it caused me, one day at Sardis, the sight of a Turcoman boring one of the three remaining columns of the

* There are instances, though rare, of their seriously hurting people. Two, one day, tripped up a little youngster of the *Blonde*, and commenced biting him, and might soon have finished him had not an old Turkish woman opened her door and driven them away. A formal complaint was in consequence lodged against them before the ambassador for having thus insulted a British subject. But as his Excellency did not exactly know what procedure to adopt in so novel a case, it was referred to the waivode of Galata, in whose jurisdiction the assault and battery had been committed. The waivode took proper cognizance of the affair. He sent out his emissaries, and a dark, ill-disposed, well-known dog, was taken up on suspicion, and making no defence, was publicly put to death.

temple of Apollo, for the purpose of blasting it ! It is not that an hyena, or a jackal, or a Turcoman, abstractedly viewed, adds much to the picture, but connectively each speaks volumes. They are the postscripts of time, the seals of desolation. An extent of ruin signifies no farther than that a city once stood there ; there may be another within five miles ;—tenant it with savage beasts, and we conclude that equal ruin has befallen the surrounding country. The Turcoman boring the column was a sorry spectacle ; but what a tale of fallen grandeur ! in the once proud capital of Croesus, the tumuli of Alyattes and his wives in sight ;—what evidence of the reign of barbarism ! Thus also in the cemeteries which environ Stamboul, we involuntarily think, as the pack yells round us, that we are in a desert. Ten paces on we enter a populous quarter. They never disturb the dead, (which would be easy on account of the shallowness of the graves,) or the Turks would soon destroy them. I do not even think that they like human flesh. Lord Byron says, in the notes to the "Siege of Corinth," that he has seen them gnawing bodies washed up under the seraglio walls. That should be conclusive ; but I suppose that his lordship wrote from memory, and mistook the place. The water beneath the seraglio wall is bound by a pier two feet above its surface, past which the current rushes, without the slightest eddy, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour. Nothing thrown into the Bosphorus lower down than Buyukderé bay, or the Propontis, can turn up, that is, come to shore, within several miles of Constantinople. Indeed it is contrary to reason to suppose that the Turks, who have such superstitious veneration for the dead, would tolerate these disgusting animals were they in the habit of violating them.

Adjoining this paradise of worms is the college of dervishes *kadi*, or the howling dervishes, in contradistinction to the dancing dervishes at Pera. We found them in full cry. They were extremely civil ; were flattered at our curiosity, and gave us prominent seats. The apartment was octangular, surrounded by a low railing to keep off the spectators. The superior gave the time with his hand and head, while about twenty brethren moaned, half sung, a kind of hymn, in which

the names Allah, Mohammed, Mustapha, (a saint, founder of the order,) continually recurred. At intervals some howled suddenly, others danced round as mad, and all by turns approached and kissed the hand of the superior, who sat aside on a carpet. During the performance sick people were carried in and laid at the superior's feet to be cured. He whispered in their ears, stroked their breasts, and then bid them rise. They obeyed: some tottered off; others, faith lighting up their sunken eyes, joined the holy troop, and sung and danced with equal fervour. Presently the scene changed to one of a more lively description. To the notes ya-la-ye-ip, sung to a merry tune, the fanatics twisted their bodies in rapid contortions, jerked themselves violently forwards and backwards, to either side, their heads twirling and their eyes rolling in a frightful manner, making the spectators giddy, and expect every moment that some would fall into fits. Occasionally, seized by a sudden impulse, they howled in concert. For upwards of thirty minutes this bedlamite game had lasted, and we began to think that the actors were endowed with perpetual motion, when the superior, extending his hand, pronounced the word "Allah." Immediately, as if they felt the hand of the Almighty as well as heard his name, they stood each still as a statue, eyes fixed, head firm. This was the *grand coup de théâtre*, and exceedingly well done it was—quite sublime. The sport recommenced with greater ardour. In a state, apparently, of complete frenzy they seized each other's hands, and they danced and they sung, and they leaped in concert. Then dividing in two lines, they rushed from side to side, and they charged, head down, like goats, only separating to meet again with greater impetus, all the while making the dome resound with discordant howls. Finally, closing in a heap, confusedly embraced, with disordered garments and swollen veins, they stamped and rolled round the hall, till three, overcome with the violence of the exercise, foamed and fell into convulsions. This was the triumph of devotion; and thus terminated, after two hours' continuance, as singular a scene of folly grafted on superstition as one could wish to see. It is—
ng once, and only once.

Under the head of Scutari I should mention that from the heights behind it is a fine, by some said the finest, view of Constantinople. Whether it is, I will not pretend to decide, since the impression made on me was the same from whichever side I received it. One is in danger of becoming surfeited with the profusion of beauties which nature has here amassed in a narrow compass. I would recommend the epicure in such things on his arrival to take horse and ride to Buyukderé, by which he will prolong his enjoyment. There let him embark in a caique, and descend the Bosphorus. I will not dwell on the enchantment. Who once makes this excursion will be tempted to repeat it often. Nor is the ride devoid of interest. During the first two or three miles, let him occasionally turn round and look on the glorious scene he is leaving. Each time he will doubt the evidence of his senses, comparing the proud capital—billows on billows of city—within cannon range, with the barren, almost trackless heath he is traversing, where man neither sows nor reaps. To the civilized European the contrast is truly painful. To find himself, on leaving Palmyra, at once in a sandy desert, would only excite his surprise at the individual folly which could build in such a spot; at the same time the triumph of art over nature would reconcile him to the anomaly, and flatter human pride. Here it is the triumph of ignorant indolent despotism over a soil which scarcely needs the spade to burst into fertility, yet remains profitless. Luxury alone might have prompted the ornamental. Ascending the heights of Kiris Bournoo, the fortifications of the Bosphorus and the distant Euxine open on him—a scene that may be dwelt on.

There is another view to which I would draw attention. It is from the tombs of the Armenian cemetery on the borders of a deep ravine. The spectator looks down between two hills nearly united at their bases, only separated by a narrow rivulet, thickly studded with habitations; that on the right being the Greek village of St. Demetrius, notorious for the lax morals of its inhabitants; on the left is Pera. Emerging from the shadow of the hills are seen the capitan pasha's palace and the arsenal gates, on the one hand; on the other, his divan hane

and the quarters of kasym pasha. Beyond them the harbour intervenes with admirable effect, to break the monotony of architecture,—masts and yards mingling with doors and windows, caiques appearing and disappearing among cypresses and domes,—not an expanded sheet, but a narrow triangular lake, of insufficient dimensions, apparently, to allow the guard frigate anchored in it to swing round, her broad red ensign wanting space to display its ample folds. From the base of the triangle, on the farther side, Stamboul rises, and expands to the east and west, with the configuration of the hills, till two-thirds of its extent are visible. Valens' aqueduct occupies the centre of the picture, and over its deep arches, lying parallel with them, defined on either side by the domes of a mosque, the soft blue line of the Propontis, like the pencil stroke of a drawing which represents distant water, faintly traces the horizon. When the sun is setting, and gilding the columns and minarets; or on gala nights, when the frigate and the mosques are covered with lamps; or, still more magnificent, when the devouring element, as I have seen it, careers over the seven-hilled city, the above feebly indicated scene is capable of arresting the attention of a gourmand whose dinner is waiting. The masses of dwellings thus brought together in a *coup d'œil* from the nature of the site, and the foreshortening of the picture, are striking in another sense:—they prompt the question, "How do their inhabitants exist?"—a question which every stranger puts to himself as well as to others—a question which is difficult to answer; for Constantinople does not offer the same resources as the great Christian capitals for those who live on their wits. Vice, the great alimenter of idleness, is kept under by the strong arm of religious law. There is little commerce; there are few arts; there is no great influx of travellers; the rich men of the provinces do not congregate in it. There are no cultivated lands to speak of within twenty miles, in some directions within fifty miles. The commonest necessities of life come from distant parts:—the corn for daily bread from Odessa; the cattle and sheep from beyond Adrianople, or from Asia Minor; the rice, of which such a vast consumption is made, from the neighbourhood of Philip-

popolis; the poultry chiefly from Bulgaria; the fruit and vegetables from Nicomedia and Mondania. Thus a constant drain of money is occasioned, without any visible return except to the treasury or from the property of the Ulema. The places above mentioned may be considered as foreign parts; their inhabitants never visit the capital, and thereby restore the equilibrium. But though I cannot precisely solve the problem of the means of the Constantinopolitans, I may give a rough sketch of them, which may serve as a specimen of the inhabitants of European Turkey in general; not of the Asiatic Turks, who are a different people; more open and hospitable, less treacherous and avaricious; but far more fanatic and ignorant.

CHAPTER XXII.

On the Osmanleys—the Greeks—the Armenians—the Jews.

IN reference to some writers, who assert that we should change "Turks," as a general appellation for the sultan's subjects, for "Osmanleys," because (according to them) the former is vilifying, I beg leave to remark that the latter is only applicable to the European Turks, as is easy to be shown. When Othman (founder of the reigning dynasty) usurped the sovereignty of Cogni (Iconium) on the death of sultan Aladdin, of whom he was the vizir, Turk, or Turkman (husbandman) was (as now) the denomination of the inhabitants of nearly all the provinces that at present comprise the Turkish empire in Asia. After the conquest of Brussa, however, his followers disdained it, and assumed the name of their leader, leaving the indigenous name to those who would not immediately follow his fortunes. The short interval that elapsed ere the seat of their empire was at Adrianople, prevented these proud soldiers from losing their characteristic, and thereby ceasing to be a separate body. With Amurath their descendants quitted Asia and settled in possession of the lands of the Greeks, from which time the distinction has remained, so that no European Turk will allow

the name of Osmanley to an Asiatic; even talking of the powerful Car' Osman Oglou, or Tchapan Oglou, he tells you, with a sneer, that he is only a Turk; and this superciliousness has been fortified by the superiority that in all demi-civilized countries those of the profession of arms assume over the pursuers of husbandry;—the lowest European Mussulman having seldom till lately had occasion to be other than a soldier, whereas in Asia, there not being a raya population, the Mussulmans put their shoulders to the plough. "Bin Turk bir toorp; yazektoorp!" a thousand Turks for a radish; poor radish! (at being valued so cheap) is in every Osmanley's mouth.

The name Turkey is also strictly Turkish. The Asiatics sometimes call their country Tourkia Yakasi, but the Europeans never do; they may call it Memleket Osmanley, or Vilayet Othmanjick, the appellation being also extended to Bythynia, because Othman reigned there. Both names, however, are superseded by "Roumely" (for Europe), "Anadolu" (for Asia).

Having thus settled, in one way, who are and who are not Osmanleys, we may proceed to give a sketch of the Constantinopolitans, among whom rank foremost, of course, the Osmanleys. As they value beauty, even in men, more than talent, it is right to commence saying a word on that subject; the more necessary because they have been so often described as a very handsome race, and the impression thereby made is so strong, that it requires to be among them some time before allowing one's self to doubt. All, however, who have visited Constantinople since the catastrophe of the Janizzaries, agree that they are not in general good looking, the disuse of turbans and long robes being the cause of their altered appearance. Excepting Russian troops, I never saw a worse-favoured body of men than the Nizam-dgeditt. The magical effects of a turban are well known. It gives depth to light eyes, expression to dark eyes; it softens harsh features, relieves delicate ones; it hides misshapen ears, or a "villanous low forehead;" it adds gravity to a simple countenance, dignity to a sensible one; and it little matters whether a man be hump-backed or bandy-

legged, crooked or parrot-footed, when clothed in ample robes, which, besides concealing defects, impart a theatrical assurance to his step. The sultan, as I have before observed, could not have hit upon a surer way to make his subjects discontented with him and with themselves.

Midway between the savage and the civilized man in regard of mental resources, not yielding, however, to the latter in physical enjoyments, the vices of the Osmanleys have been overrated, because they have been chiefly drawn at periods of fanatic excitement, which should only be considered as episodes. The most favoured nations, at times, with all the advantage of education and example, commit wholesale the excesses of Ashantees and Cherokees; yet, when the crisis is over, resume their place in the front ranks of civilization.

The prominent feature of his character, and which, far more than his religion, acts as a bar to improvement, is an exceeding love of indolence, which he carries to an extent scarcely credible; shopkeepers, in hot weather, rather than rise off their cushions to reach you the article you want, will desire you to go to another shop. The "*dolce far niente*," joined to the *pensar niente*, is the Osmanley's felicity; and while he could flatter himself that he was as far above the rest of the human species as his prophet above him, he constantly enjoyed it; but late reverses have broken the charm, and placed him in the condition of a paralytic invalid, who wakes from a dream of health to a sense of his helplessness.

He is not revengeful, that is, if interest be in the scale against passion; unlike the Albanian, with whom blood must atone blood. He will forgive a personal insult, and embrace the murderer of his friend; will fight with ardour for his patron, and the moment after be equally faithful to his fortunate rival; bowing, at the sight of the firman of death, to the very executioner of a kind master. Provided with this authority, a man might stab a pasha in his divan (if he could get at him), and it would almost save him from the immediate fury of his attendants; certainly it would save him were they in an adjoining chamber.

But the Osmanley's treachery is terrible: for, as the Spartan

boys were taught to consider theft meritorious, so does he consider the art of successfully dissembling the highest effort of the human mind. The command that he exercises over his tongue and features is perfect,—by us unattainable. The most cutting reproach, or the most sudden surprise, or the most joyful news, is no ways betrayed by one or the other, unless he be in a situation not to need observation, when he will foam. His entire education tends to the acquirement of this talent. Through life he is no better than an automaton while in the presence of a superior: with eyes cast down and hands crossed before him, he stands unless bidden to sit,—is mute unless invited to speak. The more I have witnessed of this command over what may be termed the involuntary emotions, the more I have been astonished; but it requires a painful apprenticeship to arrive at such perfection.

Individually, he is courageous; and he is skilful in the use of arms, drawing his ataghan in particular with an electric effect, so that at one motion he can unsheath it, and almost sever his opponent. No inconvenience, however, arises from this aptitude, for it is death by the law to use a weapon unless by command of a superior. Severe as this law is, heat of blood not being even admitted in excuse, it is invariably acted on, otherwise no man's life would be safe among an armed population; and in consequence, no country is so free from manslaughter. Once, and only once, did I know of a fight; it took place one afternoon on the quay of Buyukderé, between two of the capitan pasha's guards, one of whom, half intoxicated, had just taken a loaf from a Greek's shop, for which offence the patrol, which happened to be passing at the time, seized him, and were driving him towards the pasha's kiosk, that the soles of his feet might pay the penalty of the palms of his hands. Irritated, at length, by the abuse and the blows of the chavass bashi, the fellow turned sharp round, drew out his own sabre from the hands of the chavass who was carrying it, and made a cut at the bashi. The bashi parried it, also a second blow, but then, finding himself hard pressed, dropped his stick and drew his ataghan. They were now on a par, both much enraged, and the affair seemed likely to be sanguinary.

Their countrymen did not interfere, probably fearing a by-blow, otherwise than by calling on Allah to witness their madness; nor did we, and for the same reason. Still, however, the parties kept a respectful distance apart, preluding by some pretty flourishes, which made the air whiz as though they were using switches. At length, with one accord, they advanced a pace, and made a cut. Neither thought of guarding. The blades, directly horizontal, passed each other like flashes, and took effect,—the sabre dividing the skin of its opponent's neck, while the ataghan, not being so long, only reached the other's nose, making a neat incision across it;—at the moment we thought that one of their heads was off. The sight of blood cooled instead of inflaming the antagonists, who instantly sheathed their weapons; and he who had first drawn, recollecting then the enormity of his fault, rushed, with presence of mind, into the house of a diplomatist, relying on the respect usually accorded to such. Thence he was conveyed to the flagship. The pasha ordered him to be strangled at sunset; but in consideration of his temporary asylum, sent him to the bagnio instead.

The Osmanley is avaricious from the nature of his country, which combines uncertainty of employment and insecurity of property. At the same time he is inconsistent; for though he may be said to adore gold, ostentation makes him spend it. He will give rich presents to a stranger, while an intimate friend may expect in vain a token of liberality. He has a richly-dressed train of domestics and a beautiful stud, neither of which can he employ, while his domestic expenditure is so trifling, that, excepting on parade days, when it is lavish, five shillings will pay for the dinner of a pasha's household. Simplicity guides most of his tastes: perfumes, and the sound of falling water, and rushing wind,—harmless pleasures, which are easily procured by artificial means,—are necessary to his comfort; to which add the chibouque, and a tolerable supply of coffee, and he requires no more to enable him to get through the day with patience. At evening he may honour the ladies with his presence. We will not draw the harem curtains; a description of the bizarre and multiplied sensualities behind it,

would rather offend than amuse. Yet this monotonous life is capable of being exchanged for one of violent action, and with a surprising facility. After lolling half a year in Sybarite indolence, only using his legs to convey him from one sofa to another, he will gird his loins, and ride twelve hours a-day for a month.

He is not the unsocial animal so perpetually described; on the contrary, he is very partial to the company of his likenesses, as the constant occupation of the coffee-houses proves. True, whether in town or country, his verbal intercourse is confined to "selam aleykum, aleykum selam, ne var," and other ordinary questions and answers, followed by a long silence; but what can they say? deprive the most loquacious people of books, of gazettes, of scandal, their conversation will soon drop to monosyllables.

The Osmanley's hospitality has been too much extolled on principle, for in a country which offers few resources for travellers, hospitality becomes not only a bounden duty, but a point of self-interest, in order to obtain the same upon occasion; besides, the arrival of a traveller in a family is as good as half a year's newspapers. Neither is his charity, wide-flowing though it be, so very meritorious, because it springs from the selfish idea of smoothing with it the individual way to heaven, not "out of kindness to all men;" and is therefore, in appearance, cold, bitter cold, as any one will say who has seen a pious Osmanley give away his quantum of paras in his morning stroll, one by one, according as he is solicited, then stop at a baker's shop, buy a loaf, break it in pieces, and distribute them to the expectant dogs; after which stated duty, a friend's son, or a friend's hound in distress, would scarcely attract his notice. Such arises from his religion, which consists chiefly of appearances—ablutions, alms, prayers,—by which, obliging his followers to attest their faith daily in public, by acts that could not be misinterpreted or slurred over, making the infraction a crime, little caring whether the heart were in unison with the tongue or not, Mohammed provided his creed with a firm bulwark against the most dangerous of heresies—visible indifference; and by a due observance of which, though unin-

fluenced by one proper feeling, a Mussulman feels assured of exchanging his kiosk for "a hollow pearl," his favourite palm-tree for a branch of the tûba, his sherbet for draughts from the rivers of milk and wine, and, above all, of obtaining a sight of Him, "one look at whom," said Mohammed, "is joy past imagining." This, however, this injunction to his followers to practise charity is not the only boon which poor Mussulmans owe to their Prophet, who was intimately too well acquainted with mankind to suppose that simple exhortations on such a subject would operate on the mass, and he therefore saved the really charitable from the unequal duty which the callous would have imposed on them—do impose on them in all countries—by establishing poor laws. Poor laws—our boast—which to this day only exist in one corner of Christendom—have been sacred among Mussulman nations since 1200 years. By them a Mussulman is bound to give to the poor two per cent. of all he has; and where the religion maintains its wonted sway over the minds of the people, the law is strictly observed; but in the cities—the principal ones of European Turkey, for example—where religious indifference—herald, according to the missionaries, of the introduction of Christianity—is making progress, charity, it is mortifying to observe, is rapidly waning.

But the virtue which chiefly characterizes the Osmanley (as well as all Mussulmans) is cleanliness, which he carries to fastidiousness. I cannot comprehend how some travellers have disputed it; they must have formed their opinion from their tartar and their surrogee, although these, the journey over, thoroughly purify themselves in a bath. For my part, I do not know so clean a people, and I have seen them in all grades of society. In addition to his daily ablutions, he takes a bath—such a bath!—at least once a week. Equally incorrect is the saying that he does not frequently change his linen; perhaps they who assert it judge from his showing no shirt collar, which in civilized Europe would certainly be an admissible argument. The sailors and soldiers, for example, used to wash their linen twice a week. His house, and everything relating thereto, his food, &c., are scrupulously clean; and in every Mussulman dwelling is seen a neat temple to the

worship of Cloacina—a piety nowhere else practised out of Great Britain. No people have a keener sense of propriety. We in vain seek in the streets of a Mussulman town for sights which in polished European cities make a woman turn her head, and necessitate the magistrates to affix in conspicuous places, “*ici il est defendu de deposer*,” &c. When they bathe in the sea they never appear *in naturalibus*, however remote the spot, lest by chance a female might be shocked; even boys of the tenderest age retain a cloth. I could cite fifty other examples to the same purport. For those who love to trace ancient customs in modern times, it may not be uninteresting to observe that in Turkish camps the same practice, in necessity, is strictly observed as was prescribed to the Hebrews, though more out of respect to man than to God.

The Greeks occupy the second place in importance among the inhabitants of European Turkey, and more particularly deserve notice on account of the influence which they have exercised over its destinies; an influence which has tended more than any other cause to undermine the Ottoman power, by acting on it like a perverse mind on a pampered body. The Osmanleys viewing conquest only as the means of obtaining repose, had gained their object with the powerful aid of the Koran as long as the nations whom they subjugated were of the same caste as themselves; but on obtaining possession of all the Grecian provinces—their dominions in Europe having been too narrow while Adrianople was their capital to affect their general policy—they perceived that other arts would be necessary to rule their new subjects, and reap the fruit of their labour. They were therefore delighted to find in the Fanariotes the requisite knowledge, with a ready pliability of temper, which saved them the necessity of hateful study. Policy should have shown them their error, but indolence was in the opposite scale; they employed them in affairs of state, and from that moment began to decline in learning. With another character the Greeks might have reformed their masters and taught them how to govern, but their treachery was so unvarying, that the Osmanleys could never regard any scheme of theirs, although illy beneficial to the empire, but as injurious to it. Had

they been commonly honest they would long since have been emancipated; in proof of which I cite Kuprogli's Greek secretary, who by his artifices caused the fall of Candia, 1669. He received royal rewards during his lifetime, and after his death was honoured by a public funeral. But we in vain search the annals of Turkish history for another Greek in high office who did not betray his employer; and considering the number of pashas who have lost their heads by the treachery of their Greek agents, it is surprising that they were so long trusted.

The Greeks naturally turned their power to their own advantage. The hardest terms of their servitude gradually disappeared. They were forbidden at the conquest to build or repair churches; they have done both. They were forbidden to celebrate their religious festivals, burials, &c., openly; they have long since given them the greatest publicity. The odious tribute of every fifth child was discontinued two and a-half centuries since. In the capital they soon became of sufficient importance, as dragomans of the Porte and of the fleet, to rival the courtiers in wealth and display; to vie with pashas out of it by obtaining the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia.* It may be said that this is the fair side of the picture, that in the provinces, on the contrary, they were exposed to the wills of pashas, of agas. This is partly true in the Morea; in Albania quite incorrect; and in Roumelia the Greeks, aware of the difference, early abandoned country occupations to the Bulgarians, and congregated in the cities, where they enjoyed equal protection with the Mussulmans. The great hardship of the peasantry has consisted in the difficulty of procuring money to pay the kharatch, often multiplied in the course of the year, but in the towns this difficulty never existed. At the same time it must be recollected that pashas in Europe have seldom had unlimited power. It is only in the great pashalicks of Asia where tyranny is practised on a broad scale, and in them live few or no Greeks.

* The situation of hospodar of late was preferable to that of pasha, because the former was under the protection of Russia. The term of his government was for five years, then for seven years. If he then feared the complaints of his oppressed subjects, he found a secure asylum in Russia and Austria with his spoils.

The Greeks have been, and are, without contradiction, the most favoured subjects of the Ottoman Porte, which superiority they owe to their union and their hierarchy. The latter preserved the former, and prevented them from losing their distinction as a nation.

The modern Greeks, as the ancient, have ever been impatient of the rule of the stranger. They constantly dreamed of the empire and its pride, of St. Sophia and the cross, which recollections, joined to the torpitude of their masters, made them often rebel. The Osmanleys on these occasions generally wiped off all scores at once by an indiscriminate vengeance, affecting guilty and innocent. The Greeks naturally cried out Tyranny, Oppression! and the cry re-echoed throughout Europe; and as the Greeks alone of the Porte's subjects thus repeatedly complained, Europe rationally concluded that they were peculiarly oppressed. Tyranny is comparative. What is cruelty, folly, and bigotry in one country, is justice, reason, and religion in another. If one portion of the inhabitants of an empire have privileges which the others have not, the government, though abstractedly bad, cannot be accused of tyranny towards that privileged part; nor can any reasoning persuade it of the fact, because it draws a comparison with the rest of its subjects. It is unreasonable to suppose that it will willingly regulate itself by other nations. I by no means pretend that the Ottoman government is not perverse and horrible; the desolate state of the fairest portion of the globe is evidence of this fact before a volume of arguments drawn from the retrograding effects of its faith; but I must say that the Greeks have suffered least by it, and have least reason to complain. Visit any part of Grecian Turkey, the peasant is well clothed and well fed, his property is protected, his wife and daughters are sacred: (I exclude periods of revolt.) His great hardship is being obliged to lodge and feed troops on their march, and to receive government officers; —the Turkish peasants are equally exposed. In every sense the condition of the Greeks is superior to that of every other class in the empire. The Armenians, though not more oppressed, are infinitely less considered, on account of their not being so completely a nation. The Jews are absolutely despised.

The Fellahs of Syria are slaves in comparison of them: and the Fellahs of Egypt are in a state disgraceful to humanity. It is easy to account for this remarkable difference between the Christians and the Mussulmans of the Ottoman empire inversely to what we should expect to find it.

The Christians have one common misfortune, that of being governed by strangers in every sense of the word; and one common sentiment, that of being oppressed. These two causes existing among any people would produce a spontaneous united opposition to the government which no concession on the part of the latter could dissipate, because the root of the evil is the being of the government. All its acts would be regarded with jealousy;—if conciliatory, after-purposes would be imagined;—if arbitrary, indications of discontent would be manifested. In this contention the people must have the advantage, because their endeavours tend to one point alone: religion and sympathy are embarked in the cause, and every loophole left is immediately occupied. On the contrary, the government has many things to distract its attention from this imperceptible encroachment. State difficulties, the weakness or good nature of the monarch, the carelessness or corruption of ministers, are all arms for the people. By this proceeding, all their own merit, the Greeks entirely changed their condition; but, not content with the prospect thus afforded them of gradually rising to the condition of the Osmanleys, too confident in their own strength, and in the blindness of their rulers, they often immaturely revolted and drew on themselves the punishment they had reason to expect, and thus lost ground. If other proofs were wanting of the superior condition of the Greeks, comparatively, I would cite the frequency of their revolts. A people ground to misery by watchful tyranny rarely shake their chains. It is when physical wants are satisfied that moral abstinence is felt; that the mind has leisure to dwell on fancied superiority,—to desire change of government, a constitution, free press, equality of property, and so on, on the scale marked by intellect. The cool pride of the Osmanley, the superiority he constantly assumed, and marked by distinction of dress, tended as much as anything else to make the Greek

discontented with him. So sorely has he felt on this point, that I verily believe, had the Osmanley, with wise policy, permitted him to wear yellow slippers, and a white turban, and an ataghan (though with a wooden blade), he would not have cared much about changing masters.

Now let us consider, by the side of the Christians, the Mus-sulmans, the causes of whose inferior condition may be summed in the few words, that they have no legitimate causes of complaint. They are ruled by their lawful sovereign, whom their religion teaches them to consider as such by divine right. They are taught that he has a just title to the lives and property of his subjects; and that for more whim he may cut off from ten to twenty heads per diem, being moved thereto by divine inspiration. To question these prerogatives is impiety, and they therefore have no refuge from tyranny but in sullenness, and in passive resistance, which the peasantry in parts of Asia Minor display by not cultivating more land than is requisite for their villages, so that the towns and troops on the march may suffer;—farther seceding from occupation, if hard pressed, and trusting to their flocks and herds, which they can drive away, for subsistence.

The Greek, as an animal, is handsomer than the Osmanley. As a man he is distinguished by knowledge; not that he has much; nor is much necessary, for between a very little and wilful ignorance is a wide gulf. His manners, from long contact, are similar; his tastes are not more refined; his constant air of cunning, and ready adaptation of phrases and features to the occasion, evince habitual servitude. His moral character is sufficiently notorious. Say the Philhellenists (whose number is fast diminishing), what can be expected after four centuries of slavery? They forget the centuries of crime and bigotry that disgraced the empire previous to the Mohammedan conquest. Many fondly hope that the Greeks will be again what they were. Is a similar hope ever entertained for the Italians? The European merchants in Turkey fly into an opposite extreme, and assert that the Greek is as dishonest as the Osmanley is honest. They judge from their mercantile transactions, in which it is true the latter display more fair dealing.

We must seek the cause. The Osmanley despises trade; he rarely follows it; and when he does, pride—the pride of the lord—keeps him from practising the knavery of the slave. But where is his faith when his object is the head of a pasha, or the spoil of a banker! In a word, we may say that where the Osmanley is honest, it is through pride: where the Greek, through fear.

Were a sufficient number of Grecian skulls to be examined, they would afford a strong argument for or against craniology. They should all have the bump of vanity. The Greeks have always been and are the vainest of the vain on all subjects, from politics to dancing. They still consider and call their country the “fountain of philosophers;” the “mother of heroes;” the “shining Greece.” Here they stopped. Of late years, however, it has been so much the fashion in Europe the saying “We owe everything to the Greeks,” that the modern Greeks begin to believe it; certes, it is too flattering to them to be rejected. A Fanariote noble very seriously told me that had it not been for his ancestors, Europe would still be barbarous. *His* ancestors!—It would puzzle any Fanariote (except perhaps the Argyropouli) to trace his descent higher than the Mohammedan conquest: could he do so, he would have more trouble in tracing any of the noble stocks of Attica and the Morea among the schismatizing population which disgraced New Rome so many centuries. Then, as now, the appellation *Greek* was a religious, not a national distinction. “Are you a Greek?” you demand of an inhabitant of the Morea or of the Cyclades. “No, thank God, I am a Catholic;” and *vice versa*. A Frank ignorant of this, often gives an insult when he means a compliment. After all, what do we owe to the Greeks?—Poetry?—Without them we should have had Shakespeare, though Pope would not have acquired so much renown.—Painting? We have only notices of theirs.—Music? They were unacquainted with harmony.—Sculpture, architecture? We English at least have not profited much by their unrivalled productions.—History? Theirs teaches us to admire cruelty and duplicity.—What are all the acquirements of all the ancients to the wonders of printing, of the compass, of steam, which overturns

empires and creeds, discovers worlds, and almost sets worlds in motion. Yet there are people who still love to repeat, "We owe everything to the Greeks."

The Armenians occupy the third rank at Constantinople. They are good-looking, affable and pliant, peaceable and loyal. They are divided into two classes, catholics and schismatics, as I have already mentioned in another chapter. These sects are in open enmity, and are both cordially hated by the orthodox Greeks, whose principal article of faith appears to consist in hating every one who does not pray, fast, and feast to a tithe as they do. The Armenians are the chief bankers of European Turkey, having supplanted the Jews in that dangerous, but lucrative employment, in consequence of possessing superior honesty or rather inferior knavery. They are greatly protected by the Ottoman grandees, often against the sultan himself. In return they perform eminent services. If a pasha requires a million of piastres to buy or take possession of a pashalick, an Armenian banker provides them; he trusts to his creditor's talents at spoliation for repayment, and if he have sufficient art to remain long in office, his fortune is assured. On the other hand, should the pasha be impeached and beheaded, the banker is seized and made to disgorge his patron's wealth and his own.

The Hebrews form the fourth tribe of the Constantinopolitans. They are, as is well known, descended from the Spanish exiles, victims of a cruel policy. It is not surprising that these turned their steps to Turkey, considering the protection that their ancestors had enjoyed under the Moorish kings. In addition, they neared Jerusalem, the place—the valley of Jehoshaphat—where every Jew wishes his bones to rest. Numbers in every part of the empire realize their property in their old age, and retire to the holy city to die there. When I was at Salonica three hundred embarked for that laudable purpose. Their position in Turkey is ambiguous. They are termed musafirs (guests), but are treated as guests who have outstayed their welcome. Nothing can equal the contempt which is heaped on them. If an object of popular hatred has ~~been~~ insulted, who are constrained to do it?—Jews. If a

malefactor or other is to be dragged through the streets, who perform the degrading task?—Jews. If a pasha cannot get a volunteer executioner, on whom is the odious office imposed?—Jews. They have the peculiar marked countenance of the nation,—eye of care, sallow complexion, scanty beard,—which is not remarkable in the Jews of England. Indeed, the Jews of the East and of the West appear to be distinct families. What in Turkey particularly distinguishes them from the other inhabitants, independent of costume, is their uncleanness: owing to it the Turkish troops will not quarter in their houses. A modern writer on Turkey has published an absurd calumny about them, concerning their kidnapping and killing Christian children. Their national timidity would contradict this were there not abundance of direct evidence to the contrary.

They never by any chance follow agricultural pursuits. Their household language is Spanish, rather a vile dialect of it; at the same time, they are well acquainted with the Hebrew and Turkish languages.

The various people above-mentioned, however different in most points, have one common characteristic,—a total want of conscience. Examine them as we may, we never meet with a trace of it. We are taught to believe that conscience is implanted by nature, but we learn by experience that education is its parent. Still, in civilized Europe it is seldom entirely eradicated from the bosom of any man, or its place is supplied by honour, the reputation of a good name, &c., sufficient to answer the purpose of society. But every subject of the Porte, of whatever sect, acts perfectly unrestrained by it, or by its substitutes. A pasha slays his confiding guest: a kadi bastinadoes an innocent man; a banker cheats his patron; a servant robs his master;—all swearing on the Koran, or on the Talmud, or on the Testament, to their respective faith. What is more surprising, this train of evil goes on in the most regular manner, no ways out of the prescribed course of events. The pasha washes his guest's blood off his hands, and eats his dinner, and sleeps as sound as on the preceding day. The banker and the merchant, each in their respective calling,

place more merit in fraud than in honesty, and deem a fortune ~~sweeter~~ earned by the former than by the latter; ~~solace their~~ ~~leisure~~ hours by talking of their dexterity in overcoming Frankish caution. Be the object to encompass a man for his blood, or his money, the air of friendship, the winning softness of manners assumed, the oaths put in requisition, the awful denunciations invoked on their own heads in case of treachery, are not only sufficient, one hundred fold, to deceive the uninitiated, but even the initiated, in Oriental manners: should the latter not yield, he cannot help thinking himself the most suspicious, stony hearted being alive. Not only strangers, or provincials, but even Constantinopolitans, who breathe from birth the air of dissimulation, are frequently taken in: witness the readiness with which pashas, beys, &c., fall into the snares spread for their lives, notwithstanding the experience of ages, of every day, of their own experience. These men have spread similar snares for others; they know all the toils, every mesh of the net, yet they are caught. The fact is, they cannot believe that there are men equally bad as themselves, who are capable of calling on the Most High, on his prophet, on the bones of their parents—for what? to mask crime.

Amongst such a people it is difficult at all times to divest oneself of an involuntary emotion, similar to that which is experienced when viewing for the first time the ponderous movements of a steam engine, which appear immutable, subject to no ordinary control. So we cannot help feeling, that if it be the interest of our host, our seeming friend, to slay us, no moral tie, no human affection would restrain him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On Mussulman Women—Greek Women—Armenian Women—Hebrew Women.

OF the more interesting portion of the inhabitants of the Turkish capital, the Mussulman women occupy the first place. What, however, can be said of women who have no balls,

routes, plays, masquerades, concerts, panoramas, pic-nics, fancy fairs, not even tea-parties? If no other than that they are happier than half the women in the world,—Lady M. W. Montagu for a witness,—that is something. Love, or desire, as you will, is the idol to which they are devoted from childhood, at whose altar their ideas are formed, to whose service their education tends; the principal care of a mother is to instruct her daughter in the art of pleasing the first man who sees her—her husband—and as his tastes are not refined, the nature of her lessons may be supposed. The Turkish bride is a self-contradiction. Their beauty! who can be so presumptuous as to decide on the appearance of those whose walking garb, “equalizing tomb of elegance and deformity,” is purposely made to screen them from the gaze of the *monster* man? All is not hid. Eyes belying the Prophet’s anti-female soul doctrine, large, softly lustrous,—voice, toned like a silver lute, making music of every word that leaves the lips,—hands small, taper-fingered, indicate favourably of the remainder of Nature’s handywork. Different from the Italian and Spanish black, their eyes, in particular, are unrivalled, with an *expressive* expression, impossible to look on without admiration; a peculiar charm which they owe to the necessity of concealing their faces, since, deprived of the aid of smiles and blushes, their feelings when excited concentrate in the organs of mute eloquence.

Of the higher classes of women in Turkey—for the lower orders lead nearly the same life in all countries, nursing children, cooking food, and matrimonial bickering being the changes they ring—rank first the inmates of the seraglio, who are divided into two classes; the sultan’s ladies, and the maidens of the validé sultana: the former are purchased slaves, since no Turkish woman, being freeborn, can be a mistress, even of the sovereign; the latter are also in part slaves, and part daughters of pashas who have been placed there for honour, or on the death of their fathers. They are all instructed in the Arabic and Persian tongues, in dancing and singing. The resources of each other’s company, the luxury of their existence, and the absence of cares, it being certain

that no man but the sultan ever sees these secluded birds, render them happy: there are few ladies brought up in the seraglio, who do not look back on it with a kind of regret, comparing its society with that of the uneducated females of the provincial towns where their residence may be.

After a sister or a daughter, the sultan cannot evince greater favour for a pasha than by giving him in marriage one of his unknown women; an equal honour, perhaps dearer, is a wife from the house of the validé sultana. The lady, in either case, is placed at the head of her husband's harem, with absolute authority, since on her influence at court depends his advancement. More pashalicks are gained by petticoat interest than is supposed. In virtue of her influence, she prevents her lord's affections from being disputed by another wife. Should he be old or disagreeable, she must exercise patience, and wait till his death, by the bowstring or otherwise, when she may please her taste by marrying one of his officers who has won her regard. The state of a lady in her harem is the same as that of a pasha in his selamlík. She has a train of female slaves, more or less numerous, more or less beautiful, more or less ornamented, according to her fancy, distinguished, as are the officers of her lord, by the titles of *kiaja*, *selictar*, *cavedji*, &c.: they watch her eyes, listen for the clap of her hands, leave her alone, dance to her, sing, act the buffoon, anything to please her whims. None sit in her presence. She smokes, chews mastick, sips coffee, and drinks sherbet; voilà her life,—tiresome enough the Frank belle thinks; but habit reconciles us to everything, and "ignorance is bliss." The Turkish lady knows no other mode of existence, nor has she any books to enable her to define the vague wishes which rise in her bosom in moments of languor. The condition of her slaves is unpleasant: exposed to all the caprices of their mistress, with scarcely a prospect of obtaining liberty, their only hope lying in attracting the notice of their master, they may be said to live in a convent. Viewing their situation, people are apt to judge all Mohammedan women equally deserving of commiseration; than which nothing can be more erroneous, since Turkish women, as I have before remarked, being

freeborn, respected by the laws to such a degree, that the shadow of slavery may not dim them, restrained even from living with the other sex unless under the bond of marriage—an honourable consideration unparalleled in other countries—are as far above them as European ladies in the West Indies are removed from their negro slaves.

Turkish ladies have a singular amusement for consolation. Two, for example, declare themselves lovers, one of the other; plans of intrigue are formed, confidants are established, secrecy ensured, *billets doux*, i.e., flowers, are mutually exchanged, all the *petites ruses de guerre* are employed to elude discovery, and in this way a harmless courtship is continued for years.

The Koran, while it gives great power to a husband, does not leave a wife defenceless: it gives her a title to an equal share in her lord's affections, his attentions once a week; in default redress may be had of the *cadi*. But these important privileges may be regarded as null, since there are few women who would make a similar complaint. Facility of divorce is their great ally. Writers on Mohammedan customs have not sufficiently dwelt on this subject; indeed, it is generally considered an evil rather than a blessing for the weaker sex, and its difficulty is placed among the advantages of Christian women. Divorce among Mussulmans supposes no guilt, simple volition on the part of the husband being a sufficient cause. If in a moment of anger he say the words "I will live with thee no longer," that suffices. The parties go before the *cadi*, and the act of separation is drawn out, paying a trifling fee. The lady receives her dowry, and the divorce is no impediment to her remarrying. What an advantage! suppose her husband was a disagreeable fellow, she is at once rid of him, and if without children she has nothing to regret. But in consequence of this tie, parties who have been divorced for trifling causes only—for passing ill-humour—come together again. No formality is requisite; as mutual will separated them, so mutual will reunites them. The *cadi* takes his fee, and the affair is ended.

Mohammed, however, aware of the numerous inconveniences which might arise from the abuse of this licence, wisely

ordained that after a third divorce a man could not have back his lady, unless she were previously married to another for the space of twenty-four hours. It is natural to suppose that few orientals would put their affections to so painful an ordeal. However, whether from love or habit or other cause, the *hoooleh* sometimes takes place. It also occurs that parties thus joined (in intention temporarily to accomplish the law) become so pleased with each other before the expiration of the term, that they refuse to be re-separated. The prior husband has no relief, he must devour his chagrin. But to avoid this unexpected result, the uxorious man has generally recourse to a respectable member of the law; he presents him with a sum of money (the labourer deserves his hire), and engages him to perform the condition strictly. He thus makes sure of not being imposed on by his agent; but he cannot impose on himself—the marriage must be consummated. Friendship cannot qualify this *unpleasant* office, and the mollah would esteem himself an unworthy Mussulman did he fail in this particular.

Turkish women have another remarkable privilege in the rapin (conventional marriage). We will suppose an inhabitant of Bagdad or Aleppo come to Stamboul on commercial or other business with the intention of remaining several months. He has left a wife behind him, and, being used to domestic happiness, feels uneasy. He addresses himself to the imam of some mosque whom he may know: "Effendi, being a stranger in this city, and likely to remain some time, it would be wrong to remain single. Our holy Prophet enforced matrimony by precept and example; I would not wish to be remiss. In your parish there may be some well-disposed young woman;—you will not find me ungrateful." "Good," replies the imam, "there are many women in my neighbourhood who would not turn their eyes from a comely man like yourself: what condition would you choose?" The applicant answers, "As I am not very rich, besides having a family elsewhere, I should prefer a widow who has a respectable house." The imam bids him return another day, and in the meantime finds a lady according order. He describes her suitor as possessed of a thousand qualities, and as smitten with her charms. "Oh," ex-

claims the fair, "I know nothing of him; he may be a bad man, may beat me, may not let me smoke or go to the bath." The imam guarantees his client. The parties then go to the Mekhemeh, and the rapin is drawn out, that is, a certificate of marriage for a certain length of time, at the expiration of which it is null, and the parties are free. Merchants find this arrangement very convenient, as thereby they often get a comfortable home during their residence in a strange place. In no large towns of Turkey are there wanting accommodating imams.

Turkish women are entitled to the credit of being the best of mothers. To be childless is considered the greatest misfortune; and yet, by a strange contradiction, after having got two or three children,—as many as suits their fancy to have,—they are addicted to the evil practice of procuring miscarriages, at which they or their accoucheuses (Jewesses) are exceedingly expert, not producing constitutional injury. Wet-nurses are unknown among them; and the custom of the Franks, established in the Levant, sending their children to Europe for education, is also regarded by them as unnatural. They never lose their influence with their sons, which repays them in some measure for their want of importance in the eyes of their husbands. The chief care of a Turk, on arriving at wealth and power, is to place his mother comfortably; to which amiable trait in his character, which counterbalances a multitude of faults, we are inclined on first acquaintance to add that of strong parental tenderness. It is interesting to see the Osmanleys along the quays of the Bosphorus dancing their children in their arms, and dropping their gravity to play with them: the poorest will deny himself to deck his child: but the feeling is purely selfish, derived from a plaything, an exhibition of animal instinct; as they increase in size it diminishes, and when they are grown up they are never thought much of, unless fortune raise them high in the world. Valueless therefore to the Osmanleys must be that promise in the Koran, that "their sons (daughters are not to be produced, since they would interfere with the rights of the houries), if they wish any in paradise, shall be born and grow up in the space of an

hour;" a promise which, ridiculous as it may appear, is at the same time a striking proof of Mohammed's admirable tact in adapting his religion to the peculiar tastes of his people. Among the Arabs it must have been the first and most natural wish of a father to have his sons capable of bearing arms, and of sharing the fatigues of a wandering and predatory life:—until that age they were a complete burthen to him, instead of being a solace.

As prodigal of displaying their charms, leaving little for the fancy to do, as the Mussulman women are reserved, the Grecian sex rank next on the list, inferior also in brilliancy, and less handsome comparatively than their men. Still they are good-looking, with a dreamy voluptuous style of countenance, common in the East, and fine eyes—though fine eyes are so universal among them that the absence is a defect rather than the presence a beauty; and were they set off by stays and milliners, they would not yield the palm to the Genoese—fairest of the Italian sex—whom they resemble in a remarkable manner, considering that four centuries have elapsed since the union of Genoa and Galata. But their dress vulgarizes them; it consists of an unsightly assemblage of jackets and petticoats, hung about rather than put on their persons, with open bosoms and loose sleeves; and their coiffure, a turban of prodigious width, the wider the more fashionable, composed of their own luxuriant hair interwoven with flowers and gauze, elegant as it certainly is, gives them a courtesan-like air. It might not have this effect elsewhere, but compared with the modest apparel of their neighbours it appears indecorous, and Mussulman women consider it a scandal thus to appear in public. To this exceeding love of display, most inconsiderate in countries where licentiousness is not always restrained by the law, the Greeks may attribute many disagreeable consequences. In quiet times their women are as sacred as Mohammedan women, as free from insult from every quarter; but in revolts, which give scope to their masters' passions, it has happened that a family, which would otherwise have escaped notice, has been plunged in misery because one of its female members in her walks, gaily dressed and unveiled, attracted,

perhaps used to coquet for, the notice of a pasha or other great man, who takes advantage of the crisis. Similar examples are not rare, yet the Greeks never profited by them. They should have applied to themselves a story told of one of the early caliphs, who meeting a beautiful woman one day in Bagdad, caused her to be conveyed to the seraglio. The injured husband immediately repaired to the caliph, and expostulated with him on his injustice. After a struggle between his reason and his passion, the monarch restored the man his wife, accompanied by the caution not to let her go abroad again unveiled: "Men," he observed, "are not insensible to beauty; they should not therefore be tempted:—take warning by this; you will not find all men so moderate." This reasoning is doubtless inapplicable in countries where the laws are sufficient to restrain unprincipled men. To the want of such laws only must be referred the custom in the East of veiling the women,—a custom established ages before the coming of Mohammed,—a custom which did not originate in the jealousy of the men, though degenerated to such, but as the surest way of preserving their women from insults.

The chief feature in the character of Grecian women is, I should say, covetousness of money. It would be difficult, except perhaps among mountain tribes, to find a model for one of the thousand heroines of song and tale about Grecian love and devotedness. In no country is *mariage de convenance* so much a law of society as among the higher classes of Greeks; and among the lower classes mothers do not hesitate to bargain away their daughters' honour, which practice is so much the more reprehensible as they are never reduced to it by want; want, in our acceptation of the word, being almost unknown in unpopulous countries. No lover need think of advancing in the affections of his mistress unless provided with Cashmere shawls: necklaces and bracelets are also in request; but Cashmere shawls—the more the better—are *the things*—the height of female ambition, the tests of gentility. She must be low indeed who would think of going to church or to the promenade without one. A counterfeit Cashmere! the reproach would be ineffaceable.

Divorce is nearly, if not quite, as easy in the Greek religion as in the Mussulman, but less to the advantage of the fair sex, because a fault is supposed. The licence is much abused, and the bishops, each of whom has the power, grant it on the slightest pretext. There are, however, three legitimate causes of divorce: viz., infidelity, inebriety, and a bad breath: in justice, there should be a gasometer to decide on the state of the latter, which should not be left to the olfactory powers of the bishop and his clerk. A claim of divorce may also be preferred on account of hymeneal mysteries, for which reason the bride's relatives visit the nuptial chamber to possess themselves of the evidence of her honour. The antiquity of this custom is shown in Deuteronomy.

The Armenian women come next. They may be considered as Christian sisters of their Turkish neighbours, for they very nearly resemble them in dress and manner; rendering themselves, however, less handsome by an immoderate use of cosmetics. They bring their eyebrows nearly into the form of semicircles, marking the interval between them, with the idea of showing the straight outline of the nose, with a perpendicular stroke of black paint; and they spoil their plump satin cheeks by an ill-judged display of rouge. They also coral-tip their fingers, and tinge their eyelids in the manner of Turkish women. Their national characteristic is insipidity; "ghiuzel Ermeneh" (pretty Armenian) is proverbial in Turkey for a tame beauty.

Owing to divorce not being permitted among them, whether of the Catholic or schismatic persuasion, their situation is more *triste* than that of any other class in the empire, for they live nearly as secluded as Mussulman women, and are completely domestic slaves; a bride, for example, may not speak except in answer, or sit in the presence of her husband, until she has borne him a child—a species of indignity from which Turkish women are exempt. This corroborates what I before observed of the Mohammedan religion respecting women,—that it is not peculiarly oppressive. We are in the habit of comparing it with the Christian religion in the West, and drawing our inference therefrom; but this is not fair: we

should compare it with the Christian religion in the East—its cradle—where seclusion of women has ever been in vogue among the natives, whether Jews, Pagans, Christians, or Mussulmans. The Hindoo who told bishop Heber that they owed the custom to their Mohammedan conquerors, deceived him. The conquest of a few may alter the government, the laws of a country, but it never changes the manners of a numerous people: the Tartars among the Chinese is an example; the Normans among the English, and the Osmanleys among the Greeks still more striking ones. In comparing also, in other respects, the precepts of the Koran with the customs of the early Arabians, we find a great similarity, for Mohammed was infinitely too wise to touch prejudices which had the sanction of antiquity, excepting such as revolted nature. He put a stop to the inhuman practice of the Arabs, which exists to this day in parts of India, of destroying female children; but circumcision he passed over in silence, not choosing, fortified therein, may be, by his hatred of the Jews, to recommend an absurdity, harmless but cherished, but not daring to forbid a practice which had been handed down to the Arabs from Abraham.

The Hebrew women close the fair list at Constantinople, and require no comment, for their manners, customs, and duties are the same in the nineteenth century as they are described in the Bible, sufficiently minutely I am sure to satisfy the most curious investigator. A local practice, however, prevails, in order to restrain the facility of divorce which the law of Moses permits, and whoever considers the character of the nation is not surprised to find that it is very effectual; a bride's dowry is named at three times its real amount, which the husband is obliged to give to her in case he divorce her.

A word now on the relative beauty of women of the East and the West. The former have been extolled by the divinest poets, copied by the finest sculptors and painters; yet, when in the East, we are disappointed. Why?—because our expectations have been too much raised; and, principally, because our ideas on beauty have been formed in a different school, so that habit has silenced reason. We know it is unnatural, the

female form stayed with cord and whalebone,—that the variety of shape so much admired in Europe, is as much owing to art as nature; still how we are wedded to the effect,—how graceless in our eyes are the vague lines of nature! Dress up the Venus de Medicis,—what a dowdy she would be—a “dumpy woman.”—We cannot help occasionally, while in the East, drawing a comparison between the native fair and our own, led by the presumed superiority of the former, but we always decide in a general sense in favour of the latter. It is true, that in the East we are now and then arrested by a face that might be dreamed, the likeness of which is never seen in other climes, but we say this is only one, surpassingly divine certainly; at home we have myriads, if not quite so fair, nearly so; never reflecting that many pass us every day without notice who, were they set off, as in Europe, by dress, would claim ardent regards. However, whether northern, southern, eastern, or western climes, every man who has travelled far, must allow that for one pretty woman seen out of England, there are one hundred pretty women in England.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Capitan Pasha—Greek Patriarch—Nourrey Bey—Passage Boat—Echoes—Rodosto—Adrianople—Kar’agatch—Silk Worms—Mad Dog—Inhumanity—Greeks—Mahmout Aga—Mosque—Grand Vizir—Bairam Pasha.

APRIL 29th, 1830.—I saw for the last time my old friend, Achmet Papudgi, Capitan Pasha: reclined on a sofa in his divan hane (council chamber), his glassy eyes and clear hollow cheeks told me that he was at length dying of his old complaint, ossification of the heart. His officers eyed me wistfully, as much as to say, Can he live?—I shook my head. Little, however, did the object of their solicitude—less out of love than interest—think that he was soon to be confronted with Monkir and Nekir; for, after saying that he was going in two months to the White Sea (Archipelago), in the new first-rate, he invited me to accompany him. It was painful to hear him

thus talk. He was smoking a narghiler at the time—his bane, yet like opium, so fascinating, that he never could leave it off—but on its producing severe coughing, old Hassan, his purveyor of tobacco, handed him a chibouque instead. This also, after holding it a minute between his pale thin lips, he laid down, and looked out of the window with an air of pleasure, as the English frigate swung in the line of his vision. Her top-gallant masts catching his attention, he put a question to me about them, and then directed an order to be taken to the arsenal, to fit his ships in the same way, "Because," he said, "we may meet the English Capitan Pasha in the White Sea." Poor man! a dark sea was opening before him. Presently, a dish of boiled herbs, his only diet, was brought in and laid on a stool before him. Dipping his attenuated fingers into it, he contrived to swallow a couple of mouthfuls, but then, as if exhausted by the effort, he called for a glass of water, and sunk back on the cushions. My chibouque being now finished, I rose and wished him well, when, as if a different feeling suddenly crossed his mind, he drew a ring from his finger, and gave it to me as a memorial. The next day I went to Brussa, and on my return, May 5th, found him dead. He had died on the 4th in the same comfortless state, surrounded by mercenaries only, notwithstanding that his wives were in his palace, and his son was sultan's page. But though his ladies were not grieved, they felt the loss, for, being of ignoble birth, they required reflection; and therefore, attributing his death to the surgeon of a French vessel of war, who had attended him, they showed their spite by emptying the contents of a vase on his head as he passed under their windows on the following morning. The remains of the shoemaker admiral were interred at Eyoub, his effects sold by auction to pay his debts, and Halil Pasha (then ambassador at St. Petersburg, since the sultan's son-in-law), who knew nothing more of the sea than that it was salt and full of fish, succeeded him; thus disappointing the expectations of many, that Sultan Mahmoud would have discontinued the absurd practice of appointing landmen to that high post—especially disappointing the capitan bey, who, by way of paying court, had adopted Frank usages in a bare-

faced manner, even going the length of smoking cigars. Were the duties solely ministerial, the defect, though great, of having any other than a seaman at the head of the naval department, would not very materially signify; but the capitan pasha always sails with the fleet: true, he has officers under him who know something of the profession, but their judgment can have little weight against his obstinacy, nor is their firmness to be depended on in the presence of a chief, who has power to dispose of their heads.

The weather at this season was most delightful, propitious for travelling; so, having made another agreeable excursion on board the *Blonde*, to Nicomedia,* I took leave of my esteemed friends, her captain and officers—the frigate proceeding to Artaki, and then prepared to quit Constantinople; with a lively sense, though, of the civilities which I had received from many of its inhabitants, Franks and natives, during a residence among them of several months. Indeed the English traveller, without any other acquaintance, would have found ample resources, at the period of which I speak, in the hospitality of our ambassador, Sir R. Gordon, in whose house he ever found a cordial welcome. I doubly felt his attentions, since previous to his arrival in the country I had not the honour of being known to his Excellency. Of the hospitality of our worthy and talented consul-general, Mr. Cartwright, and of those liberal-minded merchants, Mr. Black and Mr. Hardy, I need not say anything; they must be fresh in the recollection of every gentleman who has visited Pera during the last fifteen years.

My friends, the Turkish naval officers, overwhelmed me with

* This place, called Ismid by the Turks, and containing about 13,000 inhabitants, between Mussulmans and Armenians, possesses one of the most interesting ruins in Turkey, viz., of the palace of Dioclesian, which, from what remains of it, must have been a stupendous edifice. It is situated on a platform one-third of the distance up the hill, and commands a fine prospect every way;—on one side of the gulf, which yields only to the Bosphorus in beauty; on the other side, over the plain where Dioclesian performed the ceremony of abdicating the empire. In a fissure of the wall we disturbed some storks from their eggs; and on the green at its base some Turkish boys were playing at leapfrog. The only ancient remains besides it are—a round tower on the summit of the town, and portions of the arches of the terraces on which the streets of the city were raised in amphitheatre.

polite demonstrations. I had to smoke twenty chibouques, at least, with them on taking leave, and drink as many cups of coffee; and my hand was nearly wrung off by their unsophisticated way of shaking it. Little Mehemet, capitan of the Selimier, embraced me, and all expressed a hope of seeing me again.

As Mount Athos lay in my projected tour, I visited the Greek patriarch in order to obtain a letter of recommendation to the monasteries. His residence, which is in the Fanar, close to the metropolitan church, and screened from the danger of fire by a high wall, appeared to us to be very little different from a Turkish palace, excepting that instead of the crowd of chavasses which encumber the halls of the latter, we saw an equally lazy crowd of priests. In the saloons of the first and second floors were antique chairs of state, with high backs, curiously inwrought with pearl: time, also, we should have had to examine a picture gallery, had there been one, for the siesta of his Holiness kept us waiting an hour; when, without any ceremony, we were introduced, and found the Eastern Pope—at whose almost apostolic simplicity his brother of Rome would have sneered—seated, *à la Turque*, on a silken divan, with a writing case and a quantity of papers beside him. His apartment, which overlooked the Golden Horn, though plainly decorated, yet evinced the presence of taste in some frescoes of birds on the walls, exceedingly well executed, the work of an Italian. Having heard the purport of my visit, the patriarch expressed himself glad of the opportunity of serving an Englishman, and further complimented us by saying, that he should have been offended had we not asked him: then, directing his secretary in the mean time to write a circular, in warm terms, to the superiors of the monasteries, he invited us to refresh ourselves with chibouques; which, on our bowing thanks, for the honour was not to be expected, were served in due form by deacons, with coffee and sherbet. While enjoying them, I could not avoid remarking the dejection of the patriarch's countenance, which gave him the air of an Osmanley: he must, I thought, have known severe trials to extinguish Greek gaiety, which generally survives everything, even honour;

and his eye and voice became yet more melancholy as we discoursed on Greece: it would have done some Philhellenists good to have been there. Unsparing in his censures of their conduct—of the mercenary interestedness of their leaders, whether Fanariotes or Capitani, he lamented more the moral than the physical degradation of his countrymen, and predicted great difficulties for prince Leopold (who was then expected to be sovereign of Greece), saying that he would encounter infinite risk in governing the Moreotes, “the most treacherous of the Greeks,” to use his own words. The letter being now ready, he signed it, previously reading it to me, and added,—“you will not find such good fare in the monasteries as travellers used to meet with, for they have all been pillaged during the civil war.” He spoke knowingly, as well as feelingly, for Agathangoulos (the patriarch’s name) had been a caloyer. His age was fifty-three: his beard said older; but a beard is a deceitful index: if prematurely white, and worn so, it ages a fresh countenance; if dyed, it smoothes wrinkles. Thanking him for the document, which was acceptable as a curiosity, leaving aside its prospective merits, which, however, proved great, we took our leave, hoping that he might long keep in the pontifical chair; but our hopes were of no avail, for within two months he was superseded—owing, as usually the reason, to the intrigues of the archbishops all striving for the same place.

My next care was to visit the Waivode of Galata, who happened to be my old friend Nourrey Bey, he having obtained the situation a short time since, on his predecessor being deprived of his head, in order that he might secure me a good berth on the morrow in the Rodosto passage boat. We afterwards had a long conversation together, over a parting chibouque, principally about my braces, which, the fashion of them pleasing his fancy, and an Oriental being like a child in the way of asking, I was obliged to give to him. By way of retort, I put him some anti-Mussulman questions concerning his young wife, to whom he had been married only a short time; but as Nourrey was anxious to be thought civilized, he answered pertinently instead of running sulky, as most Osmanleys would have done.

Thus my arrangements being completed, I embarked on the following afternoon, May 25, 1830, at the custom-house, Galata, one year since my arrival at the same spot; and a gentle breeze at north-east, aided by the stream, soon carried us past the seraglio wall into the Propontis. My *compagnons de voyage* consisted of three Osmanleys; five Turkish, and three Armenian, females; the latter of which parties had already been the cause of a disturbance, by one of the three, a very pretty girl be it said, having presumed to seat herself in the best place of the lumbered deck, which had been reserved for me through the offices of Nourrey Bey. The intrusion would not have been noticed by me but for the Turkish ladies, who, being outrageous that a raya should dare to sit above them, set about endeavouring to dislodge her by a battery of abusive epithets: on which, actuated by the feeling which makes co-religionists in the East, where the line of demarcation is so strongly marked, regard each other as of the same party, I asserted my claim to the disputed spot, supported therein by the reis, and bid the fair Armenian keep it. In proportion as her conscious looks spoke gratitude, the black eyes of her aggressors shot fire at me. Nevertheless I was inclined to think that two of them were pretty, though I could not be certain on account of the jealous yakmashes. What however persuasion could not have done, a short pitch of the sea soon effected, producing that indescribable sensation—consummation of temporary misery—which usually causes propriety to be disregarded. The yakmashes fell, and disclosed two youthful sets of handsome features. Poor things! they were in great distress, and their countrymen being occupied or careless, I tendered them the little assistance which a sailor knows how to give. The dark portentous eyes now changed their expression, and looked almost as bewitching as I thought eyes ever could look. Peace was accordingly re-established, and we continued in great harmony during our little voyage.

The sun was setting as we coasted by Kutchuktcheckdmege. Constantinople was still distinctly in view; long and lingeringly I gazed on its declining minarets, and when they sunk

in the waters, I could not help feeling, as Adam felt on quitting Eden, that there was no other place so beautiful. It is not surprising that the natives adore it, and regard banishment from it with nearly as much horror as death. An exile on leaving Constantinople, dismounts several times while in sight, and looks at it, and embraces the ground.

Night closed in, and we thought of rest. It was a confined space for so many, the majority of whom were women. I coiled myself literally as a dog for want of room, my position being rendered still more distressing by the proximity of the fair Armenian. At one the following morning we were off Selybria, in a calm, which obliged us to have recourse to our oars: all that day we rowed under a scorching sun, accompanied by other inconveniences, for trusting to a northerly wind, we had a scarcity of provisions. The women too, with children, were of necessity troublesome, at the same time their maternal solicitude was admirable. For my part, I was in a dilemma. Towards evening we passed Heraclea Point, in which are some Roman remains. Some caverns in the cliffs gave a stupendous echo to our voices, to the great amusement of the girls, who had never heard the like. Peals of laughter followed each effort of the invisible vocalist, whether in Turkish, Greek, or English, in all three languages he was invoked.

That night, after a very frugal supper on black olives, we resumed our recumbent canine position, and at three A.M. cast anchor at Rodosto. At five we landed, and while horses were being brought from grass I discussed a pint of *café au lait*, with some good bread and *caïmac*, almost the first sustenance that I had taken for sixty hours.

The country for the first six miles appeared in tolerable cultivation, but after that we rode over the usual Turkish waste. The sun was oppressively hot, with a stifling south wind, equally trying to man and horse, and made me therefore greatly enjoy the luxury of iced sherbet on changing horses at Haide-bol, thirty miles from Rodosto. "Where do you obtain your snow from?" I asked. "Allah left it here last winter," was the prompt reply. We again changed at Ouzoun-

kiupri, thirty miles further, and stopped for the night at a small village on the Marizza. I supped on omelet and pilaff, then tried to sleep, but could not close an eye for the unqualified torment of mosquitoes. Though firmly believing that God made nothing in vain, I cannot understand that he made everything for man's use, as is usually preached; apparently he made man for the use of insects. We may tame tigers and boa constrictors, but no human ingenuity and patience could render mosquitoes subservient to our will; they were not among Job's trials, or he would have given in earlier.

In the morning I again trotted along the Marizza. The scene was changed from what it had been when I rode along it a few months before;—a frozen sheet, eagles, bare trees, flights of wild fowl,—for a rapid stream, boats scudding down it, embowering banks, and stately storks. The carcasses of the Russian horses had shared the general mutation, and were become skeletons. At the entrance of Adrianople I had a specimen of the discipline of the Nizam-dgeditt. Some individuals of the guard insolently accosted me for money, and one seized my horse's bridle. A blow on his knuckles, however, from my whip-handle made him let go, and I spurred on regardless of their shouts. In ten years, or less, these soldiers will be as lawless as were the Janizzaries: they are now boys; what will they be when their passions unrestrained develop themselves?

The consul being at his country house at Kar'agatch, a Greek village three miles distant, I did not alight, but, taking a Jew boy for a guide, rode on through the city; we crossed the Toondja on a fine stone bridge, on one side of which the guard, sentries and all, were asleep, and soon reached the Marizza, where however indefinite delay seemed inevitable, for about twenty waggons, besides men, camels, and horses were waiting at the ferry: as many were on the opposite bank, while only four punts were in the transport service. It being the season for silk worms, was the cause of this great assemblage of waggons; they were laden with mulberry leaves. We forced our way with difficulty through the dense crowd, as it was evident that our turn otherwise would not come for hours,

and a few paras in addition to the toll atoned for the irregularity. Presently a punt struck the landing place with a jerk that threw men and cattle on their knees, and then a strange scene of confusion ensued, those in, striving to get out, those out, endeavouring to get in. The impediment was complete to both parties. The toll guards now exerted themselves in earnest, stunning the men with thick sticks, kicking the women, driving back the camels, and forcing the arabagis to back up the steep to make room for the boat to be cleared. A few more paras adroitly bestowed saved me and mine from this rude salutation. At length the punt's cargo was discharged; and now began to flow the tide of war from our side. We had been standing attentive for some time, each holding his bridle ready for a spring, and when the scramble for places began down we rushed, surrounded by all kinds of animals, down the steep bank, dragging our horses after us, kicking on those before us, those behind paying us the same compliment; the spongy foot of a camel nearly pressed mine into a similar substance, and my servant's horse almost kicked himself overboard, thereby so disturbing the equanimity of a full-blown Osmanley, who had boldly ridden in and was stoically smoking, that the offending Greek was glad to place me between them. Nothing serious ensued, and we landed safely at a bank on the opposite side, a few degrees only removed from the perpendicular.

I established myself with my much esteemed friends Mr. and Mrs. Duveluz to my perfect content, and, I may say, to theirs. Their house was delightful, surrounded by gardens literally filled with bulbuls, whose melody at times was almost overpowering.

The little village was in a state of excitement from a dog having bitten an old woman: it afterwards bit two cows, a donkey, and Mr. Snell, a Hanoverian trader. The old woman was dying,—from old age, but the country people insisted that she was mad, and proved it by continually applying water to her lips, which she refused—because she preferred wine. The owner of the cows killed them, and sold the flesh. The donkey was doomed to labour on, but to prevent madness

was previously made to walk three times over the ashes of the dog. The last subject was in mortal apprehension; he often applied to the test—water, but without effect; he could not loathe it. His fears augmented by the alarming accounts circulated about the old woman, and settled into despair when a young Englishman gravely told him (as a joke) that she was mad. Poor Snell was now not far off himself, and hastily sending for Dr. Pharso, caused himself to be bled under the tongue, the Greek remedy for insanity. In short, as there was never any danger, he as well as the donkey recovered; but the old woman died, not of the bite, but of age, accelerated by shameful neglect. She had existed for several years in an outhouse of Mr. Marciani, a Greek, Austrian vice consul, originally a slave, then a beggar, then an usurer: requiring the narrow spot which was occupied by her for his silkworms, he actually turned the poor creature into the field without covering, saying that she would soon be dead whether or no! As a climax of cruelty he prevented her daughter, who was in his service, from attending on her. When we beheld her, a crowd of her countrymen and women were round her, laughing and joking at her grimaces. Will it be believed? not one offered her assistance; they left her where she lay. Mrs. Duveluz's charity smoothed her exit. Mr. Marciani will never see this; it is therefore of little use mentioning his name, a disgrace to humanity.*

It is not fair to judge of a nation by the conduct of one village, yet I have seen other examples, nearly as bad, and feel justified in saying that a more mercenary cold-hearted race than the Greeks does not exist. Notorious instances of ingratitude and baseness within the last few years, since they have been freer agents, I could cite—*cui bono?*

One other instance I will mention, relating to Adrianople. At the commencement of the revolution, when the Greeks were considered fair game and keenly hunted according to

* As if in judgment, a few days after a tremendous storm of rain penetrated the roofs of his sheds, and destroyed nearly all his worms, by which he was a loser of several hundred pounds' weight of silk. The Greeks, superstitious as they are cruel, attributed the storm to the spirit of the old woman riding on a broom-stick.

their wealth, one Vernazzo, a Greek, Dutch vice-consul, denounced the richest among his countrymen to the Turks, for which he was rewarded.—When a Greek gets a shadow of authority his arrogance knows no bounds: if he obtains a titular office under an European government, which screens him from Turkish laws, he assumes the airs of an Osmanley with his countrymen, and reproaches them with their abject condition.

They are cunning advocates. I remember once in Greek society the conversation turned on a young Greek who had slain his brother and uncle. To my surprise, one of the company took the part of the murderer, and said that he saw no reason why the blood of relations, if bad or avaricious, should be held sacred more than any other person's;—that after all it was a case of simple homicide;—the youth had been much exasperated. I expressed unqualified horror at the sentiment, not at all participated in by my hearers, one of whom sharply said in reply, "You Englishmen at least should have nothing to say on the subject of the excesses of other people: *we* do not kill people in cold blood to sell them to the surgeons." I never was more taken aback, as sailors say, and the justice of the attack added poignancy to it. That the horrid tale should have reached so far!—I put a salve on my conscience, and stoutly declared that it was not true,—that it was a calumny invented by our rivals. If ever falsehood were commendable, it was then: I could not for the life of me have supported by my silence so dark a stigma on my country, among a superstitious people, too, who regard the crime of burking ten thousand times blacker than we do,—who consider violating the dead a far more barbarous act than torturing the living,—who give decent interment to their bitterest foes.

Enough of Greeks.—Silk-worms were the sole topic of conversation in and about Adrianople, and I soon became as much interested in their prosperity as the natives. It is interesting to watch the progress of these little artisans when one has not the care of them, to observe, as the Orientals say, the change of mulberry-leaves into silk. Towards the termination

of their eating phase, which lasts about forty days, the anxiety of an owner of a large number becomes intense, since food may fail from various causes,—by sudden blight fastening on his trees, in which case nobody will help him; he must destroy his worms, destroying at the same time his yearly revenue.

Silk is the staple commodity of Adrianople: it goes chiefly to England in the raw state. A failure is a catastrophe to the inhabitants. It pays five per cent. to the pasha.

It is rather inferior to the Brussa and Damascus silk, yet superior to the Italian silk. The superiority of the Turkish over the Italian silk must be attributed to the manner of feeding. In Turkey (as well as in India and China) they give the worms the leaves on the branches; in Italy they pluck the leaves off. In the Grecian isles they also pluck the leaves, and their silk is inferior to the silk of Roumelia and of Asia Minor.

When the worm has done spinning, which is known by its shaking in the cocoon like a nut in a shell, the next object is to destroy it. This is done in Turkey by exposure to the sun; two days in general suffice, but it may happen, does sometimes, that owing to cold winds, or clouds, there is not sufficient heat, in which case the worm become a moth, eats out of its silken cavern, thereby rendering it nearly useless. In Italy they manage better. They place the cocoons, wrapped in cloths, in a graduated oven, which in a few hours destroys the worms, but this requires some experience, since an improper heat will tarnish the silk.

Karagatch being scarce three miles from the city, we rode in nearly every day. One day we made a visit to Mahmoud Aga, physician in ordinary to the grand vizir; we found him busily engaged over a jug of wine, with four brethren of the lancet, adventuring Germans, who had come with the Russian army to Adrianople, and then quitted it in disgust. Presently afterwards a captain of Nizam-dgeditt came in, a fine-looking young man, and drank off a tumbler of wine without flinching; he then chewed some orange peel to remove the smell, lest a good Mussulman should accost him. Mahmoud Aga, whom

we had thus discovered in unholy practices, was of a good family in Cobourg, and had been known, till within a few years by the name of Augustus Fromain. He received his education at Yena; and then, disliking a quiet life, he entered the Austrian service as regimental surgeon. In course of time he obtained a brevet as *médecin d'un corps d'armée*, in which capacity his merits made him known to some members of the Imperial family;—better for him had they not! for in 1815, yielding, I suppose, to bribery, he undertook to convey a letter from Napoleon, who was then about to quit Elba, to Maria Louisa. He accomplished his mission, but not without being observed by a spying waiting-lady, on whose information he was seized and incarcerated in Ingelsbach, whence, however, after eight years' confinement, he contrived to escape, and fled to Marseilles; but there, not deeming the white flag sufficient security, he embarked, and came to Turkey. In Turkey, however, he ran still greater risk, for as the Porte never protects the subjects of foreign powers, he would have been given up to the Austrian ambassador on being claimed so, therefore, Fromain, after some months of doubt, relieved himself from all apprehension of Ingelsbach, or of any other Christian fortress, by embracing the Mussulman faith. His subsequent life has been that of most renegades—vagabond and unpleasant.

The reason why renegades are usually despised in Turkey is not because they have abjured their religion, but because the most of them are idle, dissolute characters, and have embraced the Mussulman faith for some apparent vile motive. Without talents or industry (seldom acquiring the language well) they remain miserable. But if a respectable character changes, he finds merit in the eyes of zealous Mussulmans since he gives proof, in the clear exercise of his judgment, of considering Mohammedanism superior to Christianity. The child born in the faith has no merit. With tact and recklessness he will rise; since birth not being regarded by the Ottoman government, the European renegade has an equal chance with the enfranchised Georgian, or Circassian. M. Bonneville

became a pasha (brevet), he never had a pashalic; and Mr. Campbell* rose to the rank of topehi bashi.

It is quite natural that the more bigoted a people, the more readily should renegades, if men of character, be credited. They are even well received in the most enlightened countries. Let a Hebrew embrace the Christian faith in England, he will be caressed by the rich and wise; he will get profitable employment; and he may aspire to contract an alliance with one of the first families.

The neglect of outward and visible signs by renegades in the East—more necessary the more fanatic the people, in no country to be despised—is another reason why they do not in general prosper. I saw a Jew, in England, give a respectable company a high opinion of his merits and his faith, by dining off pork (nicely roasted with apple sauce) the day of his conversion; by which little masticatory exercise he gave more certain proof, in the opinion of some, of being fairly inoculated with the Holy Spirit, than he would have done by years of preaching, amid privation and penury. Let the embracer of Mohammedanism profit by the hint. If he spit on the unclean animal, throw away his brushes made of its bristles, have "Allah" constantly on his lips, knock his head in mock humility against the ground, his new brethren will assure him of the houris, and the tuba-tree, although he commit murder and rape once a year while he is able.

A renegade should never attempt to pass for a native Mussulman, unless perfect in his part; because he may be suspected of being a Christian in disguise, which would lead to unpleasant consequences. There is nothing so difficult as to personate a Mussulman. They are all as one family. They walk alike—they eat alike—they smoke alike—they do the most trivial, absurd things alike; consequently, the slightest deviation by one person is observable. One Mussulman's house is a specimen of the whole nation. The Spaniard, who travelled

* Mr. Campbell was past forty when he came to Constantinople, and renegaded. Disgust at the conduct of some relations was the cause. He was well known in Pera. During our great expedition to Egypt he was of service. Coming on board one of our transports, at Marmorice, he burst into tears of joy on seeing part of a Highland regiment. He died at Pera.

under the name of Ali Bey, came to his end by neglect of a trifling custom. Ali Bey not only passed for a true-born and accomplished Mussulman, but as a descendant, indirectly, of the Abbassides. He visited Mecca and Medina, and never caused the least suspicion of his real faith; for he had perfectly acquired the habits of the people, among whom he had resided from youth upwards. It chanced, however, one day, at Morocco, that an idle person observed him, while at the office, make use of his right hand instead of his left, which is an abomination, according to the Koran, since a man eats his food with his right hand. This at once showed that he was not a Mussulman. He was shortly afterwards assassinated. The strict unvarying decorum of Mussulmans caused Ali Bey to be off his guard on this point—not having had the advantage of example before his eyes. The language is the least bar to simulation; for the Turkish, like the Italian, has so many very distinct dialects, that it requires no great proficiency to pass for a native of an opposite part of the country to that where you happen to be, and if the memory be tolerably well stored with proverbs, a mollah may be duped.

We went to the mosque of Sultan Selim—one of the finest of the empire. Its minarets are too high: a fault from a distance. The inside is vast and grand, tastefully adorned with Arabic inscriptions, but wanting the antique marble columns, the chief beauty of the Stamboul mosques. The imam was very civil; indeed, I may observe, that excepting in Constantinople and Jerusalem, there is no difficulty in seeing any mosque in Turkey. He was a humorous fellow, and told us as a wonder, that, a fortnight previous, the Marquis Gropallo, Sardinian ambassador, a Lambert-like man, had actually climbed up one of the minarets, to the alarm of the whole establishment, who dreaded the effect of an earthquake. The same imam returned answer to Diebitsch, who sent a polite message to know if he might be permitted to visit the mosque, that “the general had certainly no occasion to ask permission, when his officers came in all day, and every day, in their dirty boots.”

The grand vizir, Redschid, still held his court at Adrianople.

He was mustering troops and gold for a campaign against the Albanians, who were in arms, on two accounts: first, they claimed arrears of pay due to them for services during the civil war; secondly, they refused to submit to the sultan's new regulations; and to carry their point they held the vizir's eldest son, Emin Pasha, blockaded in Janina, as hostage for his father's conduct. I had met Emin, who was about twenty-two years old, some months before, and thought him a superior young man for his nation. Since then, his father had contracted an advantageous marriage for him with a rich Albanian heiress,* and as Roumely Valyci had given him the pashalik of Janina, the crafty Albanians suffered the new pasha to enter the city, and then informed him that he should not leave it till he received money for them. But this was not his only contrariety; for poor Michelaki, the grand vizir's talented secretary, whom he had sent with his son to guide his inexperience, threw himself into the lake in despair, on hearing that the Albanians had carried away his wife and daughters, whom he had left at Janina, his native place, as security for his good behaviour. Thus Emin remained alone, and though married some months, had not yet seen his bride.

The vizir was distributing justice and injustice; withal was a popular man. Wanting horses to mount a regiment of cavalry, he sent to the meadows where the Turkish gentry of the neighbourhood had their steeds at grass, it being the season, and selected the requisite number,—a plan worthy of imitation by European sovereigns, since it is just as reasonable to make a conscription of horses as of men. He detected Bairam Pasha, or at least suspected him, the same thing, of embezzling public money, and therefore ordered him five hundred blows on the feet. The cruel punishment was about to be inflicted when the *tefterdar*, *hasnadar*, and other great officers interceded and obtained its remission. But his tails were taken from him, and he was reduced to beggary by the seizure of his property. To keep him from starvation, the vizir gave him a menial situation in his household, whence, by another change, he may

* In some parts of Albania, daughters, if elder, inherit to the prejudice of sons.

again rise to power. What a stroke in one day! the man thousands penniless, the lord of slaves a domestic; his hat his pipes sold: yet, attributing all to *Kismet*, he gave signs of mortification.

We went to the seraglio to see his highness. As he humbly engaged with his chiaja bey we were ushered in at once into the apartment of the khasnadar (treasurer), who was one of the best-looking men that I ever saw in a fez. Several clerks were busy in counting money and making up accounts; they were all smoking in absolute silence. Bags of money were piled on the floor, like shot in a battery, packed for travelling in strong rope netting. Presently there was a stir in the ante-room, and the vizir's second son, a lad about ten years old, walked in. All made a low salaam; and the khasnadar jumping nimbly off the sofa, handed him into the place of honour, which he took with the solemnity of a judge. It was ludicrous to see a pale sickly boy assume such airs, and so well had he conned the Turkish art (nonchalance) that we, strange animals as we were, did not excite in him any curiosity; he barely glanced at us with a slight inclination. An attendant took off his violet-coloured cloak, and showed that he was dressed *à la nouvelle mode* in a scarlet hussar jacket and trowsers. A fine diamond glittered on his finger. A carbouque twice his length was then presented to him, which he took, as well as a cup of coffee, without making the slightest acknowledgment to the two handsome armed Arnaouts who served them. He played with the amber mouth-piece for a few minutes, then threw it down and walked out without ceremony. This was a trait of the education of the young Turkish nobility; and the all-sufficient pride, the calm superiority, join with I must say to perfect good breeding, which sit so easy on them are natural consequences. He had lost his mother, and, as an exception, his father had no harem. After some time an officer informed us that his highness was too busy to see us. I was appointed the following morning;—when, the consul being taken unwell, I proceeded alone to the vizirial residence; the halls of which, however, being crowded to excess by expectation for the vizir's sortie made me hesitate, doubting whether I should

be able to thread my way through them; luckily, however, one of the Albanians on duty, Sadig, who had formerly belonged to Achmet capitan pasha's ward, recognised me; and he speedily made a great man of me by clearing a passage through the crowd to the curtain, where stood the capidgis waiting for the clap of their lord's hands. I was announced, and instantly admitted into a most luxurious room, paved with variegated marbles, cooled by a *jet d'eau* which rose from the centre of it, falling again into a large marble basin, and open to the fragrance of a flower-garden whose branches intruded through the sashes. Here on a crimson divan sat the sultan's deputy. He instantly remembered me. "Hoch guieldin, sefa guieldin—café, chibouque quietir!" Welcome, welcome, bring coffee and pipes.

He was occupied. The couch was strewn with papers, and secretaries came and went during the hour I remained with him. Apparently full of anxiety, he took quantities of snuff. Once he stood up on the sofa as if unconscious of my presence, stretched out his arms towards the kybla, then closed them on his breast, and sunk down again in deep dejection. If he was then revolving in his mind the black treachery which he afterwards adopted towards the Albanian Beys, I am not surprised if his spirit for a moment quailed.* He told me that he was going to Betolia; that I could join him there if I pleased, after having made my excursion to Ayonoros, and go with him into Albania, or he would give me a bouyourdu if I preferred going alone. This pleasant offer I accepted; but severe illness

* It was in imitation of Mehemet Ali's affair with the Beys of Cairo. The vizir, the commencement of July, 1830, established his head-quarters at Betolia, near Monastir in Macedonia, where he endeavoured to corrupt the league of the Albanian Beys before marching against them. Finding them, however, deaf to his ambassadors, he proposed to them, under sacred promises of hospitality, that they should come to Betolia and lay open their grievances to him. Five of the principal beys consented; but not trusting to his word, came each attended by several hundred of retainers. The vizir, as I have before observed, has a soft, winning, frank manner, with a peculiar air of mildness. In a few days he overcame their distrust. His affability, so unusual to his rank, the same as when they had known him as simple Redschid Pasha, won their confidence; he induced them to dine with him, by way of cementing their friendship. Unfortunate men! They dined sumptuously; but while sipping their coffee, the signal, they were shot dead by Arnauts stationed behind the curtains. Among the victims was Pacho Bey, the man who betrayed Ali Pasha: he was rightly served.

prevented me from profiting by it. He then informed me as a piece of news that the French army had landed at Algiers, and had been defeated. Probably some miserable Frank gave him the false intelligence to get a present. Contradicting it, I told him that the French had not left Toulon by the last accounts. He then asked me my opinion as to their success; I replied that they could not fail. "Bakalum, what can 35,000 men do against Algiers? They will be beat." Many Osmanleys at Constantinople had held the same opinion to me, so infatuated were they, notwithstanding sad experience. I was tempted to reply that as 35,000 Russians had dictated peace to Turkey, 35,000 of the best troops of Europe could find no difficulty in Barbary; but I contented myself by observing that the Algerines were not Osmanleys. Just before I left him, he gave an order to a secretary, and in two minutes afterwards I saw a Tartar at full gallop over the stones.

CHAPTER XXV.

Marizza—Demotica—Bishop—Dungeon—Cossacks—Fera—Bektashes—
Enos—Vice Consul—Petition—Mahmoud Bey—Greek Beauty—
Banquet.

AFTER ten days agreeably passed, I took leave of my amiable host and hostess to proceed to Enos, in a Greek boat which came from Smyrna with lemons. I embarked at the custom-house on the Toondja, and at the distance of half a mile, entered the Marizza. At the point of confluence, under some noble trees, a party of Osmanleys were pic-nicking on carpets spread on the grass;—men of consideration, by the richly dressed attendants who stood round in respectful solicitude, and by the beauty of the horses picketed apart.

I rejoiced that I had not delayed my departure, for the river was already so low that we grounded often the first ten miles, obliging my boatmen to get out. The navigation at all times is so intricate with sandbanks, that the smallest boats take pilots; it is farther obstructed by hedges planted in it transversely, to throw the stream against the mills on the banks.

Boats in consequence cannot run at night-time. The banks for the first six miles were embowered with willows, but after passing Tartar Keuy, a small village, were flat and uninteresting. At sunset we stuck our boat-hook into the bank, and made fast for the night. I then indulged in a cup of tea, and the boatmen, who preferred my cognac to the Chinese herb, amused me by singing.

Early the next morning we reached the mouth of the rivulet Kusildere, on the right bank of the Marizza. It being too shallow to row up far, we landed and walked through mulberry groves to Demotica, which stands on the side of a hill on the left bank of the rivulet, one mile from the river. In many maps, Demotica is placed on the left bank of the Marizza. Within and without the walls it contains 9000 inhabitants, between Mussulmans and Christians. The apex of the hill is crowned by the ruins of an extensive fortress commanding all sides, so that Demotica might be made impregnable. The appearance of the walls and castle led me to suppose that they were erected by the French nobleman to whom the lordship of Demotica was assigned on the division of the empire by the Latins, 1203. There were inscriptions on the gates, but the Russians in 1829 hewed them out and carried them off, or destroyed them. They also removed all the cannon of the place, consisting of two pieces: a broken one, however, with great generosity, they left.

I ascended to the bishop's house. His reverence, whose name was Calinico, a native of Candia, was surprised at seeing me, at the same time much gratified, for I was the only Frank traveller who had been there since ten years. We smoked the friendly pipe together, whilst my servant got breakfast ready. As one of a long string of grievances, which took an hour to go through, the bishop told me that the kharatch weighed heavy that year, being forty-eight, twenty-four, and twelve piastres for men, young men and youths, respectively. His diocese contained sixty villages; his revenues, though, did not exceed 9000 piastres (about 130*l.*), two-thirds of which he said went to the patriarch; but then his table cost nothing. Among various questions, he asked me why the Greeks were to have a

foreigner to govern them (Prince Leopold). "At least," he said, "he should be baptized and marry a Greek." "Paris vaut bien une messe," dit Henri IV., but I doubt if the Morea does.

Near his house was a loathsome dungeon wherein many of the French who had been captured in Egypt had been confined. In order to get to it, we descended to the bottom of a dry deep well, where on one side was a low door through which we crept, and thence along—always descending—a narrow passage, and so found ourselves all at once in a large circular vault. Its chill-damp struck to my spirit as well as my bones, thinking of the fate of its various occupants. On the walls were remains of writing, of which I distinguished the following sentences, separated by effacements:—*Ici deux officiers, et vingt sous officiers de la sixième . . . sont enfermés . . . malheureux . . . sont morts ici.*

There were four etchings done with charcoal, representing—Napoleon on horseback (not a bad likeness); a piece of artillery in movement; a hussar sabreing a Mameluke; a party of grenadiers. What became of these *malheureux* I could not learn; perhaps they died there. It may be wrong taste, but I own that these touching memorials of men of our own century interested me more than would have done an autograph of Jugurtha round the ring that confined his chain to the wall. We were about to leave it, when some human voices under my feet startled and detained me; they came up an aperture made to admit the air, and a lamp being lowered down it, we distinguished two Turks and one Greek in a dungeon fifteen feet below the one we were standing in. I wished to go down, but the key of the iron trap could not be found; so instead, I sent them some money in the basket which conveyed them their scanty food. They screamed out thanks for the unexpected and unprecedented gift, and called to the jailer to fetch them some bread.

The deacon, my cicerone, next conducted me to a small chapel of great sanctity hewed in the rock near the castle. He dated its existence above a thousand years, and attached

some miracles to two mouldering pictures on wood of Christ and of the Virgin, which he devoutly kissed. There were, he said, other valuable antiquities, such as mosaics, till the Russians came: they carried them away. "What time and Turk and Goth have spared!"

From the eminence the view was pleasant, and the country seemed better cultivated than most other parts where I had been. The inhabitants gain a comfortable livelihood by their silk.

The deacon next led me to view the metropolitan church: a poor building, over the entrance of which was a remarkable specimen of Greek superstition, in a picture done in a sort of Chinese style. It was divided into two compartments. In the upper one was represented the Almighty with a long black beard; near him were grouped Christ, Moses, and a crowd of saints; below him stood an angel with expanded wings, holding the scales of good and evil. On one side of the lower compartment were the gates of Paradise, made of iron flanked by twisted columns, towards which were advancing a troop of white-headed men, the foremost of whom had already got his hand on the knocker: angels guarded them, and with long lances spitted the devils who from the opposite side endeavoured to seize their charge. The opposite side was hell, represented in a novel form. A huge monster with the head of a whale and the scales of a dragon rested on a sea-shore, its mouth wide open, glowing like a furnace of flames, and on the forked tongue sat the *proto-thiavolos* (words of the priest), grinning and receiving sinners, strings of whom, chained neck to neck, were being dragged on by a huge devil, while little devils most ludicrously drawn accelerated their progress by kicking them, at the same time holding them back by the ears with their long monkey arms. Behind this monster were similar monsters sporting on the waves with live cargoes which they had embarked from the stern of the other: this transmigration could not be seen because the tail of the first monster was under water, but I had the priest's word for its taking effect, and so on, from fish to fish to all eternity—a very inge-

nious mode of torment. There were other conceits, such as Elijah's ascent: the prophet had reached God's footstool, and was holding on by his mantle.

A man was waiting for me at the bishop's with medals. Though no connoisseur, I bought the best;—Birmingham ware could hardly have found their way to Demotica, I thought; nor was I apprehensive of the tricks of Pæstum, where I once saw a man literally sowing antiques.

Having, as well as my servant, received the kiss of peace from Bishop Calinico, I re-embarked in the afternoon and continued my voyage. The naked monotony of the banks soon changed on the right for low, wooded, wavy hills, and the stream flowed in a narrower bed, consequently faster; but the heat was so oppressive, that I could not enjoy myself till evening. I then prepared to eat, squatted *à la Turque*, at the bottom of the boat. I had cold lamb and tongue, with some excellent Adrianople wine, which the kind Mrs. Duveluz had taken care, unknown to me, to have placed in my boat; a dish of cherries, present from the bishop, was cooling in a tub of water; from the prow came the fragrance of coffee roasting, and behind me the reis perfumed the air smoking my exquisite seraglio tobacco. The sun had just declined behind the groves by which we were gliding, myriads of bulbuls saluted us, and the splashing of the oars made pleasing accompaniment to their notes. I scarcely remember to have had a more quick epicurean selfish hour. We passed Sofli* on the right bank, and at eight tied ourselves for the night to a stake on the left bank. While the boatmen were cooking fish for their supper (it being Lent) and my man preparing some tea, I strolled inwards to where I supposed was a village by the clattering of storks—birds for which I have a great respect, for the noise they make with their bills resembles that of the well-known instrument carried by the white-coated big-sticked worthies who used to perambulate London streets. I was not mistaken—it was Daykeuy, a Mussulman village of 100 houses. The inhabitants gathered round me with civil eagerness; not even

* A Greek village of four hundred houses situated on the slope of a well-cultivated hill two miles from the river. It is celebrated for wine.

the dogs barked at my Frank costume. They brought me some milk and honey, and invited me to sit down and smoke. They were a comely race. Their lands were in perfect order, divided by hedgerows, and in few countries have I seen more comfort—a sign that, in addition to a good aga, they were never troubled by the passage of troops. I returned to my boat, and fell asleep to the cadence of a water-mill. Let me, however, caution my reader, if he ever find himself in a similar situation, to prefer passing the night in a pigstye to the luxury of sleeping in the open air: to the three nights that I slept on the Marizza I attribute the seeds of the fever which afterwards nearly cost me my life.

Early the next morning we reached the first of the Cossack villages—three in number, at intervals, on the left bank. The appearance of the inhabitants at once denotes their origin, and their flaxen hair is a proof how carefully they have preserved their blood uninfluenced by climate, or by the charms of the Grecian and Bulgarian women. As like the Cossacks of the Don of the present day as though of the same family, they are descended from the tribes that emigrated rather than submit to Catherine;—had they prescience of conscription? Their fidelity to the Porte met with an exemplary reward; though Christians, they were put on the footing of Mussulmans, and allowed to carry arms. At first, all of them settled on the right hand of the Danube; but in a few years a portion came farther south, and obtained lands on the Marizza, where their descendants remain, with all the privileges, undisputed, of Osmanleys, distinguished by their national costume, and by their northern skins. Their principal occupation, as everywhere else, is fishing; they cure the fish and supply the whole country, by which traffic they have become opulent. I have frequently met them trading beyond Adrianople; and was surprised, till I knew the reason, at beholding Christian subjects of the Porte armed. They have never betrayed its confidence, and, in fact, the best resistance made during the late war to the Russians was by some Cossack tribes on the Danube. The Porte would do well to extend the privilege to its Bulgarian subjects, who, having no ideas of independence, no recollection of a separate

existence, would prove equally faithful, and would, with the Cossacks, form a good defence for its northern frontier.

At noon we passed Ipsala, a flourishing Mussulman village of 800 houses, two miles from the left bank, and two hours further on pulled up to the right bank at the nearest spot a Fera, a Turkish town, two miles from the river. I procured horses and rode to it, to ascertain if there were any remains of antiquity, it being conjectured to be on the site of Trajanopolis. I found none, but saw a good mosque and the ruins of a spacious khan, showing that the town had been of some importance. Thence we rode to the summit of an adjoining hill to see some ruins, which, according to my informant at Adrianople, were of an old castle. Ruins there were, certainly, though not such as I expected to find—time-hallowed, recalling crusading scenes,—but recent, betraying wanton destruction. Yet among them was an edifice, entire, low, and solid, resembling a powder magazine or a dungeon, and singular, attracting curiosity, as having escaped the surrounding wreck: stooping under a low arch, I entered it, and started on finding myself in a chamber containing the coffins of five dervishes, as the peculiar caps, decaying at the head of each, and the tattered garments, hung round, indicated. An elderly Osmanley was on the hill: him I questioned, and learned that it was the tomb of Ibrahim Baba, a holy dervish of the order of Bektash, and that the adjoining ruins had been houses for the accommodation of pilgrims. In reference to the size of two of the coffins, which were upwards of nine feet long, he said that they held *evel zemen adam* (men of the olden time). He recommended me to go five miles further, where was the tomb of Nefez Baba, one of the most celebrated saints of the same order, who had come from Gallipoli with the Osmanleys when they conquered the country; and in commemoration he, Nefez, being rich, Fez Padischah Oglou (son of a Barbary prince) had founded a monastery. A similar spectacle awaited me—a ruined village and a tomb. Two of the coffins were also of enormous size, made so to impose on the vulgar. There, also, a direction was given me to the tomb of another saint, Rustam Baba, some miles farther, but I did

not profit by it, thinking two sufficient for a moderate curiosity; at the same time I was greatly pleased at finding myself among the tombs of the Bektashes—as celebrated in the east as the Jesuits were in the west. But our friend, Hadgi Bektash's, was not one; he, as every one knows, was the founder not of the order, but of its fame, by sanctifying the corps of Janizaries at Adrianople, 1389, at Amurath's request. Holding his sleeve over the foremost file, he said,—“Let them be called Yenicheri: may their countenances be for ever bright; their hands victorious; may their spears hang over the heads of their enemies; and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face!” How well they answered his invocation, the battle-fields from St. Sophia's domes to Vienna bear evidence. Thus the cowl became the scarf of the sabre, the dervish's sleeve the plume of the soldier. Thenceforward the names of the Janizaries and the Bektashes were nearly synonymous; their interests were indissolubly linked; and they supported each other, respectively, by deeds and prayers. The order was immensely rich, spread over the empire, commanding the veneration of high and low; and not to visit the tombs of the principal saints was considered a serious omission. The blow struck at the Janizaries rebounded on the Bektashes. Sultan Mahmend instantly proclaimed their dissolution, and sent officers to this part of the country to level the houses of accommodation and the tombs. The former part of the sentence was carried into effect, but the discontent of the people averted the latter. Hadgi Bektash lies near Cesarieh, whither, I should imagine, the sultan's anathema did not penetrate: the Asiatics have not hitherto shown much docility to his will, and still less would they respect it regarding the violation of their favourite saint. To judge by the pilgrimage to the inferior luminaries, that to the Hadgi's tomb should be numerously attended. Probably it still exists, and it is worth a traveller's while, whose route lies that way, to make inquiries concerning this interesting character—interesting, for certainly no man since the prophet has more permanently influenced the affairs of the East. Poor Hadgi Bektash! he little dreamed in the days of his sanctity, when he breathed soul into that body, so

long the terror of Europe, that his name would ever become a curse with the sovereign of Turkey. Wherever I went existed a strong feeling against the sultan for his wanton enmity to the dead.

That night I passed like the others in my boat, slowly progressing, as there were no dams to obstruct us, and early in the morning reached Enos,* where I was hospitably received in the house of Mr. Limonjoglou, an Armenian merchant, whom I had known at Adrianople as dragoman to the consulate, —a clever worthy man, with a very pretty amiable Greek lady for a wife; her father was beheaded at the commencement of the civil war. I had scarcely breakfasted when officers came on the part of the aga and the kadi to compliment me on my arrival. The British agent also called, a native of Syra, a man notorious for a disreputable appearance and life, and for unworthy practices; I was ashamed to see such offal bearing so respectable a title. People out of Turkey cannot conceive the injury caused by such representatives; wherever they reside Franks are not respected. Born rayas, they seldom surmount their timidity of the Osmanleys: and when they do, their tone towards the agas with whom they have to deal, becomes insolence; the more insupportable, because connected, generally, with incapacity and ignorance of the laws and peculiar privileges of Europeans in the Levant. Besides, they always engage in trade, often contraband, to increase which they scruple not to compromise the nation they represent.

The out-ports of Turkey swarm with Ionians who claim British protection. For these, respectable agents are infinitely more required than for the English, who conduct themselves

* The Marizza is navigable all the year for flat boats; from October to the middle of June for frigates' launches. Both banks are well cultivated to within fifteen miles of Adrianople, with substantial villages at intervals of ten miles or less.

In a future war between Russia and Turkey it will probably be England's policy to give the latter effectual aid, and, if so, to send a few thousand men to Adrianople to form a nucleus for the Turkish forces. Troops landed at Enos might march with comfort to Adrianople in three days, their *matériel* being conveyed on the river. There are a sufficient number of good positions to ensure the communications; and the inhabitants (Mussulmans and Cossacks) would render essential service.

properly, and command respect everywhere; they rarely need the interference of consuls; whereas the Ionians are perpetually embroiled with the native authorities, either through ignorance, or malice (the pleasure of annoying Mussulmans). The agent, if a Greek islander, or an emancipated raya, cannot restrain their irregularities, and will not question the exactions of the aga, with whom he often connives. Thus commences an affair. It gets abroad that English interests are neglected; it gets to Constantinople; is referred to the ambassador, and a tedious correspondence ensues with the Porte in consequence of a trifle, originating in the inability or dishonesty of an adventuring, penniless Greek or Italian—agent for Great Britain!

The Ionians are spread all over Turkey, as traders, as doctors, as pedlars, as tradesmen; and, when in trouble, invariably style themselves Englishmen (not otherwise), to the great injury of our name; they commit more disorders in Turkey than any other class. I have met some with passports wherein they were styled Englishmen, a license which should not be permitted to them, because they only discredit it. Nor are the Osmanleys always aware of the distinction. One day at Buyukderé, the capitan pasha sent to inform me that an English sailor on board one of the ships was mutinous, and committing great disorders. It was a trait of delicacy on his part letting me know of it, instead of ordering the man a few hundred blows on the soles of his feet. I had never heard of an Englishman being in the fleet, but I felt gratified for the information, and immediately went to him. He was a Cephaloniote. I was so vexed that I threatened to let the worst come to him for having assumed our name to screen his misconduct. I took care, however, to explain to his excellency the distinction between an Englishman and an Ionian.

A few years since an Englishman was vice-consul at Enos; he there married the bishop's niece. This alliance cost him his situation; for Mr. Stratford Canning would not, in consequence, permit him to retain it, it being contrary to Turkish laws, intermarriages between Franks and rayas. The publicity thus given, in virtue of the ambassador's proceeding, aroused

the authorities, who separated the parties and placed the lad under confinement. The husband, not being able to gain an redress at Constantinople, retired to the Morea in distress where he soon died. His widow was then restored to her friends. Now this act of the ambassador was cruel, because totally unnecessary; for although the Turks sometimes interfere to prevent these matches, they never oppose them after the ceremony. At Constantinople and at Smyrna, in proof of this assertion, are Englishmen and other Franks married to rayas. At Adrianople, a Corfuyote physician of my acquaintance paid his addresses to a Greek lady during three years but could not obtain permission to marry her; moreover, Alish Pasha, a vulgar tyrant of low origin, fearing that his command might be ineffectual with the lovers, sent for her parents and threatened their heads if the marriage took place. A similar menace is too easily carried into effect to be despised; therefore the consummation of their wishes seemed hopeless. The arrival of the Russians, however, by superseding the Turkish laws, smoothed all difficulties. They were united, and continued to live undisturbed, notwithstanding that the same pasha resumed the command of the city after the departure of Diebitsch.

There was one other agent at Enos when I was there, besides the British agent, his brother-in-law; but more fortunate he was agent for seven nations. Seven coats of arms were in his hall, and consequently he was seven times a rogue. His reign, however, was drawing to a close. The morning that I arrived, the aga, kadi, and the principal inhabitants—Mussulman, Greek, and Frank—signed a petition against him to be presented at the Porte. I saw the petition, and a curious document it was, on account of the signatures, which were various: some were done with reed or pen, others with a signer, others by the bulb of the fore-finger of the signer dipped in ink and pressed on the parchment. One of the marks I observed made with the back of the fore-finger contained between the second and third joints. This custom is of high antiquity. The Koran informs us that the prophet signed

papers of importance by laying his whole hand, smeared with ink, on them.

Enos is situated on a rocky isthmus, so nearly surrounded by water that a cut of 200 yards would make it an island. In the hands of Franks it might be rendered a second Gibraltar; nothing commands it. It has an old castle of Italian structure; there were thirty-six pieces of cannon in it which the Russians carried off or sunk, together with all the ammunition. It surrendered at first summons to General Severs, at the head of a brigade of cavalry, with a few field pieces. In the foundations of the town are quantities of oyster shells, and on the plain outside are some remarkable rocks, encrusted a foot deep with similar marine productions. It is natural to suppose that they were formerly under water, in which case Enos was an island, although, at first sight, the extreme flatness of the plain towards Adrianople seems to contradict this supposition, on the ground that the sea in flowing over them would have encroached farther inland than facts justify. But a rise of one inch in fifty feet, which is imperceptible, gives in five miles and a half as many feet elevation; and the inhabitants assured me, from tradition, that several villages now four and five miles inland, were formerly on the sea coast. It is manifest that the alluvial deposit of the Marizza is forming a delta.

Another of Enos' curiosities is the infinite number of storks, called by the Turks *lekleks*, from the noise they make with their bills. They cover every house and chimney, and for a stranger to attempt sleeping of a morning after they commence *lekleking* is useless. They are fond of their young; when they have occasion to bring food to them from a long distance they swallow it for the convenience of carriage, and restore it on reaching the nest. They are an emigrating species. At the commencement of winter they assemble and fly off in long caravans to the south, returning in the spring—the same birds to the old quarters, as I was credibly informed. They are lovers of tranquillity though such noisy creatures themselves, on the same principle that great talkers like silent people; and from this disposition arises the vulgar opinion that they shun

the vicinity of Christian dwellings,—a prejudice somewhat warranted by the observation that they are rarely seen in the Christian quarters of Turkish towns: Constantinople, for example, swarms with them, excluding the less quiet suburbs of Pera and Galata. Their position at Enos, however, an entire Greek town, exonerates them from entering into the religious antipathies of Mussulmans.

I returned the inquiries of the aga, Mahmoud Bey,* in person. I found him a handsome, polished young man, and as I had known some of his brother pages at Constantinople, we soon became good friends, and exchanged trifling presents. He had more curiosity than Osmanleys usually have, and wished to know my opinion of several pashas whom he named. I had a good word for all excepting Alish Pasha, at which he caressed his moustaches, informing me that Alish had been his father's selictar, and that he hated him for a *parvenu*. This shows, that though the sultan disregards birth in the selection of his officers, the Turks, like all other people, value it. Happy the man among them who can boast a grandfather. He invited me and my party to dine with him next day at a kiosk in the country. We then visited the *cadi* and the archbishop, and in the evening, it being Sunday, mingled with the fashion of the town on the promenade by the sea-shore. The whole female population was out, partly on land, partly on the water in small boats, and made a gay spectacle in their rich costume, consisting of loose robes *à la Turquie* of finest bright coloured silks, and all seemed superlatively happy, though under the Turkish rule. We sat down by a windmill to listen to their songs and observe their landing. It was pleasantly cool. The sun was setting behind a fine mountain-range, terminating with Cape Macri; Samothraki expanded in the clear atmosphere, and the jagged cone of the holy mountain, appearing single on the water as an island, was distinctly visible. Presently a fair freighted bark, object of our attention on account of a sweet voice in it, came to the beach near where we sat. A dozen ladies disembarked; among them was one of real beauty, that beauty which we are taught to expect

* Sons of pashas have the title of bey.

in Greece, but which we rarely find—a model for the sculptor. There was the virgin front, the pencilled arches, the large saintly eyes, the straight profile, the satin cheeks, the just-parted delicate lips, the chin nor oval nor round, the blue-veined neck, the falling shoulders: there were all these—all in perfection; but where were the charms of figure?—the bust, the slender waist, the swelling hips, the well-turned ankle,—charms unpossessed out of modish Europe. The fair Enosiotes, in my opinion the best looking of the Greecian women, surpassing the vaunted Smyrniotes, conceal the forms nature has given them under a mass of clothing, and their toilette makes girls appear *enceintes*.

The next morning we made a light breakfast, in anticipation of the surfeit we were doomed to undergo *chez le bey*. It is one effect of civilization that a man is not forced to eat more than he wishes, but the Osmanleys have not yet reached that point. At two o'clock the bey sent horses for us. We were four in number: my host; his partner, a freed raya; a Neapolitan trader, his guest, waiting for a passage to Syria; and myself. The place of rendezvous was a kiosk near the salt-pans, one mile and a half from the town. We had occasion, to get to it, to cross an inlet of the sea up to our horses' bellies, in doing which poor Aleccho (Limonjoglou), who preferred riding on a donkey, got a wetting. However, it was a fine day, and he dried before the bey, who followed soon afterwards, accompanied by the *cadi* and the *yombrokgi* (*douanier*), arrived: in the meantime we galloped about the plain, and played awkwardly at the *jerreed* with some Osmanleys.

These three personages, in small towns, are seldom apart, from the necessity of playing into each others' hands, and for society; they may be compared, under the latter article, to the parson, the apothecary, and the schoolmaster of an English village fifty years back. The bey was in every respect the superior of the triade, with, too, a perfect freedom from eastern nonchalance, so trying to a stranger, and only to be met by counterfeiting a similar deportment. The *cadi* was a usual specimen of the favoured law class, distinguished over Turkey

by superior knowledge and superior sensuality; his smooth and polished manner, soft as his lady-like hand, a beauty much esteemed in the East, was opposed by the lurking treachery of his eyes glancing from the corners of their half-closed lids. The extraordinary self-command of these adepts in duplicity, equally serene whether signing a death-warrant or accepting a bribe, makes one experience in their intimacy the sensation of the Hindoo while caressing a cobra capella. The yombrokgi was a vulgar, low Asiatic, tolerated by his superiors on account of his gross buffooneries; for however superior an Osmanley is, he cannot get over the innate love of beholding others expose themselves to ridicule. I already knew these worthies, therefore without ceremony we took possession of the divan, and began, as usual, to smoke. The bey kicked off his Wellington boots, which annoyed him in his tailor-like position, and asked my opinion about fortifying the town, of which we had a full view. Not knowing more of fortification than men of my profession in general do, I might have been embarrassed without the comfortable reflection that, know ever so little, I could not well know less than an Osmanley. I completed my task off hand, and assured him that if he followed my plan, Enos would be the strongest place in the empire; much was not requisite to gain for it that pre-eminence. He expressed himself delighted, though, I knew, inly determined to do nothing that would require money, and the freed raya burst out into rapture at my demonstration, with "*Voilà l'avantage des mathematiques.*" As this was his constant expression, his retreat, I may say, when anything was said or done of which he was ignorant, I could not take it as a substantial compliment: however, it had the effect of giving a change. The bey and cadî began a whispering conversation; the yombrokgi, displeased at being neglected, applied himself assiduously to a narghiler; and my Frank companions, who never saw newspapers, drew me into their favourite subject, politics, of which I remember no other than that the Neapolitan was extremely anxious to know the views of the *hautes potences* (as by a natural translation of his own word, *potenza*, he expressed *puissances*). The repetition of the

expression was amusing, and the idea of how sharply an Italian policeman would have caught it up, still more so. But the equivoque was harmless; there was nothing in his broad good-humoured countenance that indicated a savour of carbonarism. By the frequent changing of our chibouques it became evident that we should not eat before late, and we therefore ceased looking impatiently towards the hill over which the viands were to be brought from the town. To amuse us, in the meanwhile, English beer and cucumbers were brought in, of which we partook moderately, and the Osmanleys voraciously. The natives of Turkey, of every sect, are greedily fond of cucumbers, and in the season are seldom seen without a whole one in their hands devouring it. We then walked out to view the pans. The bey, in a facetious humour, called for some of the salt, and tasted it; all his countrymen present were of course obliged to follow the example, and praise it; nor dared they spit it out, not even the yombrokgi, who made wry faces. It appeared good and white. It forms a principal source of the aga's revenue,—Adrianople, with the surrounding country, being supplied with it.

At our return to the kiosk, I hoped to find dinner,—but no such luck. As a necessary prelude, for it was now evident that we were destined the honour of a regular Bacchanalian repast, an enormous bowl of punch was ready, and musicians were in waiting. The Osmanleys made a few *façons*, but drank deep, excepting the bey, who constrained himself for appearance sake, and in order to make the yombrokgi intoxicated. The yombrokgi acted his part well. He began by protesting that he was a true Mussulman—that he would not violate his religion by drinking before Franks; then begged submissively (as if the victim of his politeness) not to be made the jest of the company,—entreated that we would at least turn our heads, and finished by swallowing an ok (quart). The music then struck up with songs that will not admit translation. The company warmed to the subject, and joined in the chorus—the cadi, in an under tone, with a subdued expression of satisfaction, the yombrokgi furiously striking the floor with hands and

feet. The bey was infinitely delighted, and urged him to play the fool still more. Presently dancing boys came in, and began in a moderate manner to keep time with their attitude. This would not suffice the yombrokgi; he rose, fast inflamed, reeling joined the dance, and excited them to show all the skill; but, it not being the intention of the epicurean company to exhaust at once their means of entertainment, he was compelled to sit down and console himself with punch, while the boys continued in their own fashion to exhibit lascivious and sleepy gestures. We were all good friends—hats and turbans—the *cadi*, next to me, testified great solicitude for my entertainment, and kept me in a state of suffocation by making his own *chiboukgi* assiduously serve me. It was now six o'clock, and what with beer, cucumbers, punch, and an infinity of tobacco, I began to fear that I should not be able much longer to preserve my equilibrium; when, with the joy that a famished army knows, hailing its long-expected convoy, we perceived a train of domestics bearing dishes over the water. Our flagging spirits revived; the dancers retired, the music ceased, the yombrokgi went out to make restitution, the Albanians came in to arrange the cushions for eating commodiously. But one of the guests, Ali Effendi, was not yet arrived. While I was wishing him at Mecca, behold he rides into the water, and crosses it in an orthodox style, smoking a long pipe. The musicians came up again to welcome him, and punch was brought in, in order to assimilate him to the rest of the party. His white beard seemed older than his florid countenance, and a bright mellow eye inferred how little he heeded the Koran. "We Osmanleys," he whispered to me, "seldom drink, but when we do we can empty a cask." At length all being arranged, the guests merry, we disposed ourselves round the tray,—the bey in the angle of the sofa, the *cadi* on his right hand (place of honour), myself on his left, and the rest of the company alternately—nine in all. There was also an inferior tray, which received our leavings, for the attendants and some low Franks, who came to the feast like Myconians. The first dish was, as usual, lamb roasted whole, stuffed with rice and raisins. An Albanian first took it up and twisted off a shoulder

for the second table, an etiquette which is observed in order to lessen the sense of inferiority. It was excellent, as well as the multitude of dishes which rapidly followed. I complimented the bey on his cook, but he reminded me that he was son of a pasha, therefore it was not surprising. Between every dish wine was handed round in large goblets. I was compelled to drink deep, for Ali Effendi, wishing to recover lost time, pledged me repeatedly until the bey checked him, saying, "I desire that my guest follow his will." But his politeness in other ways was as disconcerting as this was acceptable, for he carried it to the length, showing me the greatest honour that can be shown in the East, of helping me with his fingers to the choicest morsels of every dish, sopping them in the gravy. The repast I thought would never terminate: an ordinary repast is over in ten minutes, but one of this description is indefinite, and requires energy. The Turks on such occasions loose their sashes and to it; nor was our company, Christian or Mussulman, wanting in due exertions. The Neapolitan forgot his dear macaroni in the luxuries before him; the *cadi* eat like an accomplished gourmand, savouring all, allowing only a slight remark occasionally to escape his lips; the *yombrokgi* was voracious, tearing the meats with both hands (he was not on my side), and applying a rum bottle to his at each mouthful; Ali Effendi was very loquacious, at the same time not neglecting the more serious business of the day.

Finally, to our great relief, the saffron pilaff* made its appearance with creams and *kourskoub*. These were replaced by a large bowl of punch, in the composition of which water had a very small share. In virtue of it our orgies were pushed to excess, and the scene,—what with the music, the songs, and the dancing boys, became rather bedlamite. Some of the guests tore off their upper garments—fire in their eyes, froth on their beards—joined the dancers, their turbans, half-unrolled, flying out as they reeled round the apartment, and but for the presence of the bey scandalous displays would have ensued. Tran-

* It is a sign that your entertainer is well-bred when the last pilaff is slightly tinged with saffron. To the eye it is pleasing, and not disagreeable to the taste.

quillity after a time was restored:—coffee composed the actors, and the bey hoped that I would make no remark on what I saw, adding that such took place only once in a way. I assured him that I had been sufficiently long acquainted with Osmanleys to be aware of their general propriety, and that he might depend on my discretion.

At ten o'clock we remounted, forming a cavalcade of fifteen persons. Footmen accompanied us with torches, the long streams of light flowing from which on the placid tide joined to the phosphoric splashing of our horses, was exceedingly pretty, and made, by their dazzling vibrating effect, some of the party reel in their saddles. No derangement, however, occurred to any one excepting the Neapolitan, who hastily sprung off, exclaiming, "*Faccia che vuole alla giumenta almeno mi lascia tranquillo.*"*

Beyond this nothing discomposed us. Ali Effendi reined in his neighing charger, laughing at the joke, and in ten minutes we gained the town, the streets of which we paraded till past midnight, accompanied by barking dogs and discordant music, to the entertainment of the inhabitants, male and female, who stood at their windows with candles to admire us or to be admired. We gradually dispersed, nor did I again join the *bons vivans* of Enos.

* It was a singular circumstance that a very few days before this banquet a copy of a *hatti scheriff* came from the Porte enforcing the prohibition of wine or spirits. When it arrived the aga and the *cadi* were half intoxicated, and consequently the public reading of it was deferred till the next day. The aga and *cadi* in their cups thus commented on it:—"Here is an order against drinking, and we are drunk when it arrives. They who sent it must have been drunk too, for not knowing that we would disregard it.—*Mashallah!*" Simple remonstrances have never restrained the Osmanleys from drinking. Sultan Mahomet IV., in whose reign the vice rose to a great height, enforced his *hatti scheriff* by commanding hot lead to be poured down the throats of those who were caught drinking wine.

The Mussulmans have always been dexterous in twisting the Koran, by taking it in a figurative or literal sense. They defend the use of spirits because they say the Prophet only forbade wine—for a good reason, spirits were not then known in Arabia; and the irreligious, the drinkers of wine, excuse themselves by saying that the prohibition is figurative, supporting their argument by the verse of the Koran, that the Faithful shall have wine in Paradise—a wine delicious to the taste, but which does not intoxicate. It is clear, therefore, they say, that the Prophet only intended that wine should not be drank to excess; for it is sinful to suppose that what is lawful in heaven is unlawful on earth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Schooner—Deserters—Samothraki—Ancient castle—Greek pirates—
 Thasco—Mehemet Ali—Mount Athos—Albanian gardeners—Simenu—
 Vatopedi—Monkish customs—History of Monte Santo—Cariez—
 Waivode—Protaton—Kuthenisi—Priors—Iphiron—Libraries—Lavra.

I ROSE with a headache, which, however, an unusual incident soon dispelled. A Genoese schooner had just dropped anchor in the port, from Salonica, freighted with a hundred Albanians—deserters and vagabonds—to be sent to the grand vizir at Adrianople. Every shop was closed, and the inhabitants, in alarm, kept their houses. The bey was on the beach, in doubt what to do. "God is great!" he said, "and those fellows are villains: the pasha of Salonica has sent them here to be rid of them. Please God, I will send them away too; but I have no troops, and they may choose to quarter on Enos." He sent a messenger on board, to order them to land anywhere but in the town. They beat the messenger, and did the contrary; came on shore like wild beasts, in a mood to break open the first shop, or fire the first house, crying out for food. A large magazine was speedily cleared; bread, caimac, and cheese, placed in it; and they rushed in, like a crowd into a theatre on the doors being opened. Guards were placed over them. This manœuvre gave time for consideration on what was to be done with them next—not provide them with supper also, certainly. Our counsel being asked, we advised that they should be called out singly, under any pretence, and handcuffed. It succeeded admirably, and in a few hours they were on the march to Fera, with a bouryourdou to the aga to feed and forward them. I simply mention this as a specimen of how they manage things in Turkey.

At midnight I embarked in a large boat, which I had hired, and the next forenoon beached in a little cove in the rocky shore of Samothraki. A distressing walk over rocks and briars, up-hill for two hours, brought me to a deep ravine, on the sides of which was suspended the village, resembling piles of rocks, from the houses being built of large loose stones.

Magnificent ruins of an ancient castle, rendered yet more picturesque by the contrast of three Turks smoking their chibouques in the shade of them, towered on a precipice above. On the walls were several inscriptions, the most perfect of which I copied, after having visited the aga, a rough Albanian. He demanded my firman; but not finding it at the moment, I presented him my post-horse order instead, making sure that it would answer the same purpose, as, in fact, it did. He affected to read it attentively, then returned it, saying that it was good, and directed the Greek tchorbagi to take care of me. The tchorbagi's house commanded a view of Mount Athos, which is a stupendous object viewed from afar, though not four thousand feet high, on account of its isolation, and the absence of comparative heights. One knows not whether to admire the Titanean idea, or laugh at the extravagance, of Dinocrates, when he proposed to shape it into a statue of Alexander, holding a city in one hand, a lake in the other. The monarch's answer, that the adjacent country could not furnish provisions for the inhabitants of the city, was keenly ironical; for the length of a hand to a figure four thousand feet high, could not, if in proportion, exceed three hundred and forty feet.

In a more elevated part of the island, near a small lake, are the remains of a fine amphitheatre. Theatres, in ancient days, were not such direct evidences of wealth and population as now, that men are more devoted to business; therefore vestiges of them, even though superb, are not always conclusive of a former state of high prosperity, although, in this case, they may be so considered; for we know that Samothrace was celebrated, while governed by its own laws; and the extent of the castle renders it apparent that it continued of importance after Vespasian reduced it, with all the Egean isles, to the condition of a province.

Samothraki is chiefly composed of granite rock. On the south side, however, there is a large portion of plain, with good pasturage, though utterly neglected, on which a town might be built, and the inhabitants enjoy plenty. But the Greek pirates are obstacles to such a scheme; during the last

eight years they have brought desolation on the island by frequently landing, and carrying off cattle and other moveables. When it is considered that of the population—six hundred families—six only are Mussulmans, the patriotic Hellenists can hardly claim the credit of taking to the trade of piracy solely to distress their natural enemy.

June 23rd. We made sail for Ayonoros (Mount Athos), and in the course of the day, the wind constraining us, passed near Thasco, an island now interesting as the birthplace of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. In the small town of Cavalla, near it, on the main, is still seen the *cafeneh* where he once served in a humble capacity. The master of the *cafeneh* afterwards came to Egypt, in the hope that the pasha would favour him: effectively he was inclined to do so; but the *cavedgi* marred his prospects by reminding him of their former intimacy. "Never let me see or hear of that man again," said the pasha to his secretary, Boghoz.

Men who surmount the obstacles of low birth and poverty generally excite our curiosity, because we suppose them gifted with extraordinary minds. In civilized countries the sight is rare, and justifies our expectations; but in Turkey, on the contrary, it is very common, and usually disappoints us. The possessor of greatness in the East, in nineteen cases out of twenty, rises from nothing. Why? because crime or vice is there the high, the only road to power; consequently, men who are in easy circumstances will not, unless goaded by unusual ambition, enter it; they shudder at its first steps, and having the comforts of life, with peace of mind, care not for the baubles as the price of it. But the poor man, who has nothing to lose, and is urged on by the desire of being avenged on fortune, will, for less than the distant chance of a pashalick, soil his conscience. Repetition of crime cleanses it—strange peculiarity of this said conscience.

Late in the evening we made for a small bay in the promontory of the mountain, at the bottom of which appeared, as I thought, a dismantled fortress. My boatmen knew it for the monastery of Simenu. We landed, and endeavoured to obtain admittance by knocking at the gates; but no answer was

returned. We then walked round the walls till we came to a spacious garden, where several Albanians were employed as gardeners and as guardians, to judge by the opposite description of their implements. Laying down their spades, and bringing their topknots up to their shoulders, they interrogated us in a manner which showed that unity of religion would not have been a sufficient passport; for the times were troublesome, and a formidable band of klephtes was near. Being satisfied, however, at length of our pacific intentions, they showed us a postern-gate which admitted us within the walls. The caloyers were at prayers; but nevertheless the superior came out to meet us. He took the patriarch's letter with great respect, put it to his forehead, kissed it, read it, then invited us to enter the church. It was small, but rich and clean. Fifteen caloyers were present, and the service was performing with a monotonous carelessness that did not astonish me. When finished, I was conducted to the best apartment, and the superior supped with me off bread and boiled herbs—the monkish fare—seasoned with excellent wine—“*dove si trovano frati là si trova buon vino*”—a proof that art has more to do with the quality than climate. Throughout Mount Athos the wine is excellent.

The monastery where chance threw me was one of the smallest, and bore marks of the Turkish occupation during the last eight years.

At the commencement of the revolution, the Greek patriots had the intention to occupy the mountain, and garrison the fortified convents, whence they could have made incursions into Macedonia, and raised the province; but with a foresight that rarely belongs to them, the Turks threw troops into all the convents in time, with the farther view of preventing the caloyers from sending their riches away. The infliction lasted till March, 1830, when a firman from the Porte relieved them. During the occupation the convents were obliged to support the troops, and to pay a contribution, besides being exposed to individual exactions. The monthly sum levied on the whole mountain was ten thousand piastres (one hundred and sixty pounds.) The larger establishments, being rich, were

enabled to pay their unwelcome guests for good behaviour; but the smaller ones suffered grievously in the furniture and decorations of the apartments.

The chief instrument of the Porte in bleeding the caloyers was Aboulloubout Pasha, who, at the commencement of the revolution, was summoned from Jerusalem, where he had made himself odious, to practise his art at Salonica. After various atrocities, among others decimating the inhabitants of Neyousta, he came to the mountain to endeavour to get gold in exchange for bastinadoes and threats. He was forbidden to take the life of a single caloyer. He then went to Demotica, and thence—but it is needless to enumerate the halting-places of this barbarian: his crimes are probably exaggerated by the caloyers, who use his name as a curse. "Where is he now?" I asked. "In hell," was the emphatic reply. Had a devout Catholic Greek been by he would have mentally added, "In the hands of the caloyers." But they erred: Aboulloubout was still alive, though unemployed.

The next afternoon, re-embarking, we beat up a few miles to the eastward, and landed at Vatopede, the largest and richest of the convents. Several young caloyers were already on the beach, waiting to greet us, the arrival of a stranger on the mountain having been reported from Simenu. With much ceremony they conducted me up the slope to the building, which, to all appearance, was a fortress, having high battlements, a moat, with drawbridge and iron gates; cannon, too, there had been, but the Turks had removed them. There the rest of the brotherhood welcomed me; and, having first conducted me to a chapel to return thanks for my prosperous arrival, installed me in the best "guest's apartment." Pipes and coffee were immediately brought. To this Eastern refreshment the caloyers add raki. Afterwards a supper of fish, vegetables, and dried fruits was served, at which the principal caloyers, in the absence of the ugoumenos (prior) at Cariez, did me the honour to assist. That evening my room was crowded with caloyers, all eager to obtain news on various subjects—the destinies of Greece, the late war, &c. One among them, a Bulgarian, asked me if it were true the misery

that the Russians were reported to have brought on his countrymen? Of course I did not disguise the truth. Throughout the mountain, as in every other part of Grecian Turkey, found the same marked discontent with the Russians.

That night I lay on a comfortable sofa, and in the morning appreciated the beauty of the situation from my window which commanded a view, over the sea, of the hills of Macedonia, of Thasco, and of Samothraki.

Mount Athos is, properly speaking, an elevated cone of rock, at the extremity of a long mountainous promontory forty miles by nine, the highest point of which it doubtless exceeds, connected by a low narrow isthmus to Macedonia. This is the geographical distinction; but *Ayonoros* (Holy Mountain) is applied to both cone and promontory, along either shores of which, in small bays, the monasteries are situated; and, considering their isolation, the climate, the prospect, the pleasant country, the gardens, more delightful spots do not elsewhere exist for religious or philosophical retirement; with too many comforts, elegant lodgings, books and society—such as it is.

The monasteries are twenty-two in number, as follows:—

Zilantari—built by Simeon, a prince of Servia, who became a caloyer.

Zographo—built by two brothers of Justinian. In these two monasteries the service is performed in the Bulgarian tongue, the caloyers being Bulgarians.

Simenu—built by the Empress Pulcheria.

Vatopedi—built by Constantine originally, and rebuilt by Theodosius.

Pantocratorous—by Manuel Comnenus.

Kuthenisi—by Alexius Comnenus, of Trebizonde.

Protaton—built originally by Constantine, rebuilt by Theodosius.

Iphiron—built by Theophania, wife of Romanos, son of Leon Sophos; restored by a prince of Iberia (Georgia) about A.D. 600; added to by his son, a caloyer.

Starronikita—by the patriarch Jeremiah.

Philotheu—built by a wealthy Roman, (name unremembered,) since restored by a Georgian prince.

Karacalu—by Caracallos, governor of Bessarabia.

Lavra—built by Niceforas.

St. Anna—a monastery without a wall, called a skidt.

St. Paul—built by an emperor's son, who became a caloyer.

Dionisius—by Alexius Comnenus, of Trebizonde.

St. Gregory—by a Servian prince.

Simopetra—by John, a Servian prince.

Ziropotamo—built by Andronicus II. (the old ;) shook down by an earthquake the beginning of the 16th century, and restored by Selim I.

Rusikon—founded by Catherine for Russian caloyers.

Xenophu—built by the Logothete of an emperor.

Dochejariju—

Kastamonitu—built by Constantine; rebuilt by Constantius; rebuilt by a Servian prince.—There are also visible some ruins of *Amalfenu*, a Latin monastery, built in the short interval of peace that existed between the Eastern and Western churches, and destroyed by the Greeks nine hundred years since.

Before the Greek revolution, there were nearly two thousand caloyers on the mountain. When I was on it there were about nine hundred, many having fled to the convents of Mega Spilion and others. They were expected, however, to return, since the Osmanleys had taken leave.

The description of one convent may serve for all. Vatopede is in form a heptagon, of which the façade is equal in length to three of the other sides. At the acute angle is a high tower, built by Arcadius, commanding a view of the whole establishment. Round the interior of the walls are corridores, supported on arches, containing the cells, about two hundred and fifty in number, which are neatly furnished with divans, tables, and chairs. On the walls and turrets, overhanging them, have been erected various kiosks, that give the monastery, from a distance, the appearance of a village built on white rocks: these aerial dwellings are musaphir odasi, ("guests' apartments.") The area of the figure is occupied by the church, the refectory, the magazines, the distillery, the stables, and some chapels. At the gates are apartments for the wardens.

The church is singularly rich and elegant, partly in imita-

tion of St. Sophia. The dome is sustained by four porphyry columns, brought from Rome by Theodosius the Great. The pavement is variegated with roux and verd antique. The walls are adorned with frescoes of saints, and martyrdoms, and of the chief benefactors. Imperial eagles are in every corner. The praying desks, the chairs, the stools, the batons, are inlaid with pearl. The candlesticks, chalices, urns, &c., are of massy silver. The bibles are clasped with gold.

In the sanctum sanctorum, I was shown various relics :—a picture of the Virgin and Child; the countenance was of the real Jewish cast, but black with age, the gift of Theodora, who married Orchan :—a piece of the real cross, presented by Stephen, a Servian prince :—a piece of the Virgin's shawl, by John Cantacuzene; with it is kept a pearl necklace of high price, a votive offering :—a jasper vase set in gold, a beautiful specimen given by Constantine Manuel Paleologos :—the tapestry on which Andronicus knelt; in the centre of it a two-headed eagle worked in gold; in each corner a crowned griffin, with the emperor's cipher :—a picture of Peter and of Paul, given by the same, at the bottom of it this inscription :—*Ακθροκις σου εν σαξους δεσηοτου ΠΑΛΑΙΟΛΟΓΟΥ* :—a manuscript volume, written by the Emperor Leon, being a history of Jesus and of Mary, and a disquisition on the writings of the apostles. All these relics are carefully preserved in silver boxes; the wood of the cross is set with jewels.

They showed me, as a curiosity, a marble tablet of bas reliefs, very ancient, depicting in twelve compartments the history of our Saviour, commencing with the scene of the angel's first conversation with Mary. The execution is far from good, but singular; in the stable two donkeys are represented regarding the infant with awe.

In another part of the church was a marble coffin, with a lamp burning over it, containing the bones of Andronicus Paleologos, Manuel Paleologos, and John Cantacuzene. These three emperors died in the monastery, the first as a caloyer. For greater security, their bones were taken from their respective tombs, and enclosed together.

Every Latin and Greek establishment has its miracle; nor was this an exception. After several crossings before a tattered curtain, my conductors drew it aside, and disclosed a picture of the Virgin, black with time. One of her cheeks was marked with a scar and a blood-stain — the prodigy, occasioned by a caloyer, who, for some unknown reason, struck her with a knife; blood followed the blow; the arm of the impious wretch instantly dropped off, and he died in agony the following day. He was buried in the spot where the sacrilege was committed; whence, on the anniversary for several succeeding years cries issued, while the blood flowed anew on Mary's cheek: in confirmation whereof, they showed me the bones of the offending arm, kept in a case.

The curtain that divides the body of the church from the great altar was formerly of sculptured marble, but the frivolous taste of the caloyers, sixty years ago, changed it for carved gilded wooden work, a change that the present inhabitants, with better taste, lament.

The great doors are of richly carved brass, the gift of Theodosius. Near them is preserved, with care, an ancient marble slab, although nothing concerning its history is known.

It is worthy of remark, that the Osmanleys never took anything from the churches, not even in the convents, which became too poor latterly to satisfy their demands. "What restrained him," I asked, "from laying hands on these objects of cupidity?" pointing to the above-mentioned picture of the Virgin; the caloyers answered, that they dreaded her vengeance. A poor restraint, I thought, judging from the treatment the French gave the Italian churches. They further assured me, that the Osmanleys never disturbed them at their devotions, at which they often attended as spectators. I well understood that, because the church-service at Ayonoros resembles the mosque service, consisting chiefly of a series of prostrations and other visible signs, with the constant cry of *Kyrie Eleison*. This point of resemblance pleased them. Moreover, the Mussulmans respect the Christian religion; they revere Christ next to Mohammed, and rank the Virgin among the four perfect women, (Asia, the princess who saved the

infant Moses; the Virgin Mary; Khadijah; the prophet's first wife; Fatima, his daughter.) They regard no part of our faith with horror, excepting that, that Christ is Son of God—I will not mention their reasoning on this subject—they regard it as a complete blasphemy: had Mohammed asserted that his wife was the daughter of God, it could not be a greater blasphemy to our ears. They doubly hate the Jews, because the latter do not believe in Jesus. The conversion of a Jew would not be considered sincere, because the Mussulmans say, that unless a man believe in Christ he cannot believe in Mohammed. One is a consequence of the other.

The outside, however, of the churches of the different convents rather suffered from the prejudices of the Osmanleys. They are covered with frescoes representing the most atrocious martyrdoms, and hell and purgatory in every variety that human fancy has devised; more than I, poor ignorant Protestant, had any previous idea of. Paradise is not portrayed, excepting here and there at its gates, whereat companies of old men are obtaining admittance. The dismal abodes, on the contrary, are entirely filled with young men; women are nowhere seen—a greater illiberality than is displayed by Mohammedanism, which does admit some of them to a future state. I remarked to an old caloyer, who took pleasure in explaining the pictures to me, on the discrepance in the judgment allotted to the old and the young. His politeness prevented him from saying anything; but he made a very significant reply by stroking his own long white beard, and complacently smiling. Likewise were embodied the reveries of the Apocalypse, exaggerated into manifold absurdities. The seven-headed beast was there, seven hundred times repeated at least, generally in the form of a giraffe with seven necks, like boa constrictors, with as many heads, unlike those of any animal in Buffon. The Osmanleys very willingly respected the pictures of Christ, and of Mary, and of saints; but saw no reason why they should respect such monstrosities, and therefore amused themselves by picking out all its eyes, wherever they found it, with the points of their ataghans, making it tenfold more ridiculous. I could not sympathize with the caloyers in their complaints on such

andalism, though I thought that the perpetrators of the said *arbarous* acts were wrongly actuated; they certainly could not complain that that part of the Koran was infringed which forbids the representation of any of God's creatures.

Having completed our survey of the church, the day after my arrival, the prior's secretary, my immediate entertainer, with some others, conducted me to the garden, where we seated ourselves in an open kiosk. The gardener, an old caloyer, brought us some fresh cucumbers and a bottle of raki. Each of my companions ate two of the former, and drank five or six glasses of the latter. On the beach, not far from us, a tall and spare caloyer was walking up and down with an irregular pace, occasionally stopping, and regarding the sea earnestly. His deportment reminded me of the "Giaour," and I was ready to imagine him also a victim of passion, when suddenly he threw aside his cowl, rushed into the water, and casting out a small net, enclosed some fish: he was appointed to catch fish for my supper that night. It would not have required much fancy to have traced a melancholy tale in the pale countenance of some of the caloyers: but there was no truth in them; they had never known the world, therefore could have no causes, beyond vague ones, of regret. Brought to the mountain as children, they grow up with perfect freedom from work or study: to read is all they learn. On reaching the age when they must quit the mountain, or embrace the order, they usually choose the latter, their choice confirmed by habits of indolence, and by a feeling of security. No temptations afterwards cross their minds. Women are not admitted in any part of the mountain, in a circuit of one hundred miles, and few strangers (of late) visit their abodes: during the last twelve years, a chance fishing-boat for water, or a pirate seeking a blessing, has been their only varieties. This absence of excitement, joined to rigid fasting and watching, soon tames the natural heat of their blood, so that at thirty, their pulses beat like men's at seventy. I felt several for curiosity, and was astonished. My visit afforded them great pleasure, and, I fear, did no good to the younger members, who nightly crowded my supper table, and remained with me till the midnight church

bell tolled, seeking information about the world, of which, it appeared, the rogue, my servant, told them I had seen much. One Papas Gregorios, evinced a strong natural taste for earthly vanities: daily he put on my uniform more than once, and strutted about with great satisfaction, regardless of the sneers of the aged. He was very inquisitive about everything outside the mountain, particularly regarding women, whom he had heard of, but never seen, that is, since he was four years old. For charity's sake I discouraged his inquiries, and bade him thank Heaven that he was safe from their dangerous allurements. He would willingly have dropped his cowl, and accompanied me; but what could I have done with a caloyer?

The life of the caloyers is monotonous, their dress coarse, and their food simple. Their time is occupied between praying, eating, and sleeping. At midnight they rise and go to church, remaining there four hours, after which they retire to a chapel, and pass two hours more in silent meditation on the scriptures: they may then sleep. At nine they rise, and breakfast on what they please, (of monastic fare.) At noon, church until four o'clock; at five they dine, singly or in company, only eating altogether in the refectory on festival days. This routine is enough to blanch their cheeks. Besides, they have domestic and out-door employments. On occasions of fasts and festivals the churchings are considerably increased; during the Easter week, they are in the church fifteen hours of each twenty-four. On set days they visit holy spots in the neighbourhood to pray. At the panagia they walk processionally a circuit of several miles in their robes of ceremony, preceded by the banner of Constantine, which is a large flag representing on one side the emperor and his mother Helena, supporting a huge cross; on the reverse the Virgin kneeling, an angel hovering over her. They have other ceremonies innumerable, the due observance of all which preserves the members of the communities from corpulency.

Meat is entirely excluded from their diet. Fish, vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, they may eat, excepting during their Lents, to the rigour of which the laity as well as the clergy are sub-

jected.* Wine and spirits may be drunk at all times; indeed, they are necessary after their indigestible food. They felt the privation of milk, they told me, in Lent more than of any other thing.

With all, they enjoy excellent health, although there is not a doctor on the mountain, or a particle of medicine, as I found afterwards to my cost, and they attain longevity. In Vatopede, I conversed with three caloyers above one hundred years old, the eldest of whom was one hundred and seven; they were fresh and vigorous, and able to attend the night church, only suffering a little from chalk stones in the hands. By their appearance they might live twenty years longer.

The government of the monasteries is paternal, independent of each other and of external influence. They pay no tribute, or owe any direct obedience to the patriarch, although, as head of the religion, his wishes have weight, and his approval (never withheld,) is necessary to confirm the election of a new prior, which is performed by the caloyers in their respective monasteries. The prior has the power of solitary confining, and of flagellation.

The priors are nominally subjected to the Bishop of Ayonoros, who resides at Cariez, receiving a moderate stipend from the monasteries once a year: he visits them in succession, when he is treated, respectively, as the prior, in order to confer priests' orders on such of the caloyers as choose. Few, however, in comparison of their numbers, aspire to that dignity, deterred, perhaps, by the arduous task of performing church service: priests are at the same time exempt from menial offices.

The cultivation of the monastery lands is performed by caloyers, assisted by Albanian labourers. During prosperous

* The Greek fasts are four, viz., fifty days before Easter, when they eat bread and vegetables only; on Saturday or Sunday may add oil. Twenty-five days after Easter, when they eat bread, fish, and vegetables; no oil. Fifteen days before the Madonna, when they eat bread and vegetables only. Forty days before Christmas, when they eat bread, fish, and vegetables. Thus in the year the Greeks have one hundred and thirty days' rigorous abstinence, to which the Catholic lent is feasting: and the Greeks keep them.

times the produce was sufficient to supply all the monasteries with bread, wine, and vegetables; but the incursions of the klephtes since 1821 and the presence of the Osmanleys caused such a stagnation of agriculture, that the greater part of their corn, when I was there, was imported, and only enough wine made for the sick and the aged. Of raki, however, they distilled sufficient quantities for a liberal consumption by the brethren, who drink it at least twice a day, and are no ways restrained: even with this indulgence, I should say that a more mortified body of men than the caloyers of Mount Athos does not exist.

Numerous cottages are scattered in the valleys of the mountain, for the accommodation of the farmer caloyers, who principally like their mode of life, because it relieves them from their religious duties; although, it is true, they are enjoined to be equally exact when alone, as when in the monasteries—a fervour not to be expected; for a man, after a hard day's toil, will hardly awake at midnight to pray for four hours, even were he innately devout, which the caloyers certainly are not; thereby showing, that religion, though delightful when prompted by godliness, is irksome, like most obligations of this life, when enforced as a duty. I was surprised one night, attending the church, to find very few present; but the secretary confidentially told me, that it was in consequence of the prior's absence at Cariez. He, too, gladly availed himself of his temporary office, doing the honours to a guest, to excuse himself from the night service.

The religious history of Monte Santo commenced with Constantine and Helena, who founded several monasteries. Julian the Apostate levelled them, and dispersed the monks. After his death, however, they returned to their old haunts; but did not again prosper till the reign of Theodosius the Great, who, moved by a miracle, which I will relate, rebuilt Vatopedi, the principal monastery. The emperor, in a voyage from Italy to Constantinople, was surprised by a violent gale off the mountain, during which his fleet received great damage, and in the course of the night, a wave washed his infant son, Arcadius, overboard. Instead of drowning, as any other child would

have done, he was saved by the Virgin, who, seeing the accident, descended on a cloud, and bore him to a wood, near a ruined monastery, on the sea shore. The disconsolate emperor vowed not to continue his voyage without the body of his son; therefore, stationing his ships round the promontory, he landed to search the inlets, and, heaven directed, proceeded straight to the very tree—the caloyers still show it—under which the young Arcadius was sleeping. Confessing the prodigy, he showed his gratitude by rebuilding the monastery, and, in commemoration of the event, named it Vatopede, from vatos, wood; pethe, son. In a short time, from this impulse, the mountain surpassed its pristine magnificence. Succeeding emperors, with other Christian princes, built various monasteries, adorning its shores and romantic glens; and the continuance of such high favour preserved its sanctity from becoming dim—its treasures from diminishing. Several royal heads retired to it to enjoy repose; and three emperors, as I have mentioned, were buried in it. There is a tradition, that the Latins, in one of their crusades, landed on the mountain, and pillaged the convents. Direct proof of this outrage is wanting; but the crusaders were just the gentry to commit it, came they in the way. On the other hand, in their favour, it may be said, that a Greek would not lose an opportunity of vituperating a Catholic.

The mountain escaped the catastrophe attendant on the Mohammedan conquest by the shrewdness of the caloyers, who, inspired by divine grace, as their successors modestly allow, foresaw that, with Constantinople, every land where Greek was spoken would fall into the hands of the Osmanleys; and therefore, without waiting their turn to yield to force, sent deputies to congratulate the conqueror, and to declare themselves his obedient subjects. Mahomet, pleased with their unclaimed submission, granted their prayer, and gave them a firman, exempting them from the desolation he designed the Greek church; empowering them to retain possession of their monasteries, and all the lands appertaining to them, with the right to use bells and other symbols of their faith; to repair their monasteries, and to build others. He only claimed the

kharatch. These privileges have never been contested. The caloyers retain them, with the important firman—their charter—to this day; nor have they ever received so severe a visitation from their masters as the one they were just freed from on my arrival.

The revenues of the monasteries were derived in part from pilgrims, who resorted to them in great numbers from Greece, and Turkey, and from Russia. Since the Greek war, the pilgrimage has ceased, but is expected to be resumed now that the Levant is more tranquil. It was considered a party of pleasure a voyage to the mountain. The pilgrims received great hospitality. Some visited all the monasteries; others were contented with seeing three or four. They generally gave money; and the names of donors were inscribed in a large book, at each convent, however small the amount. In the great book at Iphiron, I saw the names of Peter the Great and of Catherine the Second.

The monasteries also derive revenues from their estates in Vallachia, Moldavia, and in Russia, where they have dependent establishments, as in Constantinople, and the principal towns of Roumelia. Members of the mountain reside in them to receive the rents, and the offerings of the pious. By this medium, which closely connects the Russians, the Bulgarians, and the Greeks, Russia can exercise a great influence with the Christian subjects of the Porte: in fact, it is a secret police for her all over Turkey.

After three days, I quitted Vatopede. My conveyance was mules, remarkably fine animals. The bells of the monastery were set ringing, not excluding the great gong that summons to church; and the whole fraternity accompanied me to some distance outside the gates, where we took an affectionate parting. My path struck into the nut woods that cover the mountain, and from which vessels every year embark cargoes gratis. The way was rough, but highly picturesque: at times fine rocks girt us close to the edge of steep precipices; at times we passed under natural arches, formed by large oaks growing from the banks above us, and crossing with others springing up from beneath our feet: when a glade occurred,

we looked down on the sea, and occasionally, from a summit devoid of trees, we saw the grey head of the cone. All the promontory is of the same description, cool and varied. The sun cannot penetrate its thick foliage, and the caloyers have furnished it with a ready supply of excellent water, collected in numerous fountains, and carried for many miles, from hill to hill, diverging in all directions, in split trunks of trees, hollowed out: the murmur of these little streams, dropping from branch to branch, joined to the continued fragrance of myrtle, is extremely agreeable to the traveller. The promenades at Castel à Mare are a miniature of the sequestered shades of Ayonoros. Art has only to prune nature to make them yet more delightful. I met several caloyers, who bestowed blessings on me, so gratifying—so auguring of peace; was the novel sight of a Frank traveller to them.

In three hours I reached Cariez, a village embosomed in woods and hills, with an old fort, built by Justinian. Six priors received me, and conducted me to a house already prepared for me, they having previous notice of my arrival. It is not surprising the extraordinary honour I received at Ayonoros, when it is considered that I was the bearer of a patriarchal letter, and the first milordos* who had been there for fourteen years. The rarity of the animal was a sufficient reason for curiosity (of which he was an unbounded object) and hospitality, even were the caloyers not inclined that way. My apartment was not so commodious as the one at Vatopede; but it commanded a finer prospect, from its elevated situation. Several priors kept me company till late, and undeceived me in regard of their supposed acquirements. The brethren at Vatopede had told me that I should gain any information I wanted about the monasteries from them—they referred me back to the monasteries. The ignorance of the monks makes them regard with wonder anybody who displays the learning of a school-boy. "If you conversed with our priests," I said, "then you might indeed exclaim, 'Sophos!'" They had heard

* Milordos is adopted universally by people of the East to express a traveller on pleasure. They apply it to individuals of all nations.

of the devastation and misery caused by the Russians in Bulgaria: "Is it possible," they asked, "that a Christian army conducts itself like a Turkish army?" "Too true," I replied. They asked me for how many years peace was concluded—a usual question with all classes in the East, who can never believe that a peace between Russia and Turkey is other than a truce: to judge by what has hitherto taken place, they have reason on their side. They wished very much to know whether Prince Leopold would change his religion on assuming the sovereignty of Greece. I answered in the negative; on which one of them said that it was not of very great consequence, considering that he was a Protestant. The Greeks generally believe, that in deviating from the Latin church we approached the Greek church.

Cariez is situated about the centre of the monastic district. The Turkish waivode resides in it—a personage with little real authority, who may be considered in the light of a referendee, or of a gate that a man puts up in his own road to establish his claim thereto. The caloyers have in general sufficient influence to obtain the removal of an obnoxious waivode.

Cariez has a bazaar for supplying the monasteries with articles of importation—as cheese, salt fish, caviar, coffee, spices, tobacco, clothes, &c. Four times a year the priors assemble there to wait on the waivode, and to deliberate on their prosperity or adversity. Each monastery has a lodging in the village for its prior. While together, the priors live sociably, meeting twice or thrice a day to drink coffee, smoke, and eat sweetmeats. Church service is performed only once a day. After a week, or ten days, they return home, excepting two who remain at Cariez the whole year to transact business with the waivode, and with the bishop, and with the tradespeople. A caloyer also, with the rank of prior, resides at Constantinople as their agent with the Porte: he informs them of its commands respecting them, receives their kharatch, and other contributions that may be levied, and pays them into the treasury. He is also their great protection against an ill-tempered waivode, who is further restrained by the pasha of Salonica, in whose jurisdiction he is. But, independent of

these checks, as the community support him and his attendants, and give him a salary, it is his interest to be civil.

In the morning I waited on him, accompanied by nine priors, and seldom met a merrier Turk. When I gave him my firman, he put the signature to his head and lips—the first and only time I saw that respect paid. I amused him greatly by an account of the change which had taken place at Stamboul—that the padischah wore boots and pantaloons, and rode a Frank saddle—that the grandees cut their beards—that one or two even talked French, and used knives and forks. “Mashallah!” he exclaimed, “the world is coming to an end. What then brings you here?” he laughingly asked. “You will find nothing but monks and vegetables: I have been here six years, and have not seen a woman.” “You have a fine climate,” I observed, “to make amends.” “Yes, we have good air, good water, and,” winking to the priors, “excellent wine;” to which I added my testimony.

In the evening I left Cariez; but previous to mounting, could not avoid walking processionally through the town, accompanied by all the clergy. The waivode, who was enjoying a chibouque on a couch in the street, lifted up the finger of astonishment, as he had never before witnessed so grotesque a ceremonial; perhaps, too, somewhat mortified at such honour, to a tithe of which he could not aspire, being shown to an infidel. “Oughrola,” (*bon voyage*,) he said. The priors then blessed me, and I proceeded with two Albanians, for honour, down hill towards Iphiron, along a rugged romantic path, skirting some beautiful glens, adorned here and there with large wooden crosses, which gave evidence of the moderation of the Osmanleys towards a hostile faith during their nine years’ occupation of the mountain. Flourishing their top-henks over their heads, and singing wild airs, my martial guides bounded merrily before me with the agility of chamois, till a turn of the path disclosed the battlements of Iphiron, when they stopped, and discharged their pieces—a preconcerted signal which set every bell a ringing. Another turn of the rock, and we came abruptly in front of the great gates, before which, to my surprise, the whole brotherhood were drawn up to

welcome me. Having severally saluted, and been saluted, they ushered me into the building under a deafening peal, through a formidable apparatus of iron gates, which might have led a stranger to suppose that he was entering a feudal castle rather than a peaceful monastery; and in the first place, as a primary duty, conducting me to a small chapel of peculiar sanctity, introduced me with great form to a picture of the Virgin, to which, although unable to distinguish her features, owing to their native darkness, and the obscurity of the place, I was not wanting in due adoration, crossing myself so devoutly, as greatly edified the caloyers, who returned me the compliment by showing themselves equally fervid, at my supper-table, in devotions to the rosy god, pouring out copious libations, according to custom. On Mount Athos wine is doubly attractive, since at its shrine are offered up the vows which, in other places, would be more willingly paid to its fair rival. After supper I went down to the beach to enjoy the baneful luxury of nocturnal bathing; then returned to roll on my couch, a prey to that cruel, pitiless foe of mankind, mosquitoes. Their stings, pungent as they are, might be endurable were it not for the constant buzz which heralds their approach, and appears to triumph at their success. What a satire on man, that an insect, scarcely larger than a fly's young, should be capable of chasing repose from the couch of prince or peasant! More than wonderful—exquisite specimen of divine mechanism—is the force residing in the wings of these diminutive creatures; the buzz of one alone pervades a spacious room, and the undulation of the air, caused by its flight, affects the flame of a candle at the distance of feet. The midnight bell led me to the church in the hopes of getting an appetite for sleep. Had example been contagious they would soon have been realized, for in less than half an hour nearly all the caloyers were oblivious; and the officiating priests, scarcely visible in the flickering glare of a few lamps, resembled so many sleep-walkers.

I slept one night at Iphiron. The next evening, embarking in a small boat belonging to the establishment, a fresh northerly breeze carried us swiftly past a romantic shore, its promi-

ment points adorned with chapels, to a tiny harbour, capable of affording shelter to a dozen large boats, formed by a shelf of rocks and a rude breakwater at the foot of the cone, just beneath the monastery of Lavra, to which I was welcomed with the same ringing, and the same good-will as at the other convents; though—and ill-luck it proved to be—its accommodations, in consequence of having had ruder occupants, were far inferior. Not an entire pane of glass remained, and the furniture was in a woful condition from the Osmanleys having been in the habit of firing at marks in-doors. Add to this a biting scarcity of provisions, and it may be readily supposed that the inhabitants, ninety in number, the remnant of two hundred and forty, looked, as they expressed themselves, in a deplorable state. They hoped, however, for better times; and two elderly caloyers were about to go to the monasteries of Mounts Olympus and Pelion, and to Mega Spilion, to invite back the refugees, who in the first months of the revolution had fled, carrying with them, it is said, good part of the riches of the convent. At Vatopede and Iphiron envoys were preparing for a similar expedition; so that, in a few years, Ayonoros may again be flourishing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Fever—Church Scene—Bigotry—Voyage—Gulf of Cassandra—Salonica—
Banditti—Earthquake—Chaban—Execution—Pirates—Mr. Wolff—
Hebrews—Missionaries—Maronite.

AT Lavra, my monasterial tour terminated, much to my regret. At a small chapel situated near the summit of the cone, to which I climbed the morning after my arrival, the fever, which had been lurking in my veins since leaving Adrianople, fostered by a foolish want of precaution, and by excessive fatigue, suddenly pulled me to the ground. I was carried back to the convent, where, during five days, I inhaled the grave. My pulse ran 160. Nothing was in the convent which could avail me, and all my resources were comprised in a determination to

get through it, despite the prophecy, which now struck me as singular, of an old wizard at Constantinople, that I should die on a mountain, and in a pair of lancets. One of the caloyers professing to be able to use the latter, I made him, much against his will, bleed me copiously seven times. But it was of slight relief; every basin of blood he took from me seemed only to make room for a hotter tide to flow in my veins. Hot baths I tried also, till I was like a boiled lobster, and with as little effect; not as much moisture could be attracted to my skin as would have damped a grain of sand. I required calomel. Those who have felt the stifling heat of a violent fever—stifling even with “all appliances to boot”—may have an idea how I suffered, rolling about in a room which had glassless windows on two sides, without a curtain to exclude the sun, which glared in on me half the day, with an intensity to have made the most devoted fire-worshipper, in my place, curse him, or a shutter to keep out the malaria, which rose every evening like a wave from the valley, undulating on a level with my windows. But these inconveniences were trifles compared with what followed after night-fall, when the reign of mosquitoes set in. Then, every faculty sharpened by pain and anxiety, every sense was resolved into that of hearing, and my apartment in consequence seemed pervaded by the blasts of a thousand trumpets. Such an effect had this visitation upon me, that for months after, even when surrounded by that blest contrivance, a mosquito curtain, the humming of one of these insects would make me start from sleep in dismay. Insensible as forest ponies to such an infliction, the caloyers ridiculed my complaints on the subject, and thought me, I believe, madder when I grieved seriously about it than when delirium, from time to time, overcame me. Thirst, too, tormented me; for though I had no disposition to canine madness, I positively loathed the only beverage I could get—water. What would I not then have given for a shaddock—a lemon—the cast-away peel of one! The middle of the fourth night I rose, and cast a sheet round me. My appearance, I suppose, was strange, for the caloyer appointed to guard me ran away. I followed him along the corridor—he ran still

faster, till on reaching the gallery, which overlooked the body of the church, I turned into it, disturbing at the same time two centenarians, who were mumbling their prayers. They started at the apparition, crossed themselves, and drew close into their respective corners to make room for me between them. It being the eve of a saint's festival, the whole fraternity was present in mournful guise, acting holy parts with becoming fervour. I recollect gazing earnestly down on the solemn scene till it became unreal to my disordered imagination—till a change came over its fair proportions—till the monks in their black robes and crape cowls, prostrating themselves on the pavement, flitting about spectrally, blending in the dim light with the martyred figures on the frescoed walls, crying, and the roof echoing the cry, "Kyrie eleison," seemed to me the souls of the wicked, whose torments, in idea, my fever was supplying. An eternity flashed across my mind. Scarcely for the realization of my fondest wishes would I consent to re-experience the same intensity of feeling. How long I remained in the gallery I do not know, or how I left it; but as the dawn was breaking, I found myself again lying on my rug. The disorder seemed to be coming to a close; my skin felt as though drawn over a frame of red hot iron; my head as though an anvil under a dozen hammers; and for the first time it struck me seriously that I was about to die. What a place to die in! without even hearing my native tongue, sweetest of all sweet music at such a moment. I motioned for pen and paper, that I might write to a friend, but, in vain I tried, I could not form a letter. In this extremity a number of caloyers, drest as I had seen them in the church, and preceded by the cross, entered my chamber in processional array. I absolutely recoiled, thinking them—I may be excused, considering my state—dark watchers for my soul, struggling to escape from its burning tenement. Heedless of my repulsive gestures, they gathered round me, and began talking of the inestimable advantage of leaving the world in the true faith. How I answered I scarcely know, but not very courteously, I believe. Moreover, earthly wants still pressed on me, and made me beg for some lemonade. They had none to give me; but instead,

reiterated their proposition in full chorus, until, at length, weary with their importunity, I bade them leave me to die in my own way. They obeyed, and went away shaking their garments, saying, "that I should go to hell." They were mistaken—at least for the present, for, after a few hours of unconsciousness, into which I had fallen on their departure, I came to my senses in a violent fit of vomiting, &c. The fever had changed its malignant for an intermittent form; and then I knew that I was out of immediate danger, though so extremely weak, that my only idea was to get away to any place where I might procure assistance. With this view, I sent to Cariez for mules or horses, that I might proceed to Salonica in a litter: ride I could not. But the waivode would not hear of it, because the road was infested with klephtes; and my having a firman, made him, in some measure, feel himself responsible for my safety. A boat in the mean time arrived at Lavra, manned by three suspicious looking Greeks, who offered to convey me and my servant to Salonica. The caloyers, who now, forgetting whither they had consigned my soul, and attributing my recovery to their prayers, were very assiduous about my welfare, warned me against them; but what could I do? Remaining on Mount Athos in my state, was, I thought, suicidal; leaving it, even in a pirate boat, my only chance of recovery: besides, at the worst, they were but three, and we were two.

Embarking, therefore, one evening, as the sun set, we left the holy mountain, to my great joy, one effect of a violent illness being to make a man loathe for the time the place where he had it; but before midnight, other considerations assailed me, for I could not help feeling that, however strictly I might keep on my guard, I was completely at the mercy of the helmsman, he being seated behind me on a level with my shoulders. To have continued in that way would have been preposterous; but to my request that he would tranquillize me by placing his arms beside me, the fellow strongly objected, calling on God to witness that he was the honestest man living, and appealing to his comrades for the truth of his modest assertion. His eagerness appeared to condemn him. To have believed

him would have been folly on my part; to have desisted from my attempt would have been worse: so I fairly told him my mind; on which, affecting a sort of proud consideration for my nervous state, he yielded the point, perhaps thinking it would be all the same when I should be asleep. Sleep! I *could* have slept, for my eyelids were like pieces of lead; but the idea of having escaped the fangs of the fever only to fall into the hands of such fellows, was unbearable. Perhaps I was wrong, and they were well inclined at *first*.

We progressed slowly, on account of a light, scant wind, till early the second morning, when we altered our course, and steered for the gulf of Cassandra. It was well that I remembered the coast. The helmsman swore that it was the gulf of Salónica—that we had passed the gulf of Cassandra in the night without my knowledge; nor could I, without a very warm altercation, and pointing out indisputable land-marks, convince him of his *error*. He affected to treat me lightly; said “that he would not be dictated to—that he knew the coast better than I did, (I was certain of that)—that he was a palicari—that I had treated him unjustly, as a villain—that I might do as I pleased: in short, that he would have his own way.” Of course, my only answer to all this rodomontade was by insisting on our hauling to the wind again. My friend’s purpose was evident. The gulf of Cassandra, from time immemorial, has been noted for consistent pirates: every boat that leaves the inlets of its coasts is a *free-trader* if occasion offer; if not, a fishing-boat. Had we met one of these convenient navigators, my travels were finished: I should not even have adorned a tale. In the gulf of Salónica, the pirates are obliged to act with more caution, because there are often ships of war there; and from the vicinity of consuls of various nations, notice of a piracy is more prompt, as well as pursuit more vigorous.

The third day, being fairly in the gulf of Salónica, therefore, comparatively sure, I sent my servant on shore to find me some fruit: and the next morning early we landed at Salónica, where I was hospitably received by James Charnaud, Esq., the British consul. I had need of repose, for the intermittent

fever on me, recurring every twenty-four hours, had quite exhausted me ; and, added to that, my long exposure in an open boat, with the necessity of keeping so much awake, brought on a violent ophthalmia, which the surgeon of the place treated ignorantly. His name was Lafont, a Frenchman. To hear *him*, no one ever performed so many cures ; to hear *others*, no one ever killed so many people. He kept me in perfect agony during a fortnight, when it ceased. He pronounced me cured, not knowing that the disease was only assuming a more dangerous form ; and in consequence, I gave myself liberties, which in the end nearly proved fatal to my sight.

The neighbourhood of Salonica, at my arrival, was infested with brigands, who carried their audacity so far, as to pillage within a mile of the city, and even threatened to enter it and levy a contribution. Under ground was also in commotion : one day, while lying in bed very ill, I was surprised at seeing the doors and windows of my room banging to and fro, without the aid of hands, and feeling the house roll like a ship. Wooden houses are difficult to overthrow.

Chaban, (one of a Christian tribe of Albanians called Gueges,) the leader of the above daring gang, was no novice in his profession. He had already obtained a pardon for a former career ; remaining tranquil some years ; but on the breaking out of the Russian war, he resumed his old work, and made himself, as before, the terror of a wide tract of country. The peace, however, rendering his profession hazardous, he made overtures for purchasing a second pardon ; but the Porte, instead of listening to them, sent circular orders to have him taken up at any cost. A brigand, howsoever powerful he be, rarely escapes such a crisis ; he becomes like a wild beast, and the villagers gladly assist the authorities in tracking him. From the district of Seres, whither he had been chased with considerable loss, Chaban made a dash in the vicinity of Salonica, whence he also retreated, after having alarmed us peaceable folks, speedily followed by the pasha's chinja, who overtook him at a village about fifteen miles distant. Several were killed and wounded on both sides in the skirmish which ensued ; among the latter was Chaban, who narrowly escaped

being taken; but mounting on a baggage horse, and supported by a palicari on either side, he contrived to cut his way through with fifty followers. Thence he attempted to gain the gorges of Olympus, and so into Greece; but in that direction also his retreat was cut off by the peasantry; on which, as a last resource, he disbanded his followers, and crossed the mountains alone into Albania. There his career ended. The pasha of Scutari, willing to oblige the Porte in everything that did not affect his own independence, had given orders to have him taken up whenever he should appear in Albania. He was punctually obeyed, and Chaban was conducted as an agreeable offering to the grand vizir, whose head quarters were then at Betolia.

When brought before his highness, he was no ways downcast. I was then at Salonica, and heard him described by those who saw him, as a very fine looking man, about thirty-five. He endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, "that he had the intention of delivering himself up to the pasha of Salonica, when attacked by his forces, and only fought in self-defence." The vizir replied, "A man does not go for that purpose with five hundred followers, and ravage villages *en route*."—"I was obliged to have followers to protect me: I endeavoured to restrain their excesses—that should be considered." The vizir was unmoved. Chaban was taken out, and as a preparatory exercise suspended by his arms for twelve hours. He was again brought into the vizir's presence. "You will do wrong to slay me," he said; "my death can do you no good. Example in this country has no effect. I am able to serve you—I know the haunts of the brigands as a hare knows her form; you wish to snare the beys of Albania—they trust me. Let me escape, you will not repent it—kill me, you lose one who can bring a thousand palicari to your standard to-morrow." Chaban's reasoning was vain. His judge was inflexible, considering him too great a villain to live. He was taken back to prison: the following day a hook was thrust into his side, by which he was suspended to a tree, and there hung, enduring the agony of thirst, till the third evening, when death closed the scene; but before that, about an hour, the birds,

already considering him their own, had alighted on his brow to peck his eyes. During this frightful period, he uttered no unmanly complaints; only repeated several times, "Had I known that I was to suffer this infernal death, I would never have done what I have. From the moment I led the klephte's life, I had death before my eyes, and was prepared to meet it, but I expected to die as my predecessors—by decapitation." Simple death is a trifling punishment for great crimes, which require bold hearts to execute; if accompanied by torture, it makes courage shrink, not unless.

His exit restored tranquillity to Salonica. The city of Salonica is large and well built, containing about sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are Jews. It is considered the head quarters of the Turkish Jews. One, a purveyor of flour, was hung during my stay, for cheating the public. His fate caused a sensation, for Jews are rarely put to death in Turkey—they are too cunning. He was hung on a Friday; and that the body might not continue hanging on the Saturday, according to custom, a sum of money was presented to the pasha; a bad precedent, since every Jew in future condemned to death, will be hanged on a Friday.

Salonica, twenty years since, vied with Smyrna in trade; and was the residence of nearly as many Frank merchants, of whom three remain. Its chief exports were corn, produced in the fertile, well-watered plains of Macedonia; but the ruinous policy of Sultan Mahmoud, in monopolizing the produce, has caused such a stagnation of agriculture, that barely enough is now produced to supply the city. The proprietors have no interest in cultivating their estates when they must take the produce to the government market. Whenever the Turks have had the advantage of free trade, they have shown no want of spirit to meet the demands of the merchants; the quantity of corn exported from Salonica and Tarsus, during the war, is a proof. The rule of farming in Turkey is, the landlord finds seed, the tenant incurs all the other expenses, and the profits are equally shared. All lands pay ten per cent. of the produce to government.

Salonica has above twenty mosques, several Greek churches,

many synagogues, with two Catholic churches, which have the privilege of using bells, as at Pera and Smyrna. The great protection enjoyed by the Catholic church in the East is entirely the merit of the French ambassadors, who have always been, and are still considered, its protectors. It is singular in the present time, when religion is a bye-word in France, to know the French ambassador cavilling with the Porte to obtain privileges for it. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that their unwearied zeal in its behalf for centuries has more benefited the cause of humanity in the countries governed by the Osmanleys, than could have done the labours of thousands of missionaries. It has preserved the religious institutions in Syria, and Palestine, and Arabia; it has ever offered a secure asylum for wavering minds of the Greek and Armenian sects; and it has, at the same time, conciliated the Porte by never interfering with its interests. After all, what is the rational object of religion? Is it not to make men live in peace among each other, and under their government, whatever that government be? The Catholic religion in the East has effected this.

The remarkables of Salonica are—its ancient walls, which stand the test of time as well as Constantinople walls;—a triumphal arch with bassi rilievi, erected by Constantine to commemorate his victory at Cassandra;—and the pulpit whence St. Paul preached to the Thessalonians. It then stood in the street near the church of the S. S. Apostles, and I make no doubt, from its form, was oftener used to get on a horse, or a cart, than for a display of eloquence. The Mussulmans have a respect for it, in the light of a trophy, and keep it in the mosque of Aya Sophie. It is worthy of remark, that the Turks, when they converted churches into mosques, never re-named those that bore the title of St. Sophia. It is formed of one block of marble, of a species of verd antique, and consists of three steps, with a platform, the parapet of which reaches to the knee. Its height is about five feet, its length eight feet—as near as I could guess; for the imam showed impatience at my wishing to measure it. As many Turks almost regard Franks in the light of necromancers, the good priest might have

thought that if he allowed me to measure it, I should make a corresponding aperture in the roof, and so convey it away at night. It would be seen to much more advantage in London; and I dare say that the sultan would give it to an ambassador, if asked. He certainly does not know of it. A trifling gift afterwards to the pasha, and the Greek bishop of Salonica, would cause it to be embarked without opposition from the people.

I had been at Salonica about ten days when we were all much surprised at the consulate by a letter from Mr. Joseph Wolff, missionary to Persia and to Palestine. The reverend gentleman stated that he was at a village, two days' distance, in consequence of having been maltreated by pirates off Cassandra Point; that he was shoeless, and coatless, and moneyless; in fine, wanted aid. It was, of course, immediately sent. A few hours after a large boat arrived, containing seven cases of bibles, and Mr. Wolff's domestic, a Cypriote Greek. The Cypriote informed us that his master had embarked in this same boat about a fortnight before at Mytilene, having resided there six weeks, preaching the gospel—to no purpose. He had come to the island from Alexandria, where Lady Georgiana was then staying. From Mytilene they went to Tenedos on the same errand; and thence, after remaining a few days, steered southwards. They passed one night at St. Anna, a small convent at the extremity of Mount Athos, and were continuing their voyage with high spirits to Salonica, when it was interrupted by a pirate giving chase to them off Cassandra Point. Not trusting to his eloquence to convert his pursuers to a better life, or thinking that the gospel would be thrown away on them—pearls to swine—Mr. Wolff directed his boat to be run on shore, and left her, half-dressed as he was on account of the heat, accompanied by his Arabic professor, a Maronite. Landing, also, the pirates pursued them some way up the hills, firing several shots; but on finding that faith gave speed to the fugitives, they abandoned the chase, and returned to pillage the boat, from which they removed everything valuable excepting the bibles; then beat the Cypriote, and bid him tell his master that he owed his life to his legs. We were not so much surprised that Mr. Wolff had been attacked by pirates,

as that he had been able, as his letter showed, to escape the brigands who infest the promontory of Cassandra. It was like jumping out of the fryingpan into the fire. We expected him with impatience. In three days he arrived, with his feet in a woful plight from the thorns, though otherwise in good health, and undaunted by his disaster. Confirming his servant's report, Mr. Wolff added, that after a sharp run of an hour up the hills, perceiving that the chase was given up, they halted to consider of their position. Alone on wild mountains, which had scarcely ever been trodden by Franks, covered with underwood, and infested by worse than savage beasts—men in a lawless state—without shoes, without food, without a compass to guide their steps, their position was indeed distressing. Fearing to return to the beach, they wandered about in great anxiety during twenty hours, searching in vain for traces of paths or of water. Their thirst at length became insupportable. Sinking on their knees, as they thought for the last time, they prayed fervently, and the Maronite, in particular, supplicated God not to abandon his apostle. Their prayers were heard; in less than ten minutes they met a stream, and shortly after some shepherds, who conducted them to Sicaya, the residence of an aga.

Fortunately Mr. Wolff had about his person his firman, with other papers, which entitled him to the utmost attentions of the aga, who provided him with a courier to carry his letter to Salonica, and a guard to escort him.

Notwithstanding his fatigues, he commenced his labours the same day. His name was already well known to the Hebrews, and they were not remiss in flocking to hear him. The house and streets adjoining were filled. He preached assiduously twice or three times a day, and disputed hotly with the rabbis; taking care, however, not to eat or drink with them, for he remembered his experience of their artifices at Jerusalem.*

* At Jerusalem, Mr. Wolff was in the habit of arguing once or twice a week in a *café* much frequented by Jews. One day the *cavedji*, being bribed by some of his enemies, presented him with a cup of poisoned coffee. Fortunately, the dose was too strong; he brought it up immediately, and thereby saved his life. Lady Georgiana was there with him, and to her

He distributed bibles with profusion; and after some days, put up in the streets a call to the Jews, showing them from the Testament that Christ was Messiah, and would come again on earth in 1847. I have often heard this prophecy from Mr. Wolff's lips, and he has done me the favour to explain to me his calculations, from which he deduces that year in particular for the advent. They are ingenious, and the connexion of them good; but no calculation from the data in the Old Testament can be relied on, because no two people can agree on the expression of those data. I have listened with delight to Mr. Wolff. He is eloquent and persuasive, with four languages—Hebrew, Italian, German, and English—in which to clothe his thoughts gracefully; besides having a tolerable knowledge of Arabic and Persian. But on one subject his enthusiasm rather taxes his auditor's patience, if not precisely of his opinion. He has published, and he believes, that in the year 1847 Christ will come in the clouds, surrounded by angels, and commence his reign in Jerusalem for one thousand years. It is difficult to listen to such expressions without regarding the speaker of them twofold, to discover if there be not something hidden under the garb of enthusiasm; but I really believe that Mr. Wolff is sincere—deceives himself as well as others. The great foil of his character is vanity. How far this passion, if deeply probed, may be found to have acted on his judgment till he believed himself pre-eminently the chosen of God, I will not pretend to hint at: we forget his foibles in considering his talents and his principles; yet, without being thought uncharitable, we may be allowed to suppose that Mr. Wolff, on being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, would have done well in sitting down unostentatiously in Bavaria, endeavouring to convert his relations, before wandering to distant lands. I asked him one day, whether he would be at Jerusalem in 1847, to receive the Messiah?

care Mr. Wolff attributed his recovery from a dangerous illness which ensued in consequence. Since then, however, he has been entirely free from tertian fever, to attacks of which, on exposure to *malaria*, he was previously very liable.

"Certainly," he replied; "Lady Georgiana and myself will go there for that purpose."

The call he put up excited great sensation. He was obliged to give a soldier money to prevent it from being torn down. Thousands of Jews came to read it. Some said in reply, that as the advent was only seventeen years off, they would wait till then before determining their opinions. Few men are so old as not to hope for as many as seventeen years more life. The whole city was upside down. Hitherto the pasha had been silent; but on this he sent to the consul, and desired him to tell Mr. Wolff not to affix any more calls on the houses inviting people to change their religion, which he considered highly improper.

To make a long story short, after a fortnight's preaching and arguing, Mr. Wolff desisted. He told me that endeavouring to convert the Jews was reaping in a barren field. No one acquainted with them will be much surprised at this confession. I was less so, because I knew the opposition that he had encountered from the Jews in every part of Turkey. From the Ottoman authorities he never received any serious obstacle. The intrigues of the Jews obliged him to leave Cyprus and Rhodes; they poisoned him at Jerusalem; they burnt the New Testaments he distributed at Adrianople; at Arnaoutkeuy, a populous village on the European bank of the Bosphorus, they paraded a crucified dog in derision of him: how they may have evinced their abhorrence of his apostasy in other places I do not know. He might well say that he reaped in a barren field; at the same time he told me that at Constantinople he had baptized thirteen Jews, who were afterwards banished through the influence of the rabbi; and will probably, if not already, by means of discipline, be induced to rescind. At Rome two Jews are converted every year—but how? In all cases it seems to me a negative humanity to convert people whom we cannot protect from after-persecution. They generally recant.

The Thessalonians not only would not listen to Mr. Wolff; they libelled him, by swearing to the consul that he had offered four thousand piastres to any one who would consent to be

baptized. I believe this to be false; Mr. Wolff assured me that it was.

Though unsuccessful in his pursuit, no one can deny Mr. Wolff great praise for the single-minded zeal that he displays in his avocation, or can depreciate his motives, which, he has shown the world, are pure. It may be considered the bounden duty of every person who believes in the Christian doctrine (which I hope is wrongly interpreted), that none can be saved but who believe in Christ, to take the Bible in one hand, the cross in the other, and go through the world with the hope of enlightening at least one soul. This is Mr. Wolff's idea. There is little merit in sitting by a warm fire, and sending deputies for that purpose. With such an object in view as the salvation of a soul, no persuaded believer should regard fatigue and privation; he should rather rejoice in them.

Alas! this is not the object of the missionaries who frequent the shores of the Turkish empire. To what purpose do they frequent them? to convert those who are already Christians: it would be as wise to teach the poor of one parish Greek and the mathematics, while the poor in the rest of the kingdom could not read. To what do they convert them? to their own peculiar opinions; as whether it be better to stand or kneel in church, to pray together or alone, to fast or feast on certain days. The utter unprofitableness of these gentlemen cannot be sufficiently pointed out; and Mr. Wolff has not done a greater service to the public, than by exposing some of them in his work. Would that his hints were attended to! One comes to Malta, and settles there with his lady; another comes to Tino, and while learning Greek, to be enabled to labour on the continent, falls in love, and marries an amiable Tiniote—his spiritual ardour takes another course;—another fixes himself at Smyrna, finding that demi-Frank city pleasanter than the interior of Turkey, whither he was destined;—another takes a *disorder*, and dies of it on the shores of the Persian Gulf;—another quietly pursues his own studies at Alexandria, regardless of others' souls, to qualify himself for a situation in one of the London colleges. All are living on the stipends granted by the missionary societies, and occupied in forwarding

their particular views. Far be it from me to say that human weakness does not merit indulgence; but they who embark in a holy cause should quit it when they find that the flesh overpowers the spirit. Religion is the last asylum where hypocrisy should shelter in.

Independent of moral qualifications, which apparently are not seriously attended to by the nominators of missionaries, it is reasonable to suppose that other qualifications are considered indispensable: particularly a knowledge of languages; yet, it will scarcely be credited, missionaries arrive in the Levant, to preach, to convert, knowing absolutely no other than their mother tongue. Everybody knows the length of time it requires to learn a foreign language, so as to be able to argue in it: the older the tyro, the more difficult the task.

There is no field without a flower, no desert without an oasis, no sea without a coral. I say this in reference to Mr. Hartley, missionary of the Church of England. His unwearied zeal, and his amiable character, gained him the esteem of all who met him during his stay in the Levant. He does not remember the writer of this, for there was nothing there to fix his attention; but he saw in the preacher a mild persuasiveness, which he thought could not fail in its object, could men be weaned from the creed of their fathers—be taught to believe in any miracles besides those imbibed with their mother's milk, fostered by continued precepts, sanctioned by the credence of all whom they esteem, which, if left to the exercise of their mature judgment, might have been rejected as fabulous. This, in my opinion—the extreme improbability of men, arrived at years of discretion, embracing another, hitherto ridiculed series of prodigies—is a chief obstacle to making converts; a valid reason for doubting their sincerity when converted; a plausible argument for not esteeming their talents. Of course there are exceptions; favoured individuals, on whom rays of divine grace alight, and paint on their minds' retinas the mysterious truth; but, in a general sense, the difficulty is insuperable. Abdul Wahab, the Luther of Mohammedanism, founder of the sect called Wahabites, since scotched by the sabre of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, while acknowledging the

unity of God, the purity of the doctrines contained in the Koran, the existence of future worlds as therein described, rejected the orthodox belief of Mohammed's intercourse with the angel Gabriel, and held him up as a mortal only, worthy of veneration truly; a being superiorly gifted with wisdom but not supernaturally endowed. There can be no doubt that a grown person, brought up in no religion, if desired to make choice between Islamism and Wahabism, would choose the latter, as being least offensive to human reason.

But to return whence we started. Where did Mr. Hartley labour?—among the Greeks, and without effect. Let the Greeks alone; they are already entitled to salvation, as far as belief can entitle them. Under the actual or nominal rule of the sultan, are fifteen millions of Mussulmans, who, according to the religion which the missionaries preach, must be damned. Does ever a missionary attempt, in the most indirect way, to save one of them? Never; the age of martyrdom is past.

The lavish distribution of Bibles is equally distressing to behold. Did the members and supporters of the Bible Society know how they go, how they are received, they would infinitely prefer giving their money to their poor countrymen. God knows, it would be a more praiseworthy action. But then the patronage of appointing missionaries, Bible distributors, &c. would cease. Let us examine what become of these books. Bibles are given to the Turks, printed very rationally in the Turkish character—(one hundred and ninety-nine of two hundred cannot read). A Turk takes one of them as he would a Treatise on Fluxions, or a Life of Lord Bacon, and with about as much interest; as neither the pasha nor the muphti interferes with his possession of it, it does not gain additional value as a prohibited article: he either keeps it as a curiosity, or tears it as waste paper. If imams came to England and France, and distributed Korans in the English and French tongues, I make no doubt that the people would willingly accept them, or buy them cheap; but I am sure that the propagation of the Mohammedan faith would not be the less advanced by this liberality, especially not being enforced by word of mouth. The Hebrews take the Bible with gre-

pleasure, because saving them expense : they carefully destroy the New Testaments, and place the Old Testaments in their synagogues, sneering at the donors. The Albanian klephtes make wadding for their guns of the leaves of the Society's Bibles, if they have no other. Vast numbers of Bibles are annually distributed, or sold cheap, to the Greeks : these tell their priests, and their priests, as in duty bound, relieve them of the charge of keeping such forbidden books. In 1829, a Sardinian frigate at Alexandria received Bibles from the agent of the English Society : when the frigate arrived at Genoa, her officers and men, without distinction, were required to give them up, and did. If such absurdity exists in enlightened Italy—I vouch for its truth—what can be expected in Greece ? In Mesopotamia, Mr. Wolff told me, to justify the distribution of Bibles, is a tribe of 200,000 souls, who were formerly Christians (at least, so it is said), but who, their books becoming destroyed by age and carelessness, lost all remembrance of their faith, and degenerated into, what they are, worshippers of the evil spirit. Here, it may be exclaimed, is a fitting channel for the liberality of the Bible Society to flow in ! to restore a lost flock to its pastor. Much cannot be hoped : their Christianity must have been very, very lukewarm, if they could not copy their writings, or at least preserve them traditionally. The oriental Hebrews, and the Mohammedans, have been equally without the aid of printing ; yet Bibles and Korans are not wanting—at least one to every family.

This discussion does not properly come under the head of a lay traveller's note-book ; but the subject, at which I have barely hinted, forcibly impresses every disinterested Frank in the East.

I must, however, add that the missionaries do not entirely labour in vain. Converts are obtained, not many certainly, but enough to impose on the world, chiefly from among the Syrian Christians. I will not say that any of them are gained by actual bribery, but they certainly are by promises of employment in the missionary line—promises often not fulfilled, in consequence of which the converts are reduced to distress. More than one Armenian bishop has embraced a Protestant

faith in order to marry: "every man has his price." Mr. Wolff's Arabic professor, of whom I have spoken, was one of these Syrian Christians. He had been converted five years since by an American missionary at Beyruth—converted to the American's own doctrines: what *they* were I know not; I only know that the said American, with another of his countrymen in the same line, have brought the English name in great discredit with the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, and thereabouts. Having been strongly recommended as one admirably qualified to preach the gospel among the Arabs, Mr. Wolff took him into his service, with a liberal salary of eighty pounds per annum. When obliged to make the precipitate retreat from his boat off Cassandra, Joseph (the convert) accompanied him. In his fear he did not forget his Syrian craft, but opening a trunk, took out his master's ready money, four thousand piastres, and put them into his sash for his own private use. At Sicaya, Mr. Wolff wanted money very bad to repay the civility of the aga's attendants: Joseph offered him none; indeed his master thought he had none, and did not ask him. On arriving at a convent, in their journey from Sicaya to Salonica, Joseph, tormented with ideas of brigands, lodged his money in the hands of the prior; and when he reached Salonica, requested the consul to withdraw it from him. The consul, knowing that Mr. Wolff had been in distress for money, was scandalized at this mercenary trait in the Maronite, and thought that the man who could be guilty of such meanness towards a liberal patron could not be honest. Sanctified Joseph, still feigning poverty, induced his master not only to reimburse him for the loss of apparel which he had sustained in the boat, but also to fit him out entirely anew, and pay up his arrears of salary. He insisted on these terms without delay, which put Mr. Wolff to great inconvenience on account of the exchange at the moment being unfavourable. At this unprincipled extortion I could not restrain my indignation, or from expressing it to Mr. Wolff, who was much surprised at hearing that his strongly-recommended, good, honest Joseph was possessed of a considerable number of piastres, especially as he had reason to know that he had had none

previous to the visit of the pirates—gentlemen who take rather than give. Still, judging from his own good feelings, he was inclined to think that he might have been mistaken, and that at worst Joseph was only guilty of bad faith with him, not of a crime which in England might have brought him to the gallows. I thought differently. Here, however, the affair ceased for the present; Mr. Wolff resolved on parting with him on arriving at Smyrna, not on account of this, but on account of his ignorance of any other language than Arabic, which rendered him of little service, also from his lukewarmness in the cause of religion. He settled in his own mind that Joseph should be sent to Alexandria, with strong certificates to the missionaries there, in order to be profitably employed. I am happy to say that the rogue was unmasked in time. On our arrival at Smyrna, the Cypriote (Mr. Wolff's domestic), between whom and Joseph had been a growing coolness on the passage, quarrelled with him seriously on account of the said wrongly-appropriated piastres, and to be revenged told his master the story of the theft, of which he was an eye-witness, and which he was to have shared. The case being laid before the consul, honest Joseph was induced to disgorge great part of his dearly-beloved piastres, and was sent back to Syria in disgrace. He will probably resume his old creed, laugh at the credulity of missionaries, and lament his own sufficient want of cunning. The name of this man has figured more than once in the reports of the Bible Society, and been cited as an instance of the success attending the missionaries' labours. As a further spur to their labours, I may add, that there is no difficulty in converting a Maronite to anything except honesty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tertian Fever—Philanthropy—Hydriote Schooner—Mr. Wolff—Smyrna—Hotel—"Glorious three days"—Recluse—Swede—Merchants—L'Eurydice—Ourlaq—Gazelle—English Frigate—Spezzia—Quarantine—Genoa.

SALONICA is notorious—I know it to my cost—as the headquarters of the tertian fever, which ravages, more or less, every part of Turkey in the summer and autumn,—the natural con-

sequence of uncultivated lands. During my stay, it cruelly afflicted the town; of eight males in the consulate, not one escaped. There were nearly as many females, including Mrs. and Miss Charnaud; not one took it. Exposure to the wind that blows over the marshes, without having on a cloth jacket or flannel, is certain to produce it. One day of this wind, the doctor seeing my servant, a stout athletic islander, standing at the window in his shirt-sleeves, cautioned him to come away, or to put on his jacket. "Maccari!" exclaimed the fellow; "do you think we are like you effeminate Franks? We are Palikari." "You may be a Palikari," replied the doctor; "but the fever is more of a Palikari than you." That evening he sunk under it, and twice afterwards before leaving the place. In consequence, the inhabitants are divided into two parties; the partisans of quina (bark), and the partisans of quinina (extract of bark); each has its doctors, and the respective merits of the drugs form the engrossing topic of conversation. I give the preference to quina; it is slower in performing a cure, but its effects are more certain; quinina, too, though it generally cuts a fever in twenty-four hours, has the disadvantage of giving intolerable headache.

The depopulation of Turkey is mainly attributable to this fever. Wars, executions, and plague are active agents, I allow; but they are incidental, whereas tertian acts like rust on metal, silently and destructively. It falls heaviest on children, and more than counterbalances the great fecundity of the women; the mother of ten children may esteem herself happy on being able to bring up two. Bark, its sovereign remedy, is not procurable, except in the great trading cities of the coasts; in default whereof, the natives drink off large doses of raw spirits seasoned with pepper, or of lemon juice which has stood in the sun a whole day. The cure is often worse than the disease; both are uncertain, and in no case can be safely administered to young children. Winter checks it, but it returns the ensuing summer: a child is weaker each season, and, unless shaken off in time, intestinal complaints ensue, from which only the most robust recover. Mind has so much influence on this fever, that I have heard of natives being cured by going to mosque or

church covered with amulets. I can believe it, from knowing how effectually the mind, in an inverse way, acts on Franks, who, being free from the wholesome superstition, prolong the disorder by a nervous apprehension of its certain repetition. It is laughable the exactitude with which it returns, to half an hour. A Frank takes out his watch, orders warm drinks, and waits for it: he never waits in vain; at the precise minute his extremities begin to chill, and the shivers soon follow. Of all the inhabitants of Turkey, the Osmanleys suffer the least from tertian fever, because they clothe the warmest.

On the subject of the depopulation of Turkey, it may not be amiss to observe, that another great cause of it, more active than is readily supposed, is the absence of surgical aid. Bad wounds, fractures, neglected ulcers, gangrenes, &c. almost always prove fatal. One of the rarest objects in Turkey is a person minus a limb. Minus an eye is fearfully common; for simple ophthalmia, trifling in civilized Europe, is in these countries generally followed by the partial loss of sight; by a merciful provision of nature, when one eye is extinguished, the other is less liable to disorders.

Aware of the distressing consequences of neglected wounds and hurts, the Philanthropic Society of Paris, with an enlightened humanity that cannot be sufficiently admired, sent two surgeons into Greece in 1827, with liberal stipends, and all necessaries appertaining to their art, to relieve the natives gratis. If the healer of sores and the preacher of the gospel were united, might not greater success be expected? European skill in medicine is regarded by the easterns as almost miraculous; they do not attribute it to witchcraft. Was not a power of healing one of the direct proofs given by our Saviour of his divine mission? A person with skill and medicines, and a knowledge of the language, would be treated as a little divinity all over the country; he would be carried on men's shoulders from village to village; pashas would court him, and brigands would respect him.

At length, Mr. Wolff, despairing of mollifying the obdurate hearts of the Hebrews, and I of getting cured by Mr. Lafont, who, too late, convinced me that he knew little more of the

nature of an eye than of the moon, we embarked in a Hydriot schooner, to proceed to Smyrna.

The live cargo of our little bark might, for singularity, be placed in comparison with the old pirate's of the Cyclades—Haidée's father. There were five Albanians *cap-à-pie*; a Greek trader, with bales of tobacco for the Smyrna bazaar; a party of Turkish women, on their way to Damascus, to join the next Mecca caravan; an Egyptian slave-dealer, with nine young negresses, whom he was conveying to Smyrna on speculation, having failed to dispose of them at Salonica; and last, though not least in consideration, or least out of place, a missionary, a Maronite, and an English naval officer. These groups so crowded the narrow deck, that the ten merry Hydriotes, who composed the crew, had barely room to plant their broad feet. We had some difficulty in getting out of the gulf, on account of baffling airs: while in it, the Maronite was deeply engrossed by fears of pirates, and referred to me as the only unbiassed authority on board, in his opinion, each time that a boat, or anything that his fancy magnified into one, appeared. I amused myself by playing with his childish apprehensions; we were too well armed for a *bonne bouche*; and the joke spreading, he found himself all at once the butt of the company: he could not eat for fear; and he could not sleep for fear; and he worked himself ill before three days.

Having cleared the gulf, we met the north wind, which rarely ceases in the Archipelago during the fine season, and the well-sustained merriment of the passengers changed into something like alarm at the heeling of the vessel; she sadly wanted ballast. This enabled me to appreciate more fully the zeal of Mr. Wolff. He is constitutionally nervous, and therefore, his exposing himself in the manner he does to uncertain perilous journeys—being able to subdue the infirmity of nature in the cause of religion, shows a singularly fine, elevated spirit; and his exertions, in consequence, merit one hundred-fold more praise than they would were he possessed of ordinary strength of nerve. In no one point did I so much admire his character as in this. The apprehensions which would have been puerile in other men, were respectable in him, almost ennobling.

because they acted as foils to bring into full relief the force of his mind, which showed itself, in thus combating the flesh, so vastly superior to the conservative ideas which mark the great mass of mankind. He never, while on board, forgot his calling, but talked of religion to the crew and the passengers, as cheerfully as on shore. One morning, however, his distrust of the sea made him expose himself unwittingly to a sharp retort from one of the crew, whom, with others, he had just rebuked for swearing profanely, saying, "that they should be cautious on the deep, where God might engulf them at a moment." The fellow promptly answered, "Is he not equally powerful on shore? Why, then, should we be more guarded here than there?"

By means, however, of carrying low sail, we crossed the narrow sea pleasantly, and anchored at Smyrna on the third evening. I was in a bad state, having suffered a complete relapse on board. So I placed myself under the care of Mr. Clarke, surgeon of the factory; a gentleman, as renowned in the country for his professional skill, as esteemed for his various acquirements and amiable manners. To his care I owe that my disorder did not terminate in gangrene—disposed that way through the ignorance of Mr. Lafont; and the moments of his company, which he gave me, and which he could ill spare from his well-employed time, tended to relieve the tedium necessarily attendant on ophthalmia.

I did not immediately lose my eccentric and amiable friend; he remained in the same hotel a week, before embarking for Malta, to meet Lady Georgiana Wolff, who was expected there from Alexandria to lie in. During his stay, his apartment was like a chapel. Morning and evening he preached; at one time in Italian, that language being the most universal medium in the Levant; at another time in English,—to an audience chiefly composed of Americans, who were much pleased with him, and listened for hours to his extemporaneous eloquence; but who were also rather facetious at occasional slips in his pronunciation, particularly of the word tribes, when talking of the tribes of Israel, accenting the *b* rather too sharply. He was also besieged by the visits and attentions of the mis-

sionaries and Bible Society agents resident at Smyrna; they remembered the lashing he had given their class in his work, and they wished to disarm his scrutiny. He was not blinded by the flattery. If I do not mistake, it was said in one of the Bible Society reports, "that the Smyrniote Greeks were to be seen sitting at their shop-boards diligently reading the Bibles distributed by the Society, every moment they could spare from their work." I have no wish to cavil, but I cannot help remarking on so astounding a misrepresentation, made for an interested motive. I have often been at Smyrna, a great deal in the bazaars, and among the Greeks; but I have never seen one of them read a Bible; nor has, I believe, any other Englishman at Smyrna. When a Greek has done his work, he goes to dance, and to sing, and to drink; attending mass satisfies his conscience.

Smyrna abounds with French, not of the best class; many, exiles *nolens volens* for the events of 1814-15. One of them, a stanch Napoleonist, rather cracked it is said, armed himself with a long knife, and burst open the door of Sir Hudson Lowe's apartment, when he was here on his way to India, intending to make the lieutenant-governor of Ceylon expiate the faults of the governor of St. Helena. Sir Hudson was fortunately out, but he profited by the hint, and took up his quarters on board the *Cambrian*, then lying in the harbour.

Our inn belonged to a Frenchman; and when the news arrived of the capture of Algiers, his countrymen hoisted an Algerine flag on the roof. Such conduct cannot be sufficiently deprecated; it is always bad taste, not to say the height of meanness, to insult misfortune. Some old Osmanleys absolutely wept when they saw it. Six years ago, before the Turks were crestfallen, this action would have brought destruction on the house in question, and perhaps endangered all the Frank quarter. Many of the great disasters suffered by Franks in Turkey have been occasioned by their imprudence or their pride.

I had not been many days at Smyrna, when rumours of the "glorious three days" filled all ears, and made the hearts of the French swell with exultation, excepting those in trade; for,

during several weeks, their bills were not acceptable. Count Guillemot's son-in-law, who was going to Constantinople with his lady, and M. Fontanier (author of a book of travels in the east), on his way to Trebizonde as consul—both in my inn—received the report rather queerly, for they or their relatives held office under the fallen dynasty; yet, with true French feeling, they drank to the illustrious event. Individuals who before had scarcely known each other, now fraternally embraced with, *Avez-vous entendu le prodige—le peuple héroïque—vive la France—encore notre chère patrie*, &c. All eyes were turned towards the sea to catch the first glimpse of the magic stripes, the mystic union of blue, white, and red; and September 15th, the people's triumph was fully confirmed by the arrival of a French ship of war from Algiers. As she clewed up, rounding to in fine style within a cable's length of the British consulate, and displayed from her peak a broad tri-coloured ensign, nearly as large as one of her topsails, loud cheers from the crowds on the quay, as fervently answered by the crew from her yards, welcomed her. Who could gaze on that banner, miraculously, it might be said, restored, without reading in it a long tale of blood, and glory, and stern reverses—Italy, Egypt, Moscow, Waterloo, at the angles; in the centre, St. Helena. Having sufficiently admired its graceful undulations in the sea-breeze, the liberals dispersed, and then paraded the streets with bands of music: that evening, *ça ira* and the Marseillaise succeeded to the Muezzin's Hymn, "God is great: there is no God but God." The next day a schooner arrived from Toulon, with orders for the consul, who the following day hoisted the tri-color on his house. The French brig saluted it with twenty-one guns; and the American merchant vessels in port testified their joy by firing guns from time to time during the day; and the delirium of the French was carried to its height by the *Wasp*, English sloop of war, arriving from Ourlaq the same evening, and saluting regally the revolutionary emblem. Young Napoleon was on all lips. The Turks during these few days kept the eyes of astonishment open, and more frequently than usual made use of their favourite exclamations, "Wonderful! God is great!" It added another

reason to the many they already pretend to have, for saying that Franks are mad. The rejoicings were wound up *à l'Anglaise*, by a national dinner, to which the only foreigners invited were the English and American consuls, as representatives of the two free nations, and therefore alone worthy to fraternize with French citizens,—*quels citoyens!*

At Constantinople the same order was observed. A dinner followed the inauguration of the flag, at which were present all the French at Pera, to the number of nearly one hundred, the English consul, and an American citizen; and to heighten the entertainment, combining recollections, it was served in the garden of the embassy, in the same *allée* where, at the commencement of the first French revolution, a tree of liberty was planted. It was, however, lamented by some, that Count Guilleminot, so universally respected, the personal friend of the Duc d'Angoulême, to whose influence he owed the post of ambassador, should have given *that* dinner on *that* occasion. In his public capacity, it was his duty to cause the colours to replace the lilies with all necessary solemnities; but he had no occasion to make a private display. If the banquet he gave on the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbons was a lure to secure his place, he perhaps regretted it, and thought since, how much more noble it would have been *not* to have given it.

In my inn lived a singular being, who had abandoned the world. Since eleven years, he had occupied a chamber in it not larger than a friar's cell, and in that interval had not been outside the house a dozen times; in the last two years he had not left it. He was a good-looking man, spare, about forty-five. He led a life of sameness, irksome to those that beheld it, in sober sadness. In all his actions he was the pattern of exactitude. He slept to a moment, he eat to a mouthful, he drank to a drop, he smoked to a puff; no inducement could make him exceed in any one point; and I dare say, had I counted them, I should have found that, in his walk up and down the passage, he never made a step more one day than another. The mere act of forsaking the world, and retiring to a distance from one's former connexions, is not very extraordinary; such an impulse is often produced by the crosses of life;

but that a man should bury himself in a dirty inn, in one corner of his native town, appeared to me the excess of originality, and excited my curiosity. He had never been known to form an acquaintance with any of the strange and opposite characters who came to the *Cloche d'Or* from all parts of the world; yet, with a remnant of that instinct which draws human beings together, he loved to regard them from the door of his room, just sufficiently ajar to allow his head to appear, where he would remain like a rabbit at the entrance of its hutch, and, like a rabbit, would quickly withdraw if any person, prompted by politeness or any other cause, addressed an obtrusive question to him. Nor should I probably have made further progress in his graces, had not our situation been similar: we were both prisoners; he from will, I from sickness. It may be, too, that compassion excited an interest in him for me, as curiosity did in me for him. Be that as it may, we made gradual approaches; an occasional "Good morning—how do you do?" &c., broke the ice; and in a short time, to the astonishment of the house, he would visit me in my apartment. At first, he would only remain a minute, put a good-natured question about my health, and retire abashed. By degrees, however, I got him to sit down; and thus our familiarity increased, till he would remain an hour, and apparently take pleasure in hearing himself talk again. He was not an uninteresting companion. In his youth he had travelled, as a merchant, in Russia and Germany, and could recount anecdotes and personal adventures with humour; but of the present aspect of the world he was more ignorant than a dervish, for since his seclusion he had not thought of it. I endeavoured to hit upon the cause of his malady, but met with indefinite success; hints he would not understand, and direct questions he evaded. I touched, however, a sensitive chord, whose vibrations showed me that he had learned Timon's experience: the mention of his countrymen, the Greeks, was sure to set him in a flame—to make him "cast dirt on them," to use a Turkish phrase, in neither measured nor decent terms; if I praised them, he became worse. His severe strictures, too, on women, led me to conjecture that he had not found them alto-

gether angels. More precisely his motives for disliking his species I never learned; I ceased to importune him when I suspected that it would be ripping open too keen a wound. He became more and more partial to my society; and I may say, without vanity, that my departure caused him a sensation such as he had not felt for years. Can it be doubted? when we consider how consoling it must have been for his mortified and suspicious spirit to find a person willing to hold communion with him, totally unmotivated by interest.

For several weeks we were the only resident lodgers. Occasionally a guest arrived for a day or so; but their stay being short, and their time occupied, they caused no interruption to our daily intercourse. I knew some; among them an ex-colonel and an ex-captain *de la grande armée*, who were returning from Constantinople to France, in consequence of the revolution. Their joy was only equalled by their volubility in expressing it. The colonel wished to pass off as having been a *bim bashi* of the *nizam dgeditt*, and hinted to me to countenance him. To humour his vanity, I did so, though I had known him in the humble capacity of *talingi* (instructor.) Another was a M. Wildenbrach, officer of the King of Prussia's guards, who was honorarily attached to the Prussian embassy at Pera, where I had made his acquaintance. He had been touring in Syria and Palestine, and was now hasting back to Constantinople, on account of the death of his minister, M. Royer, and of *the* "three days."

At length a Swedish merchant took up his abode under the same roof, to wait for a passage to Malta. He came from Eski Scheyr,* three days' journey distant, whither he had been on a speculation in *ecume de mer*, but had failed, in consequence of the article being monopolized. As he was a gentlemanly, pleasant man, with a great deal of information, I was egotist enough to rejoice that there was no present oppor-

* Eski Scheyr is about eighteen hours from Brussa. Near it, in mines, is found the best quality known of *ecume de mer*. The trade is monopolized by six Turkish merchants, who supply all Germany. As they reside in turn at Vienna, in quality of agent for the sake of the article, one meets at Eski Scheyr the rare phenomenon of a Turk speaking any other language than his own. The inhabitants are Mussulmans, governed by a *mousselim*.

tunity for his departure. He was sixty years old; but to the experience and knowledge that should, but does not always, belong to that age, he joined the vivacity and freshness of youth: it may therefore be readily conceived how I valued his acquaintance, deprived, as I was, by my disorder, of the enjoyment of reading. My original friend was not so pleased with this addition to my society, and at the commencement kept aloof. He yielded, however, to the impulse which I had given, and occasionally formed the trio; but would never join in the conversation, contenting himself with listening. The Swede, on his part, could not bear him, and amused himself heartily at his expense behind his back, and now and then covertly to his face; not being in that to blame, for he certainly was a legitimate subject for a quiz to any one who had not had the leisure that I had to appreciate his good qualities, or to make allowances for the contrarieties of his life. He only saw in him the absurdity of a misanthrope. The poor recluse had sufficient Grecian wit to know friend from foe, and did not lose an opportunity that presented itself to be quietly revenged. The Swede was intimately acquainted with the Dutch consul, M. Van Lennep, who promised him a passage in a Dutch brig of war, which was about to sail for Malta; assuring him that he need not be uneasy about losing his passage, for he would give him a day's notice to prepare his baggage. Accordingly, the Swede remained joyously tranquil, waiting the hour of the vessel's departure; an occasion so much the more valuable as there would be no other for a long time. Thus matters stood, when, one evening, as we three met as usual, the recluse, addressing himself to me, observed, carelessly, that the Dutch brig had gone out of harbour in good style about two hours before. Not having the slightest idea of it, I shrunk at the effect which so abrupt a notification would have on the Swede, who was naturally choleric, as he had set his heart on that conveyance, daily expatiating on its advantages. He laid his chibouque against the wainscot, put his hands in his sides, and fixing his large grey eyes on him, said, "What did you say, sir?" The recluse quailed under his intense stare; but, encouraged by my

vicinity, simply repeated what he had said. On this the Swede drew breath, inwardly thinking, from the half-suppressed smile which I could not for the life of me conceal, that we were joking with him, and contemptuously replied, "You, sir, you do not know a Dutch brig from a Chinese junk; how should you, shut up all your life in this—" "I do not know," answered the recluse, in a struggle between malice and timidity, "I may be mistaken; but is not the Dutch ensign red, white, blue, horizontal?" This circumstantial evidence was staggering. Having given it, he shot me a look from the corner of his eye; I nearly bit my lip in two, and the Swede opened his eyes till I thought they would have left his head. "You, sir," he again cried, "you do not know an ensign from a topsail;" then, without waiting for an answer, he ran to the head of the stairs, and loudly vociferated for the master and the servants, who, one and all, came running up, thinking that murder had been committed. "Where is the Dutch brig—has she sailed—when did she sail—why did she sail?" Having given utterance to these interrogatories in one breath, he allowed himself time to hear the painful truth confirmed, that she *had* sailed two hours before. Those who have missed a sea passage can judge of his mortification. He struck his hand to his forehead, and walked up and down the passage, past us, like one possessed. I never swallowed so much smoke, in order to prevent laughing. I saw that a storm was brewing; and the author of the mischief, satisfied with his evening's work, was about to retire, when the Swede opened fire. "Stay here—two months longer—I shall cut my throat—have already been here two months—enough to make a man throw himself from that window headlong into the sea." Then fixing his eyes again on the recluse, who edged closer to me, he continued: "A man who would live in this dog-hole by choice must be mad—worse than a beast—deserves to have a chain round his neck. By God," waxing more wroth, "if I have to remain here another month, I will blow my brains out." It was now the recluse's turn. "In that case," he said—I was surprised at his courage—"come to me; I have a pair of pistols hanging up in my room." "Then, sir," cried the Swede, who could contain him-

self no longer, "blow your own muddled brains out, and go to h—." He then deliberately broke his own pipe in two, put his foot, inadvertently, on my bowl, and smashed it; upset all that lay in his way, and rushed into his room. That night we saw no more of him. Next morning, I found him in bed, sick in mind and body. His well-made grey wig, that suited his years to a nicety, and deceived even the perruquier, had fallen off: his shirt was open; a dish of slops was by his side, and a rejected pipe before him; he presented a forlorn picture, and showed that at sixty his blood ran too quick. It was now my office to console him, which I did in regard of his disappointment; but nothing could reconcile him to the recluse, who was become as an abomination in his eyes. He rose and repaired to the Dutch consul to seek an explanation. The consul acted his part admirably, started back on seeing him, as from a spectre, affected despair, loaded himself with reproaches, and swore that it was a complete oversight; so that the Swede, who had worked off his bile in the night, allowed himself to believe his professions.

The fact was, that intelligence of the revolution in Belgium had altered the brig's destination, which the consul did not choose to avow; and instead of going to Malta, she went to lie at Port Oliveto, ready for any emergency, fearing, in case of a war with England or France, to be blockaded in Smyrna.

The commander of a Russian vessel of war that was in port dined frequently at the *Cloche d'Or*. On such occasions he always had the complaisance to pay me a visit; but though gratified by his attention, I derived little pleasure from his society, for we sadly wanted a medium of intercourse; he speaking no other language than his own, excepting about a dozen words of English; I only knowing about as many words of Russian; so our stock was equally produced each time, and as soon exhausted. If the recluse, however, happened to be present we could get on, for he spoke Russian tolerably well. One day that he was thus acting as our interpreter, and in unusual spirits, we persuaded him to depart from his precise habit so far as to take a little wine; but shortly afterwards, going into his room, I saw him throw out

of window the small portion of wine which he reserved from his bottle at dinner to drink with his cigar at seven o'clock. "Why did you throw it away?" I asked. "Because I drank a glass with the commandant," he replied, "and therefore have no occasion for it."

The commandant's gig, which waited for him every day at the quay beneath my windows, had a very decent crew, dressed after the English fashion—a fashion now adopted by the ships of war of most nations; not that foreign men-of-war's men, though imitating the dress—blue collared frocks, black handkerchiefs, tight breeched trowsers without braces, low-quartered shoes, straw hats with black ribbons—can ever acquire the address, the happy, off-hand, don't care a d—n air of our Jacks. The coxswain, in particular, was a superior man, free from the Russian snub-nose and low forehead which marked all his companions; and his intimacy with two Turkish custom-house officers, whose station was close to the landing-place, attracted my attention still more. "Call him Mustapha," said one of them to me, "and you will know the reason why we are such friends." True enough; he answered to the name which confessed him a Mussulman. I could do no less, then, than show him that I had not taken his name in vain, which I accordingly did by asking him upstairs, bidding the garçon, at the same time, to fetch coffee, chibouques, and punch. The two first of these introductory tokens he accepted cheerfully; the other he at first shyed, for form's sake, but having salved his conscience by saying that he had lived a long while among Christians, drank it off. He informed me that on board many of the Russian ships of war Mussulmans were embarked, adding, that they were treated very well, excepting while in Turkish ports, when an embargo was laid on their leave, under the idea that they would desert; and so strictly was it enforced, that the request of some imams, who came on board his vessel for the purpose during the preceding ramazan, that the Mussulman part of the crew might be allowed to go on shore to mosque, they (the imams) answering for their return on board, was refused; "which," said Mustapha, "was very hard, considering that the Christians were allowed to go

on shore on Sundays, and other festival days, to church." He had been nineteen years in the service, and looked forward with impatience to when his time should expire—in four years; though he expressed a fear that even then he would not obtain his liberty, because he was still strong and healthy. "But," I observed, "after having been twenty-three years in the service, what will you do on being discharged? you will have no pension, and will be in want." "Not so," he replied; "my father has a house and lands near the Caspian; if they give me my freedom I will not ask them for more; it was the unhappiest day of my life when they took me from my home—it will be the happiest one when I again see it." Poor fellow! I did not damp him by hinting at the change which will probably await him, should he be able, on being discharged at Cronstadt, to find his way home across the extent of Russia, which extent operates as an effectual bar to desertion since the conscripts are generally enrolled in opposite provinces to those in which they are levied. During these nineteen years Mustapha informed me that he had not heard once from his relations;—how should he; snatched from the Caspian and imprisoned on the Baltic? nor did he seem to expect it, but would have deemed it, I believe, rather miraculous to have received intelligence of them. Although speaking with great moderation and loyalty, treating the privations under which he laboured as things of course, he confirmed what I had heard from other sources of the convict condition of the Russian sailors;—even they are better off than the soldiers of the line. At the time of which I am speaking the sailor in the Levant station received nine Turkish piastres a month (half-a-crown), his entire pay, no arrears, no allotments; but then, it is true, the government found him in clothes, and sufficient leather to make two pair of shoes a year, which, if he was not endowed with a cobbling capacity, he had to pay others for making. The duty on board ran in the opposite extreme; for, independent of being sailors, the crew were drilled every day for four hours as soldiers. Alas! if philanthropists would consider the nature of twenty-three years of such an existence, whether on shore or on board, seasoned with rattanning, on such pay, on rations to which

prison fare in England is luxury, without hope, without surgeons or medicines in case of sickness, they would deem it more charitable to rescue Russian subjects from their government, than negroes from West India merchants, or Greeks from Turkish masters. Sift slavery how we will, view it on every side, stigmatize it as degrading, as bestial, I do believe that it is not near so galling as the state of conscript soldiers in countries where military duty is arduous. Leaving insecurity of life out of the question, as unworthy of consideration, what is there in the negro's fate—we cannot cite the slaves of Mussulmans, for they are treated like their master's children—what is there in his fate worse than that of such a soldier? Say you, he is dragged from his native shore to work in distant isles; is that worse than being marched from Archangel to fill a ditch in Bulgaria? Say you, he can never see his friends again, allowing that he cares a straw for them; will the conscript's friends recognize *him* after twenty-five years of absence, when he returns sickly and *poor*? But the negro, though severed from his country, is not separated from the best portion of the human species; though doomed to be tyrannized over by man, he has the sympathy of woman to lighten his cares; though cut off from first connexions, he has dearer ones growing up around him, which make every place a home. What has the conscript soldier got to make up for his lost home, his forgetful friends, his cheerless singleness?—honour!

The beginning of November a Sardinian frigate, *L'Eurydice*, arrived from Syria, and I gladly accepted a proposal of her officers, whose acquaintance I had made at Genoa, to accompany them to that port. The obstinate nature of the complaint in my eyes rendered it advisable to try a change of climate, and I could not have undertaken a voyage in a vessel without a competent surgeon. What I suffered from ophthalmia during three months at Smyrna, relapse after relapse, I shall not attempt to describe; it was at times the excess of agony only to be calmed by opium. It is a most frightful disease, almost an excuse for suicide.

Having been so long at Smyrna, I may be supposed capable

of saying a word on our numerous countrymen resident in it, how their customs are affected by long contact with Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Levantines. In good earnest, to speak generally, an Englishman may be there a long time without knowing any of his countrymen beyond some shopkeepers. Thus far the reputable body of fruit merchants deserve credit for their consistency, in which, I believe, they were never grossly wanting but once, and then the individual in whose favour the rule was infringed repaid them by quizzing them in print. In no town of Turkey is a traveller put more to his shifts than he may be at Smyrna; in every other he presents himself to the governor, who quarters him on the best Greek house, the owner of which, far from being displeased with the distinction, is glad of the opportunity of gaining news; but at Smyrna the pasha would with astonishment refer him to his consul to procure him accommodation among his countrymen,—who would admire his simplicity, and in return refer him to some paltry inn, as full, perhaps, of bipeds as of centipedes. I do not pretend to say that travellers have the least right to complain of the lukewarmness of their compatriots at Smyrna; it is a matter of opinion; but their inattention to the navy is as inexcusable as it is singular, and so marked as to excite the surprise of all foreigners. The officers of foreign ships of war invariably find a ready welcome in the houses of their respective consuls and merchants, who are, the latter to the English, in point of wealth and numbers, as one to ten. The English officers rarely see more than the outsides of their merchants' houses: every English man-of-war that has been at Smyrna can testify the same. There is seldom more than a corvette and a brig lying there at the same time, therefore numbers is not the obstacle. A merchant said, (I suppose jokingly,) "It would be a clever stroke, indeed, to invite the naval officers to our houses, to corrupt our wives and daughters while we are at our bureaux." It is a new thing to be told that the navy abounds with Don Juans. But however cheap the author of that sensible remark holds the virtue of Frank ladies at Smyrna, he may be assured that it is on as fair a scale as in any other confined society, where

scandal, the guardian as well as the vituperator of female fame, has her eyes ever open, her tongue ever ready. No one will be so inconsiderate as to say, that the English navy has no claim on the gratitude of English merchants. Where is there a navy that shows such disinterested zeal under all circumstances, the most trying and responsible, in the protection of its country's commercial interests? It is its duty—true; but there are two ways of doing that duty, the difference between which would make a material corresponding difference in the receipts of trade.

November 14, 1830, I embarked in *L'Eurydice*. Her first destination was Ourlaq, a capacious and safe anchorage on the south shore of the Gulf of Smyrna, eighteen miles from the city, much frequented by ships of war since 1821, on account of its excellent water. It takes its name from a large village two miles distant, near which are mineral springs, reputed efficacious, but not much used from a want of conveniences for patients,—a defect which renders unavailing nearly all the mineral waters throughout Turkey, excepting those of Brussa, where are accommodations on a superb scale. On an island near the main, formerly connected with it by a causeway which is still visible under water, are ruins of Clazomene, described by Chandler. One of the islands which screen the anchorage of Ourlaq is named English Island, probably from some of our early crusaders who landed on it; though this is conjectural, the origin of the name being unknown: it abounds in rabbits.

We soon completed the frigate's water, and then left the Gulf of Smyrna on our homeward voyage to Genoa. Several memorials of Syria, off which coast the frigate had been for some months, were on board, among others, some melodious bullbuls and a gazelle. The latter was a beautiful little creature, and tamer than a pet-lamb. A peculiarity of its nature struck my attention as being very very remarkable, and this was its extreme fondness for tobacco, which it ate like hay. Buffon says that the gazelle will eat anything; but anything does not mean a pound of tobacco at a time. Whenever we smoked, it would come bounding towards us, attracted by the

fumes, and if we did not immediately satisfy its wishes, would put its little nose to the pipe-bowls to inhale the odour nearer. We usually gave it a handful every morning, which it devoured with avidity and came for more. It did not much relish cigars, but was particularly grateful for snuff, licking it off our fingers with great *goût*.

Foul and squally weather detained us some days at the entrance of the Archipelago, during which an English frigate, equally with ourselves bound out, doubled us by working through the Cervi passage, and was out of sight next morning. This little circumstance was not alluded to by the officers, nor, through delicacy, touched on by me, though it would be hypocrisy to say that I was not pleased by this proof of our national superiority. However, it is fair to observe that *L'Eurydice* was a sweet frigate, and her officers proficient in their art, moreover versed in the various knowledge and accomplishments of gentlemen—merit peculiarly their own, since in a naval career such must be self-taught. They were alive to the inconvenience of belonging to a diminutive state, where sous are counted, and officers' talents estimated by the scale of their economy. "Our captains cannot venture to do what yours do," one observed to me; "for our admiralty makes as much fuss if we carry away a topsail-yard as yours does if you lose a frigate." There was truth in what he said, showing the excellent policy of not being too severe on officers for loss of ships (unless where stupidity is the cause). Too much responsibility creates timidity. What might not be lost by a captain of a ship of war being afraid, through long habits of caution, to carry sail, or attempt hazardous navigation in night or hazy weather! a dispatch, involving the destiny of nations, might be detained weeks in consequence of lying to six hours for day-light; for in that short delay a gale of wind might come on, and drive him far to leeward.

At length a south-east wind took us and carried us to within a few miles of Catania. Thence, meeting the north-east wind blowing down the strait of Messina, through which we had hoped to pass with a flowing sheet, and there being little probability of its changing, and it making little difference by

which side of Sicily a vessel passes going to Genoa, we bore up for the Malta channel, where, after lying a day becalmed, the friendly south-easter again overtook us, and accompanied us with little intermission to the Gulf of Spezzia, in a snug cove of which, half a cable from the lazarette, we moored December 7, to ride our quarantine of twenty-eight days' duration; the minimum, in the opinion of the sapient council of sanità at Genoa that could with safety be given to a ship of war which had not one sick person on board, and had been twenty days in her voyage from Smyrna, where had not been known a symptom of plague for thirteen years. But instead of grumbling at our fate, I thought it rather our duty to be thankful for not having a longer time inflicted on us, which might well have happened, considering that we were at the mercy of the fears of a set of men (quere old women?) who knew nothing of the subject of contagion from experience, or from reading, or from inquiry; who founded their reasons about it, and their sanatory regulations, on the fright and consequent laws occasioned by the great plague at Marseilles, in 1720, without taking into consideration the immeasurable advance of medical science since, and the superior habits of the lower classes of Christendom, which tend very much to diminish the spread of contagion. What was prudence in 1720 is imbecility in 1830.

The first night of our arrival it blew hard, and a vessel laden with corn from Odessa nearly ran on board of us, exciting our unqualified apprehensions: had a portion of her canvass touched one of our catheads, or spars, or davits, we should infallibly have been condemned to share her quarantine, (forty-five days,) on account of the cholera morbus raging in the south of Russia; as if cholera morbus were a personage who remains shut up in a cask or a bale, or, rat-like, revels in a cargo of wheat. I am aware that, in the opinion of many sensible people, to question the expediency of the most rigorous quarantine is little short of counselling murder. If we were to yield implicit faith to some alarmists, we should close communications with all countries inhabited by Mussulmans, on the theory that England might, through her cotton

manufactures, be inoculated with plague as fast as goods travel from town to town. In no one particular is the good sense of England so visible as in her quarantine regulations, which are quite sufficient to ensure public health, without adding one unnecessary shackle to commerce. A distinction is made between a vessel laden with fruit, and a vessel laden with cotton; between a vessel that has been ten days at sea, and a vessel after seventy days' voyage. So natural and necessary must this distinction appear, so impossible to avoid making without incurring the charge of folly, that any person who has never troubled himself about the subject, must deem the assertion that it is not made in any other country, a misstatement. In the ports of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Russia it is never made. There, quarantine is a complete job, kept up in all its absurd detailed rigour, embracing manifold anomalies, to give salaries to directors, physicians, surgeons, guardians, &c., and at the expense of those subjected to it. A prisoner in Bedlam has the advantage over a prisoner in a lazaretto, insomuch that his lodging is gratis. There is no one regulation, made by civilized societies, so subjected to caprice and interested motives as this. For example: two vessels leave the coast of Turkey together, laden with unsusceptible cargoes, bound respectively for Southampton and Havre de Grace. Both anchor the same day. Three days after, the passengers from the English vessel may cross over to France in the steamer with their trunks, and look, in liberty, at their French consort, who is condemned to thirty days' quarantine. A traveller, for another example, leaves Constantinople, rides through Roumelia, with his baggage, sleeping every night in the cottages of the peasantry, or in the cafenés, where disease may or may not be, and arrives at Semlin, twenty minutes distant from the Turkish frontier, where he has only four or five days' quarantine to perform, and is then at liberty to continue his journey wheresoever listeth him. Another traveller leaves Constantinople at the same time in his yacht, and after thirty days' voyage, without communicating with any place or vessel, refreshed by cool mountain and sea breezes, reaches Trieste, in the same empire, where he

must perform twenty-eight days' quarantine. Were common sense to decide which of these travellers merited the less quarantine, she would give it in favour of the latter: but unfortunately, her presence never yet graced a board of health in a Mediterranean port, except occasionally of late years at Malta where, however, she is generally overruled by the supposed (but erroneous) necessity of following the example of *Marseilles*.

But boards of health show still more inconsistency in drawing no line of distinction (none to speak of) between ships of war and merchantmen; between vessels carrying no cargoes, cleaned throughout every day, with surgeons and discipline on board, and vessels full of cotton, packed for aught any one knows in a season of plague, devoid of discipline or cleanliness. Formerly, the passage of a ship of war was reckoned as part of her quarantine; for as all writers on contagion agree that a given number of days, fourteen, or twenty-one, or thirty, is sufficient to let the disease appear in the living subject, after which no danger can be apprehended, so it was rationally concluded that the end was equally obtained, whether the probation were passed at sea, or in port, provided that the observance of it, in the former case, were satisfactorily proved. For this purpose, the words of the captain and the surgeon of a ship of war, regarding the length of voyage from a suspected place, and the health of the crew, used to be considered a sufficient guarantee. But the privilege lasted a very short time after the peace, when the continental nations ceased to care—not requiring our aid—about conciliating our prejudices. The boards of health pretended that captains of ships of war gave incorrect statements, thereby diminishing their already favoured quarantine; and being unfortunately enabled to adduce proof in the case of an English frigate at Leghorn, commanded by a Captain Dundas, they refused at length to credit their affidavits more than those of merchant-ship masters. This manifest, galling, public insult, repeated on every shore of the Mediterranean, to an honourable body of men, the officers of the British navy,—a service, of all others, where least discreditable conduct can be shown, should not be tolerated any longer. Our government should insist with the other governments of

Europe, that this unworthy distrust should be done away—that the words of its officers should be credited; with, of course, the proviso that any officer, capable of acting deliberately unlike a gentleman in that respect, should be cashiered.

On the other hand, boards of health, leaving out of the question considerations of reason and justice, as irrelevant, might say with plausibility, “the public health being entrusted to our care, it is our sacred duty to prevent the possibility of its being trifled with, of our being imposed on by a false oath; we therefore cannot admit of any quarantine which is not performed under our eyes.” Good; but so far from acting up to this maxim, they take the word of a guardian of sanità, that is, of a Maltese, or a Neapolitan, or a Livornese, or a Genoaese, who works for tenpence a day, as to the duration and circumstances of a vessel's voyage; take the word of such scum, before the united testimony of the officers of an English line-of-battle-ship—of an admiral himself, were one on board. It is scarcely credible that governments allow themselves to be thus insulted in the persons of their officers. Suppose a frigate and a merchantman to leave Alexandria together, bound to Genoa, or to any other Italian port, and that they anchor in their way at Messina; that the latter there embarks a guardian of sanità, and pursues her voyage, followed by the frigate in a couple of days. Both arrive at Genoa the same day. The guardian makes his declaration, that he embarked on the merchantman such a day; from that day her quarantine commences. The captain of the frigate equally asserts, that he anchored at Messina at the same time, and demands a similar grace. “That may be,” replies the spectacled, sharp-nosed, cadaverous-looking health officer, who comes alongside; “but as you neglected to take a guardian, we cannot answer for your having had no communication with any vessel since leaving Messina; you must be content to ride the whole quarantine.” That such a circumstance may happen, disjunctively does occur, cannot be contradicted. What a balance! on one side, we have the word of a captain of a frigate, backed, if requisite, by his officers; on the other, that

of a Sicilian, who works for a carline a day, and who would, if resembling the generality of his countrymen, sell his wife or daughter, much less his conscience, for five dollars, or less.

There are certain abuses and prejudices in the world, against which it is idle to preach: the wisest way is to take advantage of their discrepancies, while existing, and in virtue of which, in question, English ships of war may reduce their quarantine, without contravening one regulation. A guardian on the quarantine establishment at Malta receives one shilling per diem, the pay of an A. B. Let, therefore, each ship in the Levant station bear a seaman less on her books; and in lieu embark one of these gentry, still preserving the title and uniform of guardian. From the day that the ship leaves Smyrna, or any other suspected place, to return to Malta, her quarantine will commence on the faith of her guardian's word. By this arrangement everybody will be pleased, without incurring any expense to the public; the admiral have the ship at his disposal earlier; the officers and crew escape ten days' imprisonment, more or less; and the guardian find his account by gaining his provisions in addition to his daily shilling.

There is no one privation of this world so impatiently submitted to as quarantine, and no person conversant with it who does not consider it perfectly gratuitous, when applied to the living subject, except where disease actually exists. View it on all sides, its supposed advantages and its certain inconveniences, it may be confidently stated, in opposition to the former, that a plague, or other similar wide-spreading disorder, does not visit any country in healthy latitudes, so often as once in a century, and therefore it may be asked, "Is it not better to run the risk of that chance which no human prudence may avert, than to impose on ourselves the eternal plague of quarantine, which, in its strictest sense, enforced by fines, imprisonment, and death, can never be totally effective, can never stop clandestine intercourse, or contraband traffic?" On the contrary, it favours the latter, as was clearly proved in that which was carried on between Sicily and Malta during the time they were separated by quarantine. Sparonaroes then carried our manufactures, virtually prohibited in the Sicilies by

enormous duties, to the opposite coast, where, during the fourteen days' quarantine, in which the boats were of necessity unmolested by doganieri, they were quietly landed. Since free pratique has existed between the two islands, this species of intercourse, so profitable to us, has entirely ceased, for a sparonaro no sooner appears off the coasts than she is boarded by the doganieri, who quickly probe her cargo.

To return to Spezzia. The morning that our quarantine should have terminated, January 4th, 1831, a seaman died suddenly. Of all the little contrarieties of life, I never saw one more bothering than that. He might have had symptoms of fever in him—a black spot under his arm—a twist in his bowels—and then another month's quarantine. We sent the corpse to the lazaretto to be inspected, and waited with anxiety the result, which was that apoplexy was the cause of the death; and therefore, on the evening of the next day, the members of the sanità, having maturely deliberated on the subject, consented to admit us to pratique: the extra twenty-four hours was stated to have been inflicted on us by way of observation; though why that observation was necessary, they who ordained it only know. They could hardly have supposed that apoplexy was catching; if they did, they would equally have observed us in the case of a man falling from aloft, and breaking his neck, lest the contagion, spreading, should have made the bricklayers do the same off their scaffolds.

January 6th, 1831, I landed from *L'Eurydice* in “superb” Genoa, where I had embarked nearly two years previous. The thunder of the “glorious three days” still vibrated within her walls, exciting the republican craniums of her sons, among whom, in consequence, a rigorous espionage exerted its baneful sway. Some officers were arrested for speaking freely, several avocats imprisoned, without trial, for Carbonaro principles, and a few nobles watched for having talents. Yet governments are surprised that there are revolutions!

THE END.

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